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GOD IS LOVE.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED BY J. SEYMOUR.

1817.

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HYMNS.



HYMN 1. C. M.

PARENT of nature, God supreme,
Thy works are great and good !
All nature manifests thy name,
The sky, the earth, the flood.

- 2 Thine is the cheerful day, and thine
The dark return of night ;
Thou hast prepar'd the sun to shine,
And ev'ry feeble light.
- 3 By thee, each region of the earth
In perfect order stands ;
The glowing south, the frozen north
Obey thy fix'd commands.
- 4 At thy command, the solid rock
Pour'd water from its side ;
And thou didst lead thy chosen flock
Through Jordan's parting tide.
- 5 If nature owns its sov'reign Lord,
We would obey thy will ;
And whilst we trust thy faithful word,
We sing thy praises still.

HYMN 2. C. M.

ETERNAL wisdom, thee we praise.

Thee the creation sings ;

With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand how wide it spreads the sky ;
How glorious to behold !

Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

3 If down I turn my wandering eyes,
On clouds and storms below ;
Those under-regions of the skies
Thy num'rous glories show.

4 Lo ! here thy wonderous skill arrays
The earth in cheerful green ;
A thousand herbs thy art displays,
A thousand flowers between.

5 Infinite strength and equal skill,
Shine through thy works abroad :
Our souls with vast amazement fill.
And speak the builder God !

6 But the mild glories of thy grace
Our softer passions move :
Pity divine in Jesu's face,
We see, adore, and love !

HYMN 3. L. M.

ETERNAL God, almighty cause

Of earth and seas, and worlds unknown ;

All things are subject to thy laws ;

All things depend on thee alone.

- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands
Of all within itself possess'd ;
Controll'd by none are thy commands,
Thou from thyself alone art blest.
- 3 To thee, alone, ourselves we owe ;
Let heav'n and earth due homage pay ;
All other Gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 Spread thy great name thro' heathen lands,
Their idol Deities dethrone ;
Reduce the world to thy commands
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

HYMN 4. L. M.

- BEFORE** Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy :
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men !
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
 - 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth and her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
 - 4 Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love :
Firm as a rock thy truth will stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 5. L. M.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns (a shining frame)
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day
Doth his Creator's pow'r display ;
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.

- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth :
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
" The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN 6. L. M.

FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Call'd forth this universal frame ;
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same :

- 2 Thou by thy word upholdest all ;
Thy bounteous love to all is show'd
Thou hear'st thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.
- 3 In heaven thou reign'st enthron'd in light,
Nature's expanse beneath thee spread :
Earth, air, and sea, before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom are open laid !
- 4 Wisdom and might and love are thine :
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And hail thee Sovereign Lord of all.

HYMN 7. C. M.

- LET** every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou Sovereign Lord of all :
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distrest,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.
 - 3 The Lord supports our infant days,
And guides our giddy youth ;
Holy and just are all thy ways,
And all thy words are truth.
 - 4 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad :
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God !

HYMN 8. C. M.

LORD, thou art good, all nature shows
Thee full and free and kind ;
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Nor can it be confin'd.

- 2 The whole in every part proclaims
Thy infinite good will :
It shines in stars, it flows in streams,
And bursts from every hill.
- 3 It fills the wide extended main,
And heavens which spread more wide ;
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.
- 4 Still hath it been diffus'd and free,
Through ages past and gone ;
Nor ever can exhausted be,
But still keeps flowing on.
- 5 Through the whole earth it pours supplies,
Spreads joy thro' all its parts :
Lord, may thy goodness draw our eyes,
And captivate our hearts.
- 6 High admiration let it raise,
And kind affections move ;
Employ our tongues in hymns of praise,
And fill our hearts with love.

HYMN 9. C. M.


GOD is the Lord, the heavenly king,
Who makes the earth his care ;
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.

- 2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out at thy command,
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.
- 3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring ;
The valleys rich provisions yield,
The grateful labourers sing.
- 4 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop ;
The fields with verdure fill'd again
Revive the reaper's hope.
- 5 The various months thy goodness crowns,
How bounteous are thy ways !
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And Shepherds shout thy praise.

HYMN 10. P. M.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care :
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

- 
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN 11. P. M.

- N**OW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name;
Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in Redeeming Love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless Redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by Redeeming love!
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin;
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop—and taste Redeeming love!

- 5 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to your Saviour's breast ;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but Redeeming love !
- 6 Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string ;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise Redeeming love.

HYMN 12. C. M.

LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

- 2 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 3 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day ;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN 13. P. M.

LET earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind :
T'adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

- 2 Jesus! transporting sound!**
The joy of earth and heav'n;
No other help is found,
No other name is giv'n
By which we can salvation have,
But Jesus came the world to save.
- 3 Jesus! harmonious name!**
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.
- 4 His name the sinner hears,**
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears;
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.
- 5 O unexampled love!**
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race;
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done?
- 6 O for a trumpet's voice,**
On all the world to call;
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all, my Lord was crucify'd
For all, for all my Saviour died!

HYMN 14. P. M.

REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The Lord of truth and love,
When he had purg'd our stains
He took his seat above:
Lift up, &c.

3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n:
Lift up, &c.

4 He sits at God's right-hand,
Till all his foes submit:
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up, &c.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come:
And take his servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

HYMN 15. P. M.

COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace!
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love!

- 2 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

HYMN 16. C. M.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears;
Glory, honour, praise and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!
Hallelujah! praise the Lord.

- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound:
Glory, &c.

- 3 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb !
 To thee we raise our songs :
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.
 Glory, &c.
- 4 Salvation now shall be my stay,
 A sinner sav'd, I'll cry ;
 Then gladly quit this mortal clay
 For better joys on high.
 Glory, &c.

HYMN 17. C. M.

- F**ATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd
 To thine exalted Son,
 That through the nations of the earth,
 Thy word of life shall run ?
- 2 " Ask, and I give the Heathen lands
 " For thine inheritance,
 " And to the world's remotest shores
 " Thine empire shall advance."
- 3 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
 Under th' expanse of heav'n,
 To the dominion of thy Son,
 Without exemption given ?
- 4 From east to west, from north to south,
 Then be his name ador'd !
 Europe, with all thy millions, shout
 Hosannas to thy Lord !
- 5 Asia, and Africa, resound
 From shore to shore his fame ;
 And thou, America, in songs
Redeeming love proclaim !

HYMN 18. C. M.
PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and (O amazing love !)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled ;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O ! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold ;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN 19. P. M.
BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come :
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 2 Jesus our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits rest,
Ye mournful souls be glad ;
The year of jubilee, &c.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim.
The year of jubilee, &c.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year of jubilee, &c.
- 5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love.
The year of jubilee, &c.
- 6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace,
And sav'd from earth appear
Before your Saviour's face.
The year of jubilee, &c.

HYMN 20. P. M.

GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
While Jehovah's praise we sing ;
Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Be thy glorious name ador'd !

CHORUS.

Men on earth and saints above,
Sing the great Redeemer's love ;
Lord thy mercies never fail,
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !

- 2 While on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way :
'Till we come to reign with thee,
And thy glorious greatness see !

Men on earth, &c.

- 3 Then with angels we'll again
Wake a louder, louder strain :
There, in joyful songs of praise,
We'll our grateful voices raise.

Men on earth, &c.

HYMN 21. L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise :
Let the Redeemer's name be sung.
Through ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue.

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shoer,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 1 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing ;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name :

- 4 In ev'ry land begin the song,
To ev'ry land the strains belong ;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

HYMN 22. P. M.

PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his court below,
Praise the holy God of love,
And all his greatness show ;
Praise him for his noble deeds,
Praise him for his matchless power :
Him from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

- 2 Publish, spread to all around
The great Jehovah's name,
Let the trumpet's martial sound
The Lord of hosts proclaim :
Praise him every tuneful string,
All the reach of heav'nly art,
All the powers of music bring,
The music of the heart.
- 3 Him, in whom they move, and live,
Let every creature sing,
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King :
Hallow'd be his name beneath,
As in heaven on earth ador'd,
Praise the Lord in every breath ;
Let all things praise the Lord.

HYMN 23. P. M.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

- 2** Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's Gód ; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
His truth for ever stands secure !
He saves th' oppres'd he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3** The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind ;
The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
'The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 4** I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :
1 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

HYMN 24. C. M.

FATHER, how wide thy glories shine
How high thy wonders rise !
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

- 2 There mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions speak thy skill ;
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience still.
- 3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ ;
They show the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.
- 4 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where justice and compassion join
In their divinest forms ;
- 5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.
- 6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains,
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains,
- 7 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song !
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HYMN 25. L. M.

ETERNAL power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite length beyond the bounds,
Where stars revolve their little rounds :

- 2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings :
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too !
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The great, the holy, and the high !
- 4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name ;
But O ! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind !
- 5 God is in heaven, and Man below :
Be short our tunes ; our words be few !
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

HYMN 26. C. M.

JESUS, I love thy charming name ;
'Tis music to mine ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heav'n should hear.

- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust :
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet :
*Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.*

- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there ;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath ;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

HYMN 27. L. M.

- N**OW shall our souls with pleasure raise,
To our dear Lord a song of praise :
We'll sing his love, his goodness tell,
Our Saviour hath done all things well.
- 2 With pitying eyes he view'd our case,
And came to save our ruin'd race ;
He conquer'd sin, and death, and hell ;
Our Jesus hath done all things well.
- 3 He undertook to bear our load,
And bring us back again to God :
To fit us with himself to dwell ;
Christ Jesus hath done all things well.
- 4 He will accomplish his design,
And all things in himself combine ;
No more shall ever they rebel ;
Our Jesus will do all things well.
- 5 His work, how great ! his plan, how vast
But when it all appears at last,
It will our highest praise excel ;
For Jesus will do all things well.

- 6 When the creation is restor'd
And God shall be by all ador'd,
How loudly will the triumph swell,
Our Jesus hath done all things well !
- 7 Sin, death, and hell, will Christ destroy,
And fill the universe with joy ;
His love shall then each voice compel
To cry ' He hath done all things well.'
- 8 All creatures then as one shall join,
To shout aloud his praise divine !
(As sacred prophecies foretel)
And say, ' He hath done all things well.'

HYMN 28. L. M.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest !
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father, and my God !
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood
- 3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 Even life itself, without thy love,
No lasting pleasure can afford ;
Yea, 'twould a tiresome burthen prove
If I were banish'd from thee, Lord !

- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise ;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

HYMN 29. C. M.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

- 2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun ;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

HYMN 30. P. M.

IN boundless mercy, gracious Lord, appa
Darkness dispel, the humble mourner che
Vain thoughts remove, melt down the flint
heart ;
Cause ev'ry soul to choose the better part.

C

- 2 Thy presence fills the universal space :
Thy grace appears for all the fallen race,
O ! visit us with light and life divine,
Fill ev'ry soul, for ev'ry soul is thine.
- 3 The blessed Jesus is my Lord, my love ;
He is my king, from him I would not move
Away, then, all ye objects that divert,
Nor seek to draw from my dear Lord my heart
- 4 That uncreated beauty which hath gain'd
My willing heart, hath all your glory stain'd
His loveliness my soul hath prepossess'd,
And left no room for any other guest,

HYMN 31. S. M.

THE great Jehovah reigns
Upon a throne sublime ;
And from his own eternity
Sees the wide waste of time.

- 2 This great Jehovah's mine !
The saint in rapture cries :
And to this everlasting rock
My joyful spirit flies.
- 3 From this immortal spring
Immense salvation flows ;
And with the wonders of his love
My grateful bosom glows.
- 4 His name shall be my song
While life and breath are giv'n :
And this unceasing praise shall run
Through all the joys of heav'n.

HYMN 32. C. M.

THE Lord shall wipe away all tears
From ev'ry weeping eye,
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die.

- 2 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay ?
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

HYMN 33. L. M.

HOW shall I speak th' eternal God,
Whose works with wonder here I view ;
So wise and pow'rful, great and good,
No tongue can reach, nor thought can know.

- 2 Fain would I mount th' eternal skies,
And waft a tribute to thy praise ;
But ah ! how soon my ardour dies !
How faint and languid are my lays !
- 3 Assist me, heav'nly pow'rs, to sing,
Nor let my poor devotions die ;
And while I strike the loudest string,
Swift bear it thro' the trackless sky.
- 4 Lord, had I thousand harps and tongues,
A thousand tongues should all be thine ;
O for a thousand nobler songs,
To praise in accents more divine !
- 5 How oft I strive to soar above
And stretch my wings, but strive in vain,
For if from earth I just remove,
How soon I sink to earth again !

- 6 'Tis not for mortals here below
To sing the wond'rous theme of heav'n ;
How little is it here we know !
How small the portion that is giv'n !
- 7 I'll wait with pleasure, till my Lord
Shall to his bosom call me home ;
Then sweetly sound his praise abroad,
And see his face without a gloom.

HYMN 34. P. M.

- B**EGIN. my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' almighty name ;
Lo ! heav'n and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.
- 2 Thou, heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your maker God ;
Ye thunders, speak his power ;
Lo ! on the Lightning's rapid wings,
In triumph rides the King of kings,
Th' astonish'd worlds adore.
- 3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunder of the skies,
Praise him who bids you roll ;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.
- 4 Wake, all ye soaring throng, and sing ;
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,

Harmonious anthems raise ;
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tip'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.

- 5 Let man by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the reas'ning head;
In heav'nly praise employ ;
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heav'ns wide arch repeat the sound,
The general burst of joy.

HYMN 35. C. M.

THOU, Lord, unto my Lord hath said,
Sit thou, in glory sit,
Till I thine enemies have made
To bow beneath thy feet.

- 2 Nature is subject to thy word,
All power to thee is given ;
The uncontroll'd almighty Lord
Of hell, and earth, and heav'n.
- 3 Come then and claim me for thine own,
Saviour, thy right assert ;
Come, gracious Lord, set up thy throne,
And reign within my heart !
- 4 So shall I bless thy pleasing sway,
And sitting at thy feet,
Thy laws with all my heart obey,
With all my soul submit.
- 5 Thy love the conquest more than gains ;
To all I shall proclaim,
Jesus the king, the conqueror reigns ;
Bow down to Jesus' name.

- 6 To thee shall earth and hell submit,
And ev'ry foe shall fall,
Till death expires beneath thy feet,
And God is all in all.

HYMN 36. P. M.

- L**ET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing a lofty psalm of praise,
And bless the great Jehovah's name ;
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his works of grace proclaim.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his praise be great,
Who sits on high enthron'd in state,
To him alone let praise be given ;
Those Gods the heathen world adore,
In vain pretend to sov'reign power,
He only rules who made the heav'n.
- 3 He fram'd the globe, he spread the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high,
He reigns complete in glory there ;
His beams are majesty and light,
His glories how divinely bright !
His temple how divinely fair !
- 4 Let heaven be glad, let earth rejoice,
Let ocean lift its roaring voice,
Proclaiming loud Jehovah reigns ;
For joy let fertile valleys sing,
And tuneful groves their tribute bring,
To him whose power the world sustains.

- 5 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall own his sov'reign power,
And barb'rous nations fear his name ;
Then shall the universe confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

HYMN 37. S. M.

LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let envy, child of hell,
Be banish'd far away ;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above ;
Where streams of pleasure always flow,
And every heart is love.

HYMN 38. P. M.

COME, and let us sweetly join,
God to praise in Hymns divine !
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord ;

Hands, and hearts, and voices raise ;
Sing as in the ancient days ;
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive,
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God :
We like them may live and love ;
Call'd we are their joys to prove :
Sav'd with them from future wrath,
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we then in Jesu's name,
Now as yesterday the same !
One in ev'ry time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace ;
We for Christ our master stand
Lights in a benighted land :
We our dying Lord confess ;
We are Jesu's witnesses :

4 Witnesses that Christ hath died ;
We with him are crucify'd :
Christ hath burst the bands of death,
We his quick'ning spirit breathe :
Christ is now gone up on high,
Thither all our wishes fly ;
Sits at God's right hand above ;
There with him we reign in love.

HYMN 39. P. M.

COME away to the skies,
My beloved, arise,

And rejoice in the day thou wast born :

On this festival day

Come exulting away,

And with singing to Sion return.

2 We have laid up our love

And our treasure above,

Tho' our bodies continue below ;

The redeem'd of the Lord,

We remember his word,

And with singing to paradise go.

3 With singing we praise

The original grace,

By our heavenly Father bestow'd ;

Our being receive

From his bounty, and live

To the honour and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we are

Created to share

Both the nature and kingdom divine ;

Created again,

That our souls may remain

In time and eternity thine.

HYMN 40. S. M.

NOW let our voices join,

To form one pleasant song :

Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,

With music pass along.

2 How straight the path appears !

How open and how fair !

No lurking gins t' entrap our feet ;

No fierce destroyer there.

- 3** But flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring :
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.
- 4** See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise ;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle thro' the skies.

HYMN 41. P. M.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As we journey let us sing ;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways !

- 2** We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the Fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3** O, ye banish'd seed ! be glad,
Christ our advocate is made ;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4** Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land ;
Jesus Christ, our Father's son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.
- 5** Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee !

HYMN 42. P. M.

FAR above yon glorious ceiling
Of the azure vaulted sky ;
Jesus sits, his love revealing
To his splendid troops on high.

2 Hosts seraphic humbly bowing,
At his footstool prostrate fall ;
Saints and Angels all allowing,
God in Christ is all in all.

3 Could we leave our foolish dreaming,
Of a fancied Heaven below ;
And see Jesu's glory beaming,
How our souls would long to go.

4 We should for his day be waiting,
When the full reward is given ;
When the glorious work completing,
Jesus takes his Church to Heaven.

HYMN 43. C. M.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die,
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high :
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest ;
That only bliss for which it pants
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the Cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

I suffer on my threescore years
Till my Deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me !
Before my ravish'd eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise !
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there !
They all are rob'd in spotless white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

4 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet !
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away ;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

HYMN 44. P. M.

AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home :
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come ;
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode,
The house of our Father above,
The palace of Angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When rais'd by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorn'd as a bride from her Lord ;
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air :
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil is there !

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here ;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As chrystal her buildings are clear ;
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands, as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

4 No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is follow'd by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light.
The Lamb is their light and their sun,
And lo ! by reflection they shine,
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine !

HYMN 45. L. M.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high,
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

D

- 2** There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way.
- 3** Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene ;
He claims these mansions as his right ;
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4** Who is the King of Glory, who ?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5** Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way.
- 6** Who is the King of Glory. who ?
The Lord of glorious power possest,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest.

HYMN 46. L. M.

TWAS on that night when doom'd to know
The eager rage of ev'ry foe,
That night in which he was betray'd,
The Saviour of the world took bread.

- 2** And, after thanks and glory giv'n
To Him that rules in earth and heav'n,
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his followers spoke :

- 3 My broken body thus I give
For you, for all ; take, eat, and live :
And oft the sacred rite renew,
That brings my wond'rous love to view.
- 4 Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
And God anew he thank'd and prais'd,
While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
And from his lips salvation flow'd.
- 5 My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
To cleanse the soul in sin that lies ;
In this the covenant is seal'd,
And heaven's eternal grace reveal'd.
- 6 With love to man this cup is fraught,
Let all partake the sacred draught ;
Through latest ages let it pour
In mem'ry of my dying hour.

HYMN 47. C. M.

- LET** us adore th' eternal word,
'Tis he our souls hath fed ;
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.
- 2 The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.
 - 3 The Jewish fathers died at last,
Who eat that heav'nly bread ;
But these provisions which we taste
Can raise us from the dead.

HYMN 48. P. M.

ARISE and hail the happy day,
Cast all low cares of life away,
And thoughts of meaner things ;
This day, to cure our deadly woes,
The sun of righteousness arose,
With healing in his wings.

- 2 How wonderful, how vast his love,
Who left the shining realms above,
These happy seats of rest !
How much for human kind he bore,
Their peace and pardon to restore,
Can never be express'd.
- 3 Then let our souls adore his grace ;
Let holy joy and thanks take place
Of sorrow grief and pain ;
Give glory to our God most high,
And, 'midst the universal joy,
Proclaim good will to men.
- 4 Let all in heav'n and earth rejoice,
Angels and men unite their voice,
And hymn the happy day ;
When satan's empire vanquish'd fell,
And all the powers of death and hell
Confess'd his sov'reign sway.

HYMN 49. P. M.

WELCOME to me this soft, this silent
To pure devotion may'st thou sacred
My waking heart, with the returning morn
In grateful praise, my God, I'd raise to

- 2 In wonder lost—Ah, where shall I begin
 Or how recount the myst'ries of thy love?
 That love which pardons all atrocious sin,
 The love of Christ which I so sweetly prove!
- 3 While thus my days with smiling peace are
 crown'd,
 And I am shelter'd in thy love's embrace,
 Oh may my heart with joyful praise resound,
 At ev'ry sacred season, time, and place.
- 4 Jesus, thy love shall be my darling theme,
 At early dawn or solemn midnight hour;
 Or when the sun first darts his genial beam,
 Or when he shines in full meridian pow'r.
- 5 In blooming spring I'd celebrate thy praise;
 The varied seasons, as they roll along,
 Shall all bear witness to my artless lays,
 Till I shall join the heav'n enraptur'd throng.
- 6 Then shall I praise thee in sublimer strains,
 And learn the notes yon brighter seraphs sing;
 Shall share the glories of those blissful plains,
 And thee adore through one eternal spring.

HYMN 50. C. M.

DEAR Saviour, let my evening song
 Like holy incense rise;
 Assist the off'rings of my tongue
 To reach the lofty skies!

- 2 Thro' all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away
Thy goodness stood prepar'd.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass'd me around;
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!
- 4 What have I done for him that died
To save my helpless soul?
And yet are mercies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll.
- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee;
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

HYMN 51. L. M.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 52. C. M.

SING to the great Jehovah's praise ;
All praise to him belongs ;
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs ;
Whose providence hath brought us through
Another varied year ;
We all with vows, and anthems new,
Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies past we own ;
Thy still continued care ;
To thee presenting, thro' thy Son,
Whate'er we have, or are :
Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesus' steps we go,
To seek thy face above.

3 Our residue of days or hours,
Thine, wholly thine, shall be,
And all our consecrated pow'rs,
A sacrifice to thee ;
Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The jubilee of heaven.

HYMN 53. P. M.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, Oh quit this mortal frame,
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

- 2 Hark ! they whisper ! angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite ?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath,
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes—it disappears !—
Heaven opens to my eyes ; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
O Death ! where is thy sting ?

HYMN 54. C. M.

- W**HY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
'There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 3 The graves of all the saints he blest,
And soften'd ev'ry bed ;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head ?
- 4 Thence he arose and burst the chain,
To show our feet the way
From shades where death and darkness re
To realms of endless day.

- 5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid his kindred rise :
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints ascend the skies.

HYMN 55. L. M.

WHY should we start and fear to die ?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are !
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away ;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O, if the Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she past !
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are ;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN 56. L. M.

HE comes ! he comes ! the Judge revere ;
The seventh trumpet speaks him near ;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll :
How welcome to the faithful soul !

- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound,
See the almighty Jesus crown'd !
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

- 3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own :
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.
- 4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the most high ;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

HYMN 57. P. M.

LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners of his patience here ;
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords shall soon appear ;
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near.

- 2 With what joyful acclamation
Shall the saints his banner see !
View the mon'ments of his passion,
See the marks receiv'd for me !
All discern him,
All with shouts cry out— 'tis he
- 3 Lo, 'tis he, our hearts' desire,
Come for his espous'd below,
Come to join us with his choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow !
Palms of vict'ry,
Crowns of glory to bestow.
- 4 Yes, the prize shall soon be given,
We his open face shall see ;
Love, the earnest of our heaven,

Love, our full reward shall be !
Love shall crown us,
Blest through all eternity.

HYMN 58. P. M.

LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain !
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train :
Hallelujah,
Christ appears on earth to reign,

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty,
Those who set at nought, and sold him,
Pierc'd, and nail'd him to the tree ;
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 The dear tokens of his passion !
Still his dazzling body bears ;
Cause of endless exultation,
To his ransom'd worshippers ;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

4 Yea, amen ! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne ;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own.
Jah, Jehovah,
Everlasting God, come down.

HYMN 59. P. M.

THE God of Abrah'm praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above ;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love :
JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM !
By earth and heav'n confess'd ;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest.

- 2 The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all my ways :
He calls a worm his friend !
He calls himself my God !
And he shall save me to the end
Thro' Jesus' blood !
- 3 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall on eagles wings up-borne,
To heav'n ascend :
I shall behold his face,
I shall his pow'r adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

HYMN 60. P. M.

GOD is king, ye lands rejoice ;
Lift, ye isles, a thankful voice ;
Shout, ye saints, in joyful strains ;
God, your God and Father reigns.

- 2 He controls the sons of pride,
Sits above the raging tide ;
None his mighty hand can stay,
None resist his sov'reign sway.
- 3 Subjects of the Lord, be bold,
All his plan will soon unfold ;
Wheels encircling wheels combine
To complete the grand design.
- 4 Blest is faith, that trusts his pow'r :
Blest is hope, that waits his hour :
Let the glorious close appear,
Haste, great conqu'ror, bring it near.

HYMN 61. C. M.

SALVATION ! what a glorious plan,
How suited to our need !
The grace that raises fallen man,
Is wonderful indeed !

- 2 'Twas wisdom form'd the vast design,
To ransom us when lost ;
And love's unfathomable mine
Provided all the cost.
- 3 Strict justice, with approving look,
The holy cov'nant seal'd ;
And truth and power undertook
The whole should be fulfill'd.
- 4 Truth, wisdom, justice, pow'r and love,
Are equally display'd ;
Now Jesus reigns enthron'd above,
Our advocate and head.

HYMN 62. P. M.

THO' troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, the Lord will provide.

- 2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed ;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread ;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as its written, the Lord will provide.
- 3 We all may, like ships, by tempest be tost
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost ;
Tho' satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet scripture engages, the Lord will provide.
- 4 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through :
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

HYMN 63. C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne,
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues ;
But all their joys are one.

- 2 Worthy the Lamb, that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus ;
Worthy the Lamb our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

- 4** The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 64. P. M.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rd's heaven, thy native place :
Sun and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.

- 2** Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source :
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.
- 3** Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies :
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be giv'n,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchange'd for heav'n.

HYMN 65. L. M.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor;
My soul shall scorn it more and more.

- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star!
Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom for heaven my hopes depend:
No, if I blush be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no sin to wash away;
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
Or no immortal soul to save.
- 5 Till then, nor is the boasting vain,
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my portion be,
The Saviour not asham'd of me!

HYMN 66. L. M.

MY soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
God's holy name for ever bless;
Of all his favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.

- 2 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound;
From danger he thy life retrieves;
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.

- 3 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace :
His wakened wrath does slowly move ;
His willing mercy flies apace.
- 4 As high as heaven its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay,
So far thy boundless love transcends
The small regards that we can pay.
- 5 Let every creature jointly bless
The mighty God ; and thou, my heart,
With grateful thanks thy joy express,
And in this concert bear thy part.

HYMN 67. C. M.

JESUS, thine unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

- 2 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To ev'ry soul abound ;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store ;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore !
- 4 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure ;
And while the truth of God remains
His goodness must endure.

HYMN 68. C. M.
HARK, the glad sound ! Messiah comes,
The Saviour promis'd long !
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

2 On him the spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its holy fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the pris'ners to release
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the riches of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, prince of peace ;
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN 69. L. M.
O FOR a sweet inspiring ray
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.

- 2 There low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And with delightful worship own
His smiles their bliss, their heaven, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While sounding hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread,
Through all the regions of the skies.
- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise!

HYMN 70. P. M.

ALL glory to our gracious Lord;
His love be by his church ador'd,
His love eternally the same:
His love let all his saints confess,
His free and everlasting grace
Let all that fear the Lord proclaim.

- 2 In trouble on the Lord I cried,
And felt the pard'ning word applied;
He answer'd me in peace and power,
He pluck'd my soul out of the net,
And in a place of safety set,
And bade me go and sin no more.

The Lord I now can say is mine,
And confident in strength divine,

Nor man, nor fiends, nor flesh I fear ;
Jesus the Saviour takes my part,
And keeps the issues of my heart,
My helper is for ever near.

HYMN 71. C. M.

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim ;
Nor while a worm would raise its head,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 My Father, God ! How sweet the sound !
How tender, and how dear !
Not all the melody of Heaven
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred spirit, seal the name
On mine expanding heart :
And show, that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheer'd by a signal so divine,
Unwav'ring I believe ;
Thou know'st I Abba, Father, cry,
Nor can the sign deceive.

5 On wings of everlasting love
The comforter is come ;
All terrors at his voice disperse,
And endless pleasures bloom.

HYMN 72. C. M.

FATHER of peace, and God of love,
We own thy pow'r to save ;
That pow'r by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

- 2 We triumph in that Shepherd's name,
Still watchful for our good ;
Who brought th' eternal cov'nant down,
And seal'd it with his blood.
- 3 So may thy spirit seal my soul,
And mould it to thy will ;
That my fond heart no more may stray,
But keep thy cov'nant still.
- 4 Still may we gain superior strength,
And press with vigour on,
Till full perfection crown our hopes,
And fix us near thy throne.

HYMN 73. L. M.

GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey :
Now give the kingdom to thy Son ;
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heav'n submits to his commands ;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust ;
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours and years, and time be past.
- 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
Jesus shall send his influence down ;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.

- 5 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of over-spreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

HYMN 74. C. M.

TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

- 2 The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste;
That we never can say, "they're here,"
But only say, "they're past."
- 3 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.
- 4 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love:
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.
- 5 His goodness runs an endless round,
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound,
And be his name ador'd.

- 6 Thus we begin the lasting song ;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

HYMN 75. P. M.

FATHER, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thoughts surpasses far :
Thy heart still melts with tenderness :
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live !

- 2 O love, thou bottomless abyss !
My sins are swallowed up in thee ;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains in me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries !
- 3 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Tho' strength & health, and friends, be gone,
Though joys be wither'd all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.
- 4 Fixt on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay ;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
Though earth's foundations melt away ;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

HYMN 76. L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

- 2 See Persia, glorious to behold,
And India shines in eastern gold ;
All barb'rous nations at his word
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.
- 3 For him shall endless pray'r be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With ev'ry morning's sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 5 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

HYMN 77. P. M.

THY faithfulness, Lord, each moment we find
So true to thy word, so loving and kind !
Thy mercy so tender to all the lost race,
The foulest offender may turn and find grace

- 2 The mercy I feel to others I show :
I set to my seal that Jesus is true :
Ye all may find favour, who come at his call
O come to my Saviour : his grace is for all

- 3 To save what was lost from heaven he came
Come, sinners, and trust in Jesus's name !
He offers your pardon, he bids you be free !
If sin be your burden, O come unto me !
- 4 Then let us submit his grace to receive,
Fall down at his feet, and gladly believe ;
We all are forgiven for Jesus's sake :
Our title to heaven his merit we make.

HYMN 78. L. M.

- A**WAKE, our souls (away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint :
But we forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.
 - 3 O mighty God, thy matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
 - 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop and die.
 - 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

HYMN 79. C. M.

THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise
In concert with the blest,
Who joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.

- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest, and pious grow,
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.
- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd
By God, th' eternal word, than when
This universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who mankind hath bought
With grief and pain extreme ;
'Twas great to speak the world from nought
T'was greater to redeem !

HYMN 80. P. M.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above ;
Let us, each thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.

HYMN 81. P. M.

ANGELS roll the rock away,
Death, thy kingdom ends to-day.
See, he rises from the tomb,
Glowing in immortal bloom.

Hallelujah !

2 'Tis the Saviour ! Angels raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise,
Let the world's immortal bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

Hallelujah !

3 Raise, ye saints, your noblest song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong ;
Shout ! the Son of God, this morn
From his sepulchre new-born.

Hallelujah !

4 Your victorious Captain hail,
See him, crown'd with glory, sail
In long triumph thro' the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high !

Hallelujah !

5 Heav'n its portals open throws,
Thro' them, see, the Conqu'ror goes ;
Lo ! he now ascends the throne
By his Father's grace his own.

Hallelujah !

6 Join the chorus, heav'nly choir ;
Let our joys your songs inspire ;
While we, in our humbler strains,
Sing his honours and our gains.

Hallelujah !

- 7 But who can the blessing tell,
When, O death, thy empire fell !
Where is now thy dreaded sting ?
Where thy terrors, vanquish'd king !
Hallelujah !

HYMN 82. C. M.

- Y**E foll'wers of the Prince of peace,
Who round his table draw ;
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.
- 2 The love which all his bosom fill'd,
Did all his actions guide,
Inspir'd by love, he liv'd and taught ;
Inspir'd by love he dy'd.
- 3 And do you love him, do you feel
Your warm affections move ?
This is the proof which he demands
That you each other love.
- 4 Let each the sacred law fulfil ;
Like his be ev'ry mind,
Be ev'ry temper form'd by love,
And ev'ry action kind.
- 5 Let none who call themselves his friends
Disgrace the honour'd name ;
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

HYMN 83. C. M.

OH for a firm and lively faith
That may the grave defy,
And trusting what the gospel saith
May triumph when we die.

2 Joyful, with all the strength we have,
Our feeble lips should sing
Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave?
O death, where is thy sting?

3 Pardon and life, O glorious word!
A life that never ends,
Were, by our dying, rising Lord,
Ensur'd to all his friends.

4 Great source of good, our latest hour
That mercy's praise shall spread,
Which broke the king of terror's pow'r
By Christ our living head.

HYMN 84. C. M.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

There are no sicknesses, or pains,
No bosom heaves a sigh;
Health in immortal bloom remains,
And pure is every joy.

3 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
And sin, that source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.

- 4 Oh may this heav'nly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love;
May lively faith and strong desire
Bear ev'ry wish above.

HYMN 85. L. M.

- A**WAKE, my soul, lift up thine eyes ;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a num'rous host ;
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.
- 2 Here giant danger threat'ning stands,
Must'ring his pale terrific bands ;
There pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.
- 3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Thou treadest on enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round ;
Beware of all, guard ev'ry part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.
- 5 Come, then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield ;
Put on the armour from above
Of heav'nly truth, and heavenly love.
- 6 These from thy foes will guard thee well,
The terror and the charm repel ;
The man of Calv'ry triumph'd here,
Nor should his faithful followers fear.

HYMN 86. P. M.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Plenteous source of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

- 2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;
- 3 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land :
All that lib'ral autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores ;
- 4 These to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow ;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise.
- 5 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the rip'ning ear ;
Though the sick'ning flock should fall,
And the herd desert the stall :
- 6 Though thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy :
- 7 Though of other hopes bereft,
Still our hope of heaven is left ;
And for this our hearts shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

HYMN 87. C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea ;
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his great designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Each hour their progress see ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet the fruit will be.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 88. L. M.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines :
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

- 2 The changing seasons day and night,
Thy pow'r and providence confess :
But that blest volume brings to light,
Thy grace, and truth, and righteousness.
- 3 The circling sun conveys thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stands ;
So has thy truth its cheering rays,
Diffus'd to widely distant lands.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
'Till through the world thy truth has run ;
'Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Soon may that glorious morning rise,
And fill the earth with heav'nly light ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise ;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

HYMN 89. C. M.

- M**Y shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name ;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,
When I forsake his ways ;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay ;
A word of thy reviving breath,
Drives all my fears away.

- 4 Thy hand preserves me from my foes,
And well my table spreads ;
The peace and hope my bosom knows
Thy blessed gospel sheds.
- 5 On thee my cares I humbly cast,
And trust thy faithfulness :
The goodness that has crown'd the past
My future days will bless.
- 6 Thy house I'll make my settled rest,
While others go and come ;
No more a stranger, or a guest,
But like a child at home.
- 7 There will I seek thy face, my God,
And better learn thy ways :
Till heav'n at length be my abode,
And all my worship, praise.

HYMN 90. C. M.

- THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too ;
God is my strength, nor will I fear,
What feeble man can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires :
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy glory still ;
Shall hear thy messengers of love,
And learn thy holy will.

4 By such communion with the Lord,
My faith and hope increase ;
And as I know and love thee more,
The firmer is my peace.

5 Ye groundless terrors, then be gone,
My confidence is here ;
The man who truly fears his God
Should know no other fear.

HYMN 91. C. M.

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue :
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and noble song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus came
A guilty world to save ;
From vice and error to reclaim,
And rescue from the grave.

3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day ;
Joy through the earth be seen ;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 With pleasure lift your wond'ring eyes,
Ye islands of the sea :
Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise,
Prepare the Saviour's way.

5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless
The nations from their God ;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

- 6 Again he comes with pow'rful voice,
To wake the num'rous dead,
And call his churches to rejoice
With their exalted head.
- 7 When he, who is our life, draws near,
And all his glory view,
His faithful servants shall appear
With him in glory too.

HYMN 92. C. M.

- T**O our Almighty Maker, God,
New honours be address'd;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.
- 2 The wond'rous grace so oft foretold,
And promis'd in thy word,
Fulfill'd, the Gentiles now behold,
And praise the faithful Lord.
- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,
With all her diff'rent tongues;
And spread the honours of his name
In melody and songs.

HYMN 93. S. M.

- T**HE man of many woes,
To shame and death betray'd,
Hath God, for so his wisdom chose,
A Prince and Saviour made.
- 2 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wond'rous in our eyes;
This day proclaims it all divine;
This day did Jesus rise.

- 3 We hail the glorious day,
With thankful heart and voice,
Which chas'd each painful doubt away,
And bade the church rejoice.
- 4 Since he hath left the grave,
His promises are true ;
And each exalted hope he gave,
Confirm'd of God we view.
- 5 O come the happy hour,
When all the earth shall own
Thy Son, O God, declar'd with power,
And worship at thy throne.
- 6 That we possess thy word
Which all this grace displays,
Accept, thou Father of our Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

HYMN 94. C. M.

THE Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there :
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.

- 2 But we no such appointments know :
If worship be sincere,
Where'er to offer it we go,
The house of God is there.
- 3 Here we attend upon thy word,
And bow before thy throne ;
*Grant us thy special presence, Lord ;
Thy suppliant people own.*

- 4 Here, mighty God ! accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread ;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.
- 5 Here let the Saviour's gospel shine
With pure and pow'rful rays ;
Our ev'ry temper well refine,
And guide in all our ways.
- 6 And let his blessed gospel shed
Its light from shore to shore,
Till all shall own him for their head,
And each his God adore.

HYMN 95. S. M.

HOW happy must it be,
How pleasing, Lord, the sight,
When mutual love, and love to thee,
A family unite.

- 2 From those celestial springs,
Such streams of comfort flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honours can bestow.
- 3 All in their stations move,
And each performs his part,
In all the cares of life and love,
With sympathizing heart.
- 4 Form'd for the purest joys,
By one desire possess'd ;
One aim the zeal of all employs,
To make each other blest.

5 No bliss can equal theirs,
Where such affections meet,
While mingled praise and mingled pray'rs,
Make their communion sweet.

6 'Tis the same pleasure fills
The breast in worlds above ;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

HYMN 96. L. M.

GIVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways ;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown :
Grace shall endure, and saints adore,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night :
Grace shall endure, and saints adore,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.

5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

- 6** He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within :
Grace shall endure, and saints adore,
When death and sin shall reign no more.
- 7** He sent his Son with pow'r to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 8** Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
Till all at last in heav'n shall meet :
Grace shall endure, and saints adore,
When this vain world shall be no more.

HYMN 97. C. M.

- I**N God's own house his name adore;
For mercy is his throne :
And raise your thoughts to heav'n, for there
That mercy more is known.
- 2** Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds ;
But infinite almighty love
Your highest praise exceeds.
- 3** While he preserves their fleeting breath,
Let all proclaim him blest ;
In hope, when past the vale of death,
To love and praise him best.

HYMN 98. P. M.

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator,
Praise be thine from ev'ry tongue,
Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature,
Join the universal song.

- 2 For ten thousand blessings giv'n,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise thro' earth and heav'n,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

HYMN 99. C. M.

GREAT God, how infinite art thou !
How frail and weak are we !
Let ev'ry rank of being bow,
And pay its praise to thee.

- 2 Unnumber'd ages e'er thy hand
Or earth or heav'n had made,
Thy throne had stood, and still shall stand
When these in dust are laid.
- 3 The past, the future, to thine eye
At once their scenes display,
From the formation of the sky,
To the last awful day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view ;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God, there's nothing new.
- 5 From our perpetual changes flow
New counsels and new cares,
Thy schemes no alteration know,
No changes thine affairs.
- 6 Great God, how infinite art thou !
How frail and weak are we !
Let ev'ry rank of being bow,
And pay its praise to thee.

HYMN 100. L. M.

'TIS God conducts the varying scenes
Of life's mistaken good and ill ;
Nothing without him intervenes,
And all is plann'd with perfect skill.

- 2 He gives, and with a father's care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each his necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, ease and pain.
- 3 All things on earth, like all above,
On his eternal will depend,
And all would equal blessings prove,
Did man pursue his proper end.
- 4 Be this our care ; for all beside
Less anxious let our wishes be ;
Passion be still, abash'd be pride,
And fix'd our souls, O God, on thee.

HYMN 101. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Unhurt, they pass through burning climes,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 Thy mercy sweetens ev'ry toil,
Makes ev'ry region please ;
The hoary frozen hills to warm,
And smooths the boist'rous seas.

- 4 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 5 The storm is laid, the winds retire
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 6 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 7 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
May death, whenever death shall come,
Unite us, Lord, to thee.

HYMN 102. C. M.

PARENT of good, we come to thee ;
Thy ever wakeful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

- 2 Oh, let thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our conduct guide :
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear, all fears beside.
- 3 And since by passion's force misled,
Too oft with stubborn will,
The latent good we blindly dread,
And grasp the specious ill :

- 4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply,
The good unask'd, O Father, grant,
The ill, though ask'd, deny.

HYMN 103. C. M.

- M**Y God, my Father ! cheering name !
Oh may I call thee mine !
Give me with humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.
- 2 This comfort can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly ;
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye ?
- 3 Whate'er thy providence denies
I calmly would resign,
For thou art just, and good, and wise ;
And let thy will be mine.
- 4 Whate'er that gracious will ordains,
Lord, give me strength to bear ;
Still let me say " My Father reigns,"
And trust his tender care.
- 5 Thy ways, great God, are little known
To my weak erring sight ;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

HYMN 104. C. M.

- W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys ;
Transported with the view, I'm lost,
In wonder, love, and praise.

- 2 Oh, how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
Which glows in my exulting heart ?
But thou canst read it there.
- 3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear ;
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.
- 5 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently led my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 8 When all these mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys ;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN 105. C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys ;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

- 2 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 3 Thy bounteous hand with worldly good
Hath made my cup run o'er ;
And in the kindness of my friends,
Redoubled all my store.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in unknown worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 6 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore,
- 7 Through immortality to thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
But immortality's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 106. L. M.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noon-tide heats,
And fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows ;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day ;
The fading glory disappears,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine ;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases, and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heav'n must recompense our pains ;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

HYMN 107. P. M.

TWAS ever in Jehovah's heart,
That Christ, the Mediator's part
Should perfectly perform ;
Oh love divine ! my soul resounds,
Love without bottom, without bounds,
To every fallen worm.

- 2 Could angels who surround his throne,
For Adam's sinful race atone,
An angel had come down ;
But God design'd that human clay,
Should human failures all repay,
And raise them to a throne.
- 3 Oh glorious work ! surpassing all
The beauties of this earthly ball,
Or each revolving sphere ;
They speak the great Creator wise,
They fill our lucid wond'ring eyes,
They gloomy regions cheer.
- 4 But what are planets, stars, or sun,
To the kind work that God has done
For spirits who rebel :
When planets from their orbits fall,
And conflagration seize this ball,
Secure with him they'll dwell.
- 5 Christ had a kingdom to redeem :
From love, eternal love, the scheme
Originally came ;
The price he paid, his purple gore
Did all our fallen race restore,
And he'll his subjects claim.
- 6 My soul anticipates the hour,
When raised by almighty power,
I near the throne shall stand ;
There see my God, with smiling face,
Receive the millions sav'd by grace,
From my Redeemer's hand :—
- 7 *Methinks I hear the Saviour say,
My work's complete, this happy day*

✱

My soul is satisfied ;
Anger, and death, and hell are gone ;
Sin, sorrow, pain, no more are known ;
For this, for this I died.

HYMN 108. L. M.

TRIUMPHANT Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains ;
And its full streams redundant flow,
Down to th' abodes of men below.

- 2 Through nature's works its glories shine,
The cares of Providence are thine ;
And grace erects our ruin'd frame,
A fairer temple to thy name.
- 3 Let nature burst into a song :
Ye echoing hills the notes prolong ;
Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,
All vocal with your Maker's praise !

HYMN 109. S. M.

MY Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe ;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
From whence my blessings flow.

- 2 Thou ever good, and kind,
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.
- 3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live ;
*My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.*

- 4 Oh! what can I impart,
 When all is thine before?
 Thy love demands a thankful heart;
 The gift, alas, how poor!
- 5 Shall I withhold thy due?
 And shall my passions rove?
 Lord form this wretched heart anew,
 And fill it with thy love.
- 6 O let thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength divine;
 Let all my powers to thee aspire,
 And all my days be thine.

HYMN 110. P. M.

HAIL, hail, reviv'd, reviving spring!
 Fair type of heaven's eternal year!
 While Nature's works thy praises sing,
 Lo, gratitude salutes thee here!
 Swell, gently swell the solemn song,
 Now pour the bounding notes along;
 Teach choirs below, to choirs above,
 To echo back the common lay;
 And as they praise unbounded love,
 To join in Bounty's holiday.
 To God the universal king,
 Be sacred every grateful choir!
 In ceaseless hymns, all praises sing,
 That endless bounty can inspire!

- 2 *All lost beneath stern winter's reign,
 Creation's gemial powers appear'd;
 Spring call'd them into life again,
 See, budding verdure shows they heard.*

Bless, bless O man ! the kind design,
Whose nobler counter-part is thine !
Thy powers, a gloomier winter froze,
Till thy Messiah's cheering ray,
Prolific of fair truth arose,
And shed the blaze of mental day.

To God the universal King,
Be sacred every grateful choir !
In ceaseless hymns, all praises sing,
That endless bounty can inspire !

- 3 All spotless as the truth he taught,
Free as the mercy he display'd,
He show'd what human duty ought,
He did, what heav'nly goodness bade ;
Enforc'd each just command he gave,
Nor liv'd, nor died, in vain to save.
His realms on high, his worlds below,
All witness'd his unwearied care,
The victim here of general wo,
The Captain of salvation there.

To God the universal King,
Be sacred every grateful choir !
In ceaseless hymns, all praises sing,
That endless bounty can inspire.

HYMN 111. P. M:

YE tribes of Adam join,
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise,
*Ye holy throng, of angels bright,
In realms of light, begin the song.*

- 2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
 And moon that rules the night,
 Shine to your Maker's praise,
 With stars of twinkling light.
His power declare, ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly, in empty air.
- 3 The shining worlds above
 In beauteous order stand,
 Or in swift courses move
 By his supreme command.
He spake the word, and all their frame
From nothing came to praise the Lord.
- 4 Ye mountains near the skies,
 With lofty cedars there,
 And trees of humbler size,
 That fruit in plenty bear ;
Beasts wild and tame, birds, flies, and worms,
In various forms exalt his name.
- 5 Virgins and youth, engage
 To sound his praise divine,
 While infancy and age,
 Their feebl' voices join.
Wide as he reigns his name be sung,
By every tongue, in endless strains.
- 6 Let all the nations fear
 The God that rules above :
 He brings his people near,
 And makes them taste his love :
*While earth and sky, attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise his honours high.*

HYMN 112. L. M.

YE bless'd inhabitants of heaven,
To God be all your praises giv'n ;
O praise him from the realms that lie,
Above the reach of mortal eye.

- 2 Praise Him, thou sun, that round the pole
With restless course art seen to roll,
And thou, O moon, whose sharpen'd horns,
A lustre not their own adorns.
- 3 Praise him, ye stars : his praise repeat,
Thou heaven of heavens, his awful seat ;
And you, ye floods, that heap'd on high,
Press with your weight th' extended sky.
- 4 Nor let the heaven his praise confine ;
O all of earth the chorus join :
Ye beasts, that range th' uncultur'd soil,
Or patient lend to man your toil.
- 5 Praise him, each bird that wings the air,
Each reptile, nurtur'd by his care ;
And ev'ry wind, and ev'ry storm,
That duteous his commands perform.
- 6 Ye youthful bands and virgin choir,
Each lisping babe, and hoary sire,
Wake to his name your grateful songs ;
To him alone all praise belongs.
- 7 His glory earth's wide bounds o'erflows,
Nor highest heaven its limit knows :
O come, your thankful voices raise,
And consecrate to him your praise.

HYMN 113. P. M.

YES, the Redeemer rose :
The Saviour left the dead ;
And o'er our hellish foes
High rais'd his conquering head :
In wild dismay, the guards around
Fell to the ground, and sunk away.

- 2 Lo ! the angelic bands,
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet :
Joyful they come, and wing their way
From realms of day, to Jesu's tomb.
- 3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear :
Hark ! as they soar on high
What music fills the air !
Their anthems say, " Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead ;—He rose to day."
- 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell ;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell :
Transported cry, " Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead, no more to die."

HYMN 114. P. M.

SINCE thy mercies oft of old,
By thy chosen seers foretold,
Faithful now, and steadfast prove,
God of truth, and God of love :

- 2 'Tis enough—the hour is come,
Now within the silent tomb,
Let this mortal frame decay,
Mingled with its kindred clay.
- 3 Sun of righteousness, to thee,
Lo ! the nations bow the knee,
And the realms of distant kings,
Own the healing of thy wings.
- 4 Those whom death had overspread,
With its dark and dreary shade,
Lift their eyes and from afar,
Hail the light of Jacob's star.
- 5 Now the beams intensely shed,
Shine o'er Sion's favour'd head ;
Never may they hence remove,
God of truth and God of love,

HYMN 115. P. M.

SONS of men, behold him far,
Hail the long expected star ;
Jacob's star that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.

- 2 Fear not hence, that ill should flow,
Wars or pestilence below,
Wars and tumults now must cease,
Ushering in the prince of peace.
- 3 Now behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light on blinded eyes,
God, in his own light survey,
Shining to the perfect day.

HYMN 116. C. M.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For ev'ry humble guest.

- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come :
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But see, there yet is room :
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart ;
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In him the Father reconcil'd
Invites your souls to come ;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.
- 5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast,
Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.
- 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come :
Ye longing souls, the grace adore ;
Approach, there yet is room.

HYMN 117. P. M.

GREAT God of wonders ! all thy ways
Are matchless, Godlike, and divine ;
But the fair glories of thy grace,
More Godlike and unrival'd shine :
Who is a pardoning God like thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare,
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share.
Who is a pardoning God like thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

3 Angels and men resign your claim
To pity, mercy, love, and grace ;
These glories crown Jehovah's name,
With an incomparable blaze.
Who is a pardoning God like thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy
We take the pardon of our God,
Pardon, for crimes of deepest dye,
A pardon, bought with Jesus' blood.
Who is a pardoning God like thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all th' angelic hosts above !
Who is a pardoning God like thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

HYMN 118. C. M.

JEHOVAH! 'tis a glorious name,
Still pregnant with delight :
It scatters round a cheerful beam,
To gild the darkest night.

- 2 What though our mortal comforts fade,
And drop like withering flowers ?
Nor time, nor death can break that band,
Which makes Jehovah ours.
- 3 Our cares, we give you to the wind,
And shake you off like dust ;
Well may we trust our all with him,
With whom our souls we trust.
- 4 Great God, the covenant of thy love,
Abides for ever sure,
And in its matchless grace we prove,
Our happiness secure.

HYMN 119. C. M.

HARK! for 'tis God's own Son that calls
To life and liberty ;
Transported fall before his feet,
Who makes the prisoners free.

- 2 The cruel bonds of sin he breaks,
And breaks old Satan's chain :
Smiling he deals those pardons round,
Which free from endless pain.
- 3 *Into the captive heart he pours
His spirit from on high ;
We lose the terrors of the slave,
And Abba, Father, cry.*

- 4 Shake off your bonds, and sing his grace ;
The sinner's friend proclaim ;
And call on all around to seek
True freedom by his name.
- 5 Walk on at large, till you attain
Your Father's house above ;
There shall you wear immortal crowns,
And sing redeeming love.

HYMN 120. C. M.

- W**HILST we surround this festal board,
We'll raise our tuneful breath ;
Faith shall behold her dying Lord,
And doom our sins to death.
- 2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise ;
The sinner views th' atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.
 - 3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross
Procure us heavenly crowns :
Our highest gain springs from thy loss,
Our healing from thy wounds.
 - 4 Oh ! 'tis impossible that we,
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal sufferings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

HYMN 121. C. M.

HOW long shall death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just,
*While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust ?*

- 2 Lo, I behold the scatter'd shades,
The dawn of heaven appears,
The sweet immortal morning spreads,
Its blushes round the spheres.
- 3 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around ;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 4 I hear the voice, " Ye dead arise !"
And lo the graves obey,
And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.
- 5 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the mid-way air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.
- 6 O may our humble spirits stand
Amongst them cloath'd in white !
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.
- 7 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning king
Shall bear us homeward through the sl
On love's triumphant wing !

HYMN 122. C. M.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name ador'd,
For these celestial lines.

- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast,
Sublimier sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

HYMN 123. L. M.

WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

- 2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be ;
And faints my much-lov'd Lord to see :
*Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.*

- 3 Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home :
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys, and of your own.
- 4 That blissful interview, how sweet !
To fall transported at his feet !
Rais'd in his arms, to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace !
- 5 As with a seraph's voice to sing !
To fly as on a cherub's wing !
Performing with unwearied hands
The present Saviour's high commands.
- 6 Yet with these prospects full in sight,
We'll wait thy signal for the flight ;
For while thy service we pursue,
We find a Heaven begun below.

HYMN 124. S. M.

NOT to an idol-god
Of wood, or stone, or gold,
Will we direct the voice of pray'r,
And our distress unfold.

- 2 Jehovah is our God,
Whose being ne'er begun,
And through duration's endless line
His endless days shall run.
- 3 Father of lights and bliss,
No change thy nature knows,
While round thy firm unshaken throne
Creation ebbs and flows :

- 4 Ocean, and earth, and skies,
And hell's abyss of night,
With thine eternal presence fill'd,
Are open to thy sight :
- 5 Omnipotent art thou,
And at thy sov'reign call
From nothing into being rose
This vast, this beauteous all.
- 6 Infinite too thy grace,
In whose immense profound
Sins, that like hills, like mountains rise,
Are in oblivion drown'd.
- 7 We, Lord, to thee alone
Our prayers and praises give :
We are thy work, and not our own,
And by thy love we live.

HYMN 125. C. M.

THE great, the good Jehovah lives
Through all eternity,
Nor can his nature ever fail,
Nor his perfections die.

- 2 Then let my soul for ever bless
My refuge and my rock,
Secure from all-devouring time,
Secure from ev'ry shock.
- 3 He is the ever-living spring,
Whence my salvation flows,
Whose streams afford a full relief
To all my wants and woes.

- 4 Long as I live, all-gracious God,
Thy praises I'll proclaim,
And in sublimer strains on high
Give glory to thy name.

HYMN 126. C. M.

- N**OT by our works of righteousness,
When we were slaves to sin,
And ev'ry word and deed confess'd
Its reigning pow'r within :
- 2 Not by our works of righteousness,
When we were born afresh,
For with the Spirit's strife we feel
The conflict of the flesh :
- 3 But from the mercy of our God,
Self-moving, rich in love,
We from the gates of hell are rais'd,
And join the bless'd above.
- 4 This mercy let our hearts and tongues,
And lives conspire to praise,
And spread the song begun on earth,
Through heaven's eternal days !
- 5 Mercy through immortality
Shall in full oceans roll ;
O be it then the chosen theme,
And triumph of the soul !

HYMN 127. L. M.

ETERNAL life ! how sweet the sound
To sinners who deserv'd to die ?
*Publish the bliss the world around,
Echo the joys, ye worlds on high.*

- 2 Eternal life ! how will it reign,
 When, mounting from this breathless clod,
 The soul, discharg'd from sin and pain,
 Ascends t' enjoy its Father, God !
- 3 Eternal life ! how will it bloom
 In beauty on that blissful day,
 When, rescu'd from th' impris'ning tomb,
 Glory invests our rising clay !
- 4 Eternal life ! O how refin'd
 The joys ! The triumphs how divine !
 When saints in body and in mind
 Shall in the Saviour's image shine !
- 5 Holy and heav'nly be that soul
 Where dwells an hope so bright as this,
 How should we long to reach the goal,
 And seize the prize of endless bliss ?

HYMN 128. C. M.

THOU ever-present, great unknown,
 Of being, life, and bliss,
 'Th' eternal, uncreated source,
 The infinite abyss :

- 2 Thou self-existent, underiv'd,
 And unsupported pow'r,
 Whose fiat gave to Nature birth,
 To Time prescrib'd his hour.
- 3 Beings, like clusters on the vine,
 Depend on thee alone,
 From the poor reptile in the dust
 Up to th' Archangel's throne.

- 4 So great art thou, that earth, stars, suns,
All vanish in thy sight,
So kind, that thy paternal care
Sustains the meanest mite.
- 5 Father of spirits, in thy love
Make thine own offspring bless'd,
O thou, my parent, portion, Lord,
And centre of my rest !
- 6 As flames ascend their native skies,
Rivers to oceans roll,
So to the bosom of my God
In transport flies my soul.

HYMN 129. L. M.

LORD, at thy table we attend,
Feed on thy bread, and drink the wine,
Memorials of our absent friend,
The signs and seals of love divine :

- 2 As bread recruits when strength decays,
And wine revives our fainting hearts,
Thy flesh immortal life conveys,
Thy blood immortal joys imparts.
- 3 Thus we the death of Jesus show,
The fountain whence our comforts rise,
Till he these lower Heav'ns shall bow,
And stoop to take us to the skies :
- 4 Then shall we, rising from the dust,
Admire our God, his grace adore,
Join the bright millions of the just,
And feel no want or sorrow more.

HYMN 130 S. M.

WE sing the Saviour's love
That pitied wretched man,
Delighting in the thoughts of peace
Ere time and worlds began :

- 2 We see its smiling ray
Out-shining at his birth,
And trace its lustres day by day,
While he sojourn'd on earth :
- 3 But in his closing hour
How infinite his grace,
When, bow'd beneath the curse, he died,
To save our ruin'd race !
- 4 Triumphant from the tomb
What beams of mercy shine !
His resurrection, dying saint,
Is the sure pledge of thine !
- 5 And now he prays and pleads
By all his scars of love,
That the dear sheep, for whom he died,
May reach the realms above.
- 6 There all arriv'd at last,
What grace shall they enjoy
In pleasures, which no age can waste,
Nor foes nor fears annoy !

HYMN 131. P. M.

WHAT tho' earthly comforts should fly,
And friends all be call'd to the grave,
A father I still have on high,
Kind, gracious, and willing to save :

His help in times past I have found,
When anguish oppressed my mind,
His love, kindest love, doth abound
When all other springs are confin'd.

2 O fountain o'erflowing with love,
To thee, unto thee, would I raise
A song like the seraphs above,
An anthem of glorious praise ;
My shepherd, ~~my~~ keeper art thou ;
My God, my supplier in need,
To thee, unto thee, will I vow
To serve thee, to love thee indeed.

3 But ah ! without sovereign aid,
I find my attempts are all vain ;
My vows, I no sooner have made,
Than, alas ! they are broken again :
Oh ! grant me assistance divine,
Then what I do promise I'll pay ;
On me let thy countenance shine,
On me dart an heavenly ray.

4 Then joyous 'midst sorrow and wo,
T'wards heaven my spirit will move,
Nor heed all the trials below,
While musing on infinite love ;
Soon, soon, the blest moment will come,
When earth shall perplex me no more :
Then safe in my heavenly home,
My soul shall my father adore.

HYMN 132. L. M.

TO distant lands thy gospel send,
And thus thy empire wide extend :
To Gentile, Turk, and stubborn Jew,
Thou King of grace, salvation shew.

- 2 Where'er thy sun or light arise,
 Thy name, O God! immortalize ;
 May nations yet unborn confess
 Thy wisdom, pow'r and righteousness.

HYMN 133. C. M.
HOW rich the types of future grace,
 Which thro' the law are spread !
 Aloud they preach th' ~~evangel~~,
 The true, the living bread.

- 2 From day to day, till Jesus came,
 His mystic form was shown ;
 Where all distinctions lost to view,
 Of many, made but one.
- 3 In him, nor Jew nor Gentile's found,
 Christ's body forms one bread,
 And all the different grains of wheat
 Are one, in Christ the head.

- HYMN 134. L. M.
GLORY to God who reigns above,
 Who dwells in light, whose name is Love ;
 Ye saints and angels, if ye can,
 Declare the love of God to man.
- 2 O ! what can more his love commend
 His dear, his only Son to send !
 That man, condemn'd to die, might live !
 And God be glorious to forgive.
- 3 Messiah's come—with joy behold
 The days by prophets long foretold ;
 Judah, thy royal sceptre's broke,
 And time still proves what Jacob spoke.

- 4 Daniel, thy weeks are all expir'd,
The time prophetic seals requir'd ;
Cut off for sins, but not his own,
Thy prince Messiah did atone.
- 5 Thy famous temple, Solomon,
Is by the latter far outshone :
It wanted ~~the~~ that glitt'ring store,
Messiah's grace grac'd it more.
- 6 We see the prophecies fulfill'd
In Jesus, that most wond'rous child ;
His birth, his life, his death combine
To prove his character divine.

HYMN 135. L. M.

- A**S showers on meadows newly mown,
Jesus shall shed his blessings down,
Crown'd with whose life infusing drops,
Earth shall renew her blissful crops.
- 2 Lands that beneath a burning sky,
Have long been desolate and dry,
Th' effusions of his love shall share,
And sudden greens and herbage wear.
- 3 The dews and rains, in all their store,
Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace,
Which sanctifies and saves our race.
- 4 As in soft silence vernal show'rs
Descend, and cheer the fainting flow'rs,
So in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet infl'ence from above.

- 5 That heav'nly infl'ence let me find,
In holy silence of the mind ;
While ev'ry grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.
- 6 Nor let these blessings be confin'd
To me, but pour'd on all mankind,
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

HYMN 136. L. M.

- J**ESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies ;
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
" Jesus hath liv'd, hath died for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day ;
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
Fully through these absolv'd I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 4 Thus Abraham the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim ;
Sinners, of whom, the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The grace of Christ is ever new.

HYMN 137. C. M.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chaunt the solemn lay;
Joy, love and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

- 2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Thro' all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heav'nly throng.
- 4 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
Glory to God on high;
Good will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die.
- 5 O for a glance of heav'nly love,
Our hearts and songs to raise;
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays.

HYMN 138. C. M.

HARK, 'tis the Saviour of mankind,
Speaks to his chosen few;
'Tis he who leads the wand'ring blind,
In ways they could not know.

- 2 'Tis he who says, "go forth my friends,
Proclaim my truth to all;
Inform each soul my grace extends

- 3 Tell sinners of the deepest dye,
That they might life obtain ;
I chose the cursed death to die,
And taste infernal pain !
- 4 What though my ransom'd may refuse
The message to receive,
And you the messengers abuse ;
Yet still I came to save.
- 5 Yea, should the tempter still prevail,
To blind my people's eyes ;
In my great day I'll rend the veil
From all beneath the skies.
- 6 Then ev'ry eye shall see the grace
You now in faith declare ;
And I myself from ev'ry face
Will wipe off ev'ry tear."
- 7 Lord, we believe thy sacred word,
And wait the glorious day,
When ev'ry soul, by grace restor'd,
Shall walk in wisdom's way.

HYMN 139. L. M.

TIS finish'd ! so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and died.
'Tis finish'd ; yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

- 2 'Tis finish'd ; all that heav'n decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said
Is now fulfill'd as was design'd,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

- 3 'Tis finish'd ; Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore :
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rights no more remain.
- 4 'Tis finish'd ; this my dying groan
Shall sins of ev'ry kind atone :
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this my last expiring breath.
- 5 'Tis finish'd ; heav'n is reconcil'd,
And all the pow'rs of darkness spoil'd :
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 6 'Tis finish'd ; let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round :
'Tis finish'd ; let the echo fly
Thro' heav'n and hell, thro' earth and sky.

HYMN 140. L. M.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

- 2 Sin and the world resist thy course,
But these, my soul, are vanquish'd foes ;
For Jesus nail'd them to the cross
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 What though thine inward lusts rebel,
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life ;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay them all, and end the strife.

- 4 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.
- 5 There shall I wear my father's crown,
And triumph in Almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Unite to celebrate his praise.

HYMN 141. C. M.

- A**gain the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!
 - 3 Jesus, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion mov'd,
Descended, like a pitying God,
To save the souls he lov'd.
 - 4 The pow'rs of darkness leagu'd in vain
To bind his soul in death;
He shook their kingdom, when he fell,
With his expiring breath.
 - 5 And now his conqu'ring chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While broke, beneath his pow'rful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

- 6 And still for erring, guilty man,
 A brother's pity flows ;
 And still his loving heart is touch'd
 With mem'ry of our woes.
- 7 Exalted high at God's right hand,
 And Lord of all below,
 Thro' him is pardoning love dispens'd,
 And boundless blessings flow.

HYMN 142. L. M.

KINDRED in Christ for his dear sake,
 A hearty welcome here receive,
 May we together now partake
 The joys which only he can give.

- 2 Welcome to us ' lo, the right hand
 Of fellowship to you we give,
 With open arms and hearts we stand,
 And you in Jesu's name receive.
- 3 To you and us by grace 'tis giv'n
 To know the Saviour's precious name
 And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
 Our hope, our way, our end, the same.

HYMN 143. P. M.

CHRISt the Lord is risen to-day,
 Sons of men, and angels say,
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing ye Heavens, and earth reply.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won ;
Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.

- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell :
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious king,
" Where ! O death, is now thy sting ?"
Once he died our souls to save ;
" Where's thy vict'ry," boasting grave ?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Foll'wing our exalted head.
Made like him, like him we rise,
Our's the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 What though once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents fall ;
Second life let us receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.
- 7 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven !
Praise to thee by both be given !
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail ! the RESURRECTION—thou.

HYMN 144. S. M.

AH ! when shall I awake
From sin's soft soothing pow'r !
The slumber from my spirit shake,
And rise to fall no more ?

- 2 O could I always pray !
And never, never faint ;
But simply to my God display
My ev'ry care and want !

- 3** I feel thee willing, Lord,
 A sinful world to save ;
 All shall obey thy gracious word,
 Shall peace and pardon have.
- 4** Not one of all our race,
 But will return to thee :
 But at thy throne of sov'reign grace
 Shall fall and weep like me.
- 5** Here will I ever lie,
 And tell thee all my care,
 And father, Abba, father cry,
 And pour a ceaseless pray'r.
- 6** None can resist thy will :
 Speak, and it shall be done !
 Thou wilt the work of faith fulfil,
 And perfect us in one.

HYMN 145. C. M.

- O**N God we build our sure defence,
 In God our hope repose :
 His hand protects us in the fight,
 And guards us from our foes.
- 2** Then be the earth's unwieldy frame
 From its foundation hurl'd,
 We may, unmov'd with fear, enjoy
 The ruins of the world.
- 3** Still to the mighty Lord of hosts
Securely we resort ;
For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
Our succour and support.

Our minds shall be serene and calm,
Like Siloah's peaceful flood ;
Whose soft and silver streams refresh
The city of our God.

5 He bids the din of War be still,
And all its tumults cease ;
He bids the guiltless trumpet sound
The harmony of peace.

6 Hear then his formidable voice,
Be still, and know the Lord ;
By all the heathen I'll be fear'd,
By all the earth ador'd.

HYMN 146. P. M.

GOD of my life, and author of my days
Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise ;
And trembling take upon a mortal tongue,
That hallow'd name to harps of seraphs sung.

2 I feel that name my inmost thoughts control,
And breathe an awful stillness thro' my soul ;
As by a charm the waves of grief subside ;
Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide.

3 At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace,
Till ev'ry worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes.

4 But soon, alas ! this holy calm is broke ;
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke,
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain
And mingles with the dross of earth again.

- 5 From each terrestrial bondage set me free ;
Still ev'ry wish that centers not in thee ;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiet cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.
- 6 If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
By living waters, and thro' flow'ry meads,
Oh ! teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart—beware !
- 7 If friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briers wound, & thorns perplex my way,
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee.
- 8 With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resign'd to die, or resolute to live ;
Prepar'd to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

HYMN 147. C. M.

THUS to believers, while below,
Has God his love express'd ;
My presence still shall with thee go,
And I will give thee rest.

- 2 This as thy comfort, thou shalt know,
The sweetest and the best ;
My presence shall with thee abide,
And I will give thee rest.
- 3 Though with affliction's swelling tide
Thou sorely art oppress'd ;
*My presence shall with thee abide,
And I will give thee rest.*

4 When death to call thee shall appear,
Still lean upon my breast ;
My presence shall support thee there,
And I will give thee rest.

5 Then let his praise be our employ,
'Till we're of heaven possess'd ;
His presence then shall we enjoy,
And there he'll give us rest.

HYMN 148. C. M.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
My Saviour, and my head ;
I trust in thee, whose powerful word
Hath rais'd him from the dead.

2 Thou know'st for my offence he died,
And rose again for me :
Fully and freely justified,
That I might live to thee. ;

3 Eternal life to all mankind,
Thou hast in Jesus giv'n,
And all shall seek, and in him find
The happiness of heav'n.

4 O God ! thy record I believe,
In Abra'm's footsteps tread :
And thus rejoicing to receive
The Christ, the promis'd seed.

HYMN 149. L. M.

IN that great day when Jesus comes
To raise his children from their tombs,
He'll take them to the seats above,
To dwell with him, the God of love.

- 2 Sweet recollection will begin,
How grace has sav'd their souls from sin :
How mercy led them all the way,
To the blest realms of endless day.
- 3 Then will they to perfection know,
All they have waited for below ;
Error and darkness then shall fly,
And heav'n reveal a cloudless sky.
- 4 Then shall the saints with joy approve
The paths of providential love ;
And, with united wonder, trace
The methods of redeeming grace.
- 5 They will with pleasure then review
The weary steps they trod below ;
And in celestial accents tell,
How Jesus has done all things well.
- 6 The flock will then the shepherd own,
And be his joy, and glorious crown,
While mutual love and friendship reign,
And smile through all the happy train.

HYMN 150. P. M.

ALL ye that pass by to Jesus draw nigh
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die
Our ransom and peace, our surety he is
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like

- 2 The Lord in the day of his anger did lay
Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them av
With joy we approve the design of his
a wonder below, and a wonder at

- 4 Love mov'd him to die, and on this we rely ;
Our Jesus has lov'd us, we cannot tell why.
- 5 When time is no more, we still shall adore,
This ocean of love, without bottom or shore.

HYMN 151. S. M.

LOVE is the strongest tie
That can our hearts unite,
Love makes our service liberty,
Our ev'ry burden light.

- 2 We run in God's commands
When love directs the way ;
With willing hearts, and active hands,
Our Maker's will obey.
- 3 Love softens all our toil,
And makes our bondage blest ;
The gloomy desert wears a smile
When love inspires the breast.
- 4 Let love for ever grow,
And banish wrath and strife :
So shall we witness here below
The joys of social life.
- 5 When we ascend the skies,
And see the Saviour's face,
Love will to full perfection rise,
And reign thro' all the place.

HYMN 152. L. M.

O haste the time, thou prince of peace,
When war no more shall lift the shield ;
But wrath and strife, and lust of spoil,
To thee their sanguine trophies yield.

- 2** Repress the horrid waste of life,
Destroy the warrior's trade in blood ;
And say, to all the tribes of earth,
Be still, and know that I am God.
- 3** Jehovah, speed the promis'd day,
When love shall hold unbounded reign ;
And union sheathe the flaming sword,
That hangs o'er desolation's plain.
- 4** Ah ! come ye happy moments, come,
When the whole earth shall own one Lord ;
And thou the king, the God of peace,
In peace for ever be ador'd.

HYMN 153. C. M.

- T**HY way, O God, is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace ;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.
- 2** 'Tis but in part I know thy will,
I bless thee for the sight ;
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light ?
- 3** Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround ;
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wond'ring thoughts confound.
- 4** When I behold thy awful hand,
My earthly hopes destroy ;
In deep astonishment I stand,
And ask the reason why.

- 5 As thro' a glass, I dimly see
 The wonders of thy love ;
 How little do I know of thee,
 Or of the joys above !
- 6 When will the day of perfect light,
 The happy morn arise,
 That shalt remove the shades of night
 From my beclouded eyes ?
- 7 With rapture shall I then survey
 Thy providence and grace ;
 And spend an everlasting day
 In wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN 154. P. M.

- SONS of men, triumphant rise,
 Shout th' accomplish'd sacrifice,
 Shout your sins in Christ forgiv'n,
 Sons of God, and heirs of heav'n.
- 2 Saints that now to Christ belong,
 List'ning angels join the song ;
 Sing with us, ye heav'nly powers,
 Pardon, grace, and glory ours !
- 3 Love's mysterious work is done :
 Greet we now th' atoning Son,
 Heal'd and quicken'd by his blood,
 Join'd to Christ and one with God.
- 4 Christ, of all our hopes the seal,
 Peace divine in Christ we feel,
Pardon to our souls applied,
Dead for you, for me he died.

- 5 Christ by faith we taste below,
Mightier joys ordain'd to know,
When his utmost grace we prove,
Rise to heav'n in perfect love.**

HMYN 155. P. M.

HEAV'NLY Father, here we bless thee,
All thy goodness we adore ;
And with humble songs address thee,
God of mercy, love, and pow'r.
Thou hast been our great salvation,
Thro' the world's deceitful maze ;
Thro' affliction and temptation
Thou hast kept us all our days.

- 2 Having help from thee obtained,
Here before thee, Lord, we stand ;
Foes and fears thou hast restrained,
By thy gracious, mighty hand ;
Ev'ry want hast thou supplied,
Life and health, and needful food ;
Nothing has thy love denied,
Which thou knew'st would do us good.**

- 3 But renewing love and favour,
In us wrought by sovereign grace,
Thro' a dear and precious Saviour,
Call for songs of loudest praise ;
Here our sins are all forgiven ;
Here our mighty debt is paid ;
Here we've peace, and peace with heaven,
Made with him our living head.**

HYMN 156. C. M.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound!

That sav'd a worm like me!

I once was lost, but now am found;

Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,

And grace my fears reliev'd;

How precious did that grace appear,

The hour I first believ'd!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,

I have already come;

'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,

And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,

His word my hope secures;

He will my shield and portion be,

As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,

And mortal life shall cease;

I shall possess, within the veil,

A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,

'The sun forbear to shine;

But God, who call'd me here below,

Will be for ever mine.

HYMN 157. C. M.

“ **I** AM (saith Christ) your glorious head,
(May we attention give)

The resurrection of the dead,

The life of all that live.

- 2** By faith in me the soul receives
New life, though dead before ;
And he that in my name believes,
Shall live to die no more.
- 3** The sinner sleeping in his grave,
Shall at my voice awake ;
And when I once begin to save,
My work I ne'er forsake."
- 4** Fulfil thy promise, gracious Lord,
On us assembled here ;
Put forth thy spirit with the word,
And cause the dead to hear.
- 5** Preserve the pow'r of faith alive
In those who love thy name :
For sin and satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.
- 6** Thy pow'r and mercy first prevail'd
From death to set us free ;
And often since our life had fail'd,
If not renew'd by thee.
- 7** To thee we look, to thee we bow,
To thee for help we call ;
Our life and resurrection thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all.

HYMN 158. C. M.

MY soul, arise in joyful lays,
Renounce this earthly clod,
Tune all thy powers to sweetest praise,
And sing thy gracious God.

- 2 When in my heart his heav'nly love.
He sweetly sheds abroad,
How joyfully he makes me prove
He is my gracious God!
- 3 When borne on faith's advent'rous wing
I mount to his abode,
Then, while I soar, I sweetly sing,
He is my gracious God.
- 4 When in my last departing hour
I pass thro' death's cold flood,
Upheld by sov'reign love and power,
I'll sing my gracious God.
- 5 But when he shall my spirit bring
To heav'n, my bless'd abode,
There to eternity I'll sing,
Thou art my gracious God.

HYMN 159. C. M.

- H**OW precious is the book divine
By inspiration giv'n!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shire
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
 - 3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

HYMN 160. S. M.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.
- 3 Grace first inscrib'd my name
In God's eternal book:
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.
- 4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow:
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.
- 6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Thro' everlasting days;
It lays in Heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

HYMN 161. P. M.

FROM heav'n the loud, th'angelic song beg
It shook the skies, and reach'd astonish'd me
By man re-echo'd it shall mount again,
Whilst fragrant odours fill the blissful place

- 2 Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway,
In earth or heav'n the Lord of all ;
Ye princes, rulers, pow'rs obey,
And low before his footstool fall.
- 3 The deed was done ; the Lamb was slain ;
The groaning earth the burthen bore :
He rose, he lives ; he lives to reign,
Nor time shall shake his endless pow'r.
- 4 Riches, and all that decks the great,
From worlds unnumber'd hither bring ;
The tribute pour before his seat,
And hail the triumphs of our king.
- 5 Wisdom and strength are his alone,
He rais'd the top-stone shouting grace ;
Honour has built his lofty throne,
And glory shines upon his face.
- 6 From heav'n, from earth, loud bursts of praise
The mighty blessings shall proclaim :
Blessings that earth to glory raise,
The purchase of the wounded Lamb.
- 7 Higher, still higher, swell the strain ;
Creation's voice the note prolong ;
The Lamb shall ever, ever reign ;
Let Hallelujahs crown the song.
Hallelujah.

HYMN 162. P. M.

JESUS, all hail ! thou risen Saviour hail !
At thy command, the seventh trump shall sound,
The sun retire, the moon, the stars turn pale,
And heav'n, and earth, and sea, no more be found,

- 2 Rous'd at thy word, the slumb'ring nations rise,
 The dead, who live not till the trump be blown,
 Lift up to thee their supplicating eyes,
 And they who pierc'd thee, weep at mercy's
 throne :
- 3 On all their sins the cleansing fountain rolls,
 Their robes are wash'd in thine all saving
 blood ;
 The fount of life supplies their thirsty souls,
 And ev'ry nation drinks the living flood.
- 4 Bath'd in the crimson stream of life divine,
 With tears of joy in ecstasy they cry ;
 " The east, the west, the south, the north, are
 thine,
 From everlasting, thine, we shall not die."
- 5 " All souls are mine ; all live to God in me,
 The first the last, the last the first proclaim ;
 Jew, Gentile, Greek, Barbarian, bond or free,
 Are one new man, & bear Immanuel's name."

HYMN 163. C. M.

- T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 'Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be, till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save;
 When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
 (Unworthy though I be)
 For me a blood-bought free reward,
 A golden harp for me !
- 7 'Tis strung, and tun'd for endless years,
 And form'd by pow'r divine,
 To sound in God the Father's ears
 No other name but thine.

HYMN 164. S. M.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord
 While ye surround the throne.

- 2 The sorrows of the mind
 Be banish'd from this place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

- 3 The God that rules on high,
And all the earth surveys,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas ;
- 4 This awful God is ours,
Our father and our love ;
He shall send down his heav'nly powers,
To carry us above.
- 5 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin !
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 7 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;
We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 165. L. M.

- T**HE whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord ;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.
- 2 Is he a vine ? his heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit :
*O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ the living vine.*

- 3 Is he a fountain ? there I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death :
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.
- 4 Is he a fire ? he'll purge my dross ;
But the true gold sustains no loss :
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.
- 5 Is he a rock ? how firm he proves !
The rock of ages never moves !
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desert through.
- 6 Is he a way ? he leads to God ;
The path is drawn in lines of blood ;
There would I walk with hope and zeal
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.
- 7 Is he a temple ? I adore
Th' in-dwelling majesty and pow'r ;
And still to his most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I'll turn my face.
- 8 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears ;
His beauties we can never trace
Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN 166. L. M.

NOW to the Lord, a noble song :
Awake, my soul, awake my tongue ;
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

- 2 See where it shines in Jesu's face
The brightest image of his grace ;
God, in the person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest works out-done.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and pow'rful God ;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands !
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme :
My thoughts rejoice at Jesu's name !
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground !
- 6 Oh may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face !
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold !

HYMN 167. C. M.

LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise ;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

- 2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill ;
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

- 3 These on my heart by night I keep ;
How kind, how dear to me !
O may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee.

HYMN 168. C. M.

- ARISE, my soul, my joyful pow'rs,
And triumph in my God ;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my standing more secure,
Than 'twas before I fell.
- 3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he plac'd,
And on the rock of ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.
- 4 The city of my bless'd abode
Is wall'daround with grace ;
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.
- 5 Arise, my soul, awake my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing ;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my king.

HYMN 169. C. M.

- SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high ;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.

- 2 " Look forward in the dying hour,
" And live," the prophet cries ;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.
- 3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heav'ns he reigns ;
Here sinners by th' old serpent stung,
Look and forget their pains.
- 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives :
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

HYMN 170. C. M.

- H**OW large the promise ! how divine
To Abra'm and his seed !
" I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."
- 2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure ;
The angel of the cov'nant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers giv'n :
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.
- 4 Our God, how faithful are his ways,
His love endures the same :
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out his children's name.

HYMN 171. L. M.

JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great rock of my secure abode :
Who is a God beside the Lord ?
Or where's a refuge like our God ?

2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield :
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

3 He lives, and (blessed be my rock)
The God of my salvation lives :
The dark designs of hell are broke ;
Sweet is the peace my father gives.

4 Before the scoffers of the age
I will exalt my father's name :
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.

5 To David and his royal seed
Thy grace for ever shall extend :
Thy love to men in Christ their head,
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

HYMN 172. L. M.

WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop :
Be glad, my heart, rejoice my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

- 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wond'rous way,
Up to thy throne above the sky.
- 4 There streams of endless pleasures flow;
And full discov'ries of thy grace,
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heav'nly joys through all the place.

HYMN 173. C. M.

- L**ORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage:
There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have:
It makes our sorrows blest:
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

HYMN 174. C. M.

FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself out-brave ;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There where my blessed Jesus reigns
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

HYMN 175. C. M.

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name :
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives ;
Isr'el, thy king for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

HYMN 176. C. M.

JOY to the world ; the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her king :
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And Heav'n and nature sing.

- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns !
 Let men their songs employ :
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plain
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground ;
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He came with truth and grace to bless
 The nations, and to prove
 The common parent's faithfulness,
 And universal love.

HYMN 177. L. M.

PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
 To him that earth's foundation laid ;
 Praise to the God, whose strong decrees
 Sway the creation as he please.

- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
 Who rules his people by his word,
 And there, as strong as his decrees,
 He sets his kindest promises.
- 3 Firm are the words his prophets give,
 Sweet words on which his children live :
 Each of them is the voice of God,
 Who spoke and spread the skies abroad.
- 4 Each of them pow'rful as that sound
 That bids the new-made world go round ;
 And stronger than the solid poles,
 On which the wheel of nature rolls.

- 5 Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.
- 6 O for a strong and lasting faith
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own.
- 7 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls would fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.
- 8 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the eternal builder reigns,
And his own court his pow'r sustains.

HYMN 178. L. M.

NATURE with open volume stands
To spread her maker's praise abroad;
And ev'ry labour of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

- 2 But in the grace that rescu'd man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious blood and crimson lines.
- 3 Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
The pow'r, the wisdom, or the love.

HYMN 179. C. M.

O FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful pow'rs !

- 2** Joyful with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
" Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave ?
" And where the monster's sting ?"
- 3** If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure ;
Death hath no sting beside ;
The law gives sin its damning pow'r ;
But Christ, my ransom, died.
- 4** Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Through Christ our living head.

HYMN 180. C. M.

THE volume of my father's grace,
Does all my grief assuage :
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in ev'ry page.

- 2** This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.
- 3** Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin ;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

- 4 This is the judge that ends the strife,
 Where wit and reason fail;
 My guide to everlasting life
 Through all this gloomy vale.
- 5 O! may thy counsels, mighty God,
 My roving feet command:
 Nor I forsake the happy road,
 That leads to thy right hand.

HYMN 181. C. M.
BEGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,
 And speak some boundless thing,
 The mighty works or mightier name
 Of our eternal king.

- 2 Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,
 And sound his pow'r abroad;
 Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
 And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim 'Salvation from the Lord,
 'For wretched dying men;'
 His hand has writ the sacred word
 With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass
 The mighty promise shines:
 Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze
 Those everlasting lines.
- 5 He that can dash whole worlds to death,
 And make them when he please:
*He speaks, and that Almighty breath
 Fulfils his great decrees.*

- 3 His very word of grace is strong,
 As that which built the skies :
 The voice that rolls the stars along,
 Speaks all the promises.
- 7 He said, " Let the wide heav'n be spread,"
 And heav'n was stretch'd abroad ;
 ' Abra'm, I'll be thy God,' he said,
 And he was Abr'am's God.
- 8 Oh might I hear thy heav'nly tongue
 But whisper, " Thou art mine !"
 Those gentle words should raise my song
 To notes almost divine.
- 9 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
 And think my heav'n secure !
 I trust the All-creating voice,
 And faith desires no more.

HYMN 182. S. M.

- M**Y soul, repeat his praise,
 Whose mercies are so great ;
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
 Above the ground we tread,
 So far the riches of his grace,
 Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins ;
 And his forgiving love,
 Far as the east is from the west,
 Doth all our guilt remove.

- 4 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 6 But thy compassion, Lord,
To endless years endure !
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

HYMN 183. L. M.

- A**NOTHER six days work is done ;
Another Sabbath is begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns,
So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.
 - 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies ;
And draw from Heaven that sweet repose,
Which, none but he that feels it, knows.
 - 4 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest.
~~Which~~ for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pain.

- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In varied scenes both old and new :
With praise, we think on mercies past,
With hope, we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away :
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

HYMN 184. P. M.

COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear ;
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

- 2 Our life is a dream,
Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay ;
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone ;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

- 3 O that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
'I have fought my way through,
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do.'

O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
' Well and faithfully done !
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.'

HYMN 185. L. M.

SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let each christian virtue shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.

- 2** Thus shall we best thine honours raise ;
Great God, and others learn to praise ;
When heav'nly truth shall reign within,
And break the pow'r of ev'ry sin.
- 3** Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4** What though we drink of sorrow's cup,
Religion bears our spirits up ;
Hope waits the coming of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN 186. S. M.

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all his saints, with joyful hearts,
Their humble praises bring.

- 2** By his unfading love,
His counsel, and his care,
From falling he can keep us safe,
And guard from ev'ry snare.

- 3 He can present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 There all his duteous sons
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To God the only wise,
All majesty belongs,
And be his pow'r and grace ador'd
In everlasting songs.

HYMN 187. L. M.

- T**HIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above ;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.
- 2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind ;
This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.
- 3 The gospel bids the dead revive ;
Sinners obey the voice and live ;
Dry bones are rais'd and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.
- 4 In regions of the darkest night,
The gospel strikes a heav'nly light ;
Our lusts its wond'rous pow'r controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.

- 5 Lions and beasts of savage name
 Put on the nature of the lamb ;
 While the wide world esteems it strange,
 Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.
- 6 May but this grace my soul renew,
 Let others gaze, and hate me too ;
 The word that saves me does engage
 A sure defence from all their rage.

HYMN 188. S. M.

BEHOLD the grace appear,
 The blessing promis'd long ;
 Angels announce the Saviour near
 In this triumphant song :

- 2 " Glory to God on high,
 And heav'nly peace on earth ;
 Good will to men, to angels joy,
 At your Redeemer's birth."
- 3 In worship so divine,
 Shall man refrain his part ?
 Forbid it, gratitude ! we join
 The song, with grateful heart.
- 4 Glory to God on high,
 And heav'nly peace on earth,
 Good will to men, to angels joy,
 At our Redeemer's birth.

HYMN 189. C. M.

THOU causest, Lord, thy sun to shine,
 Thy rain on them to fall,
 Who most transgress the law divine ;
 For thou art good to all.

- 2 Thine image in thy Son we view,
Who full of grace was found,
When slanders cruel as untrue
Encompass'd him around.
- 3 Their mis'ries his compassion move,
He shed for them his blood ;
Who render'd hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice rages all his days ;
He pities them till death ;
And pardon for his murd'ers prays,
With his expiring breath.
- 5 Let not this bright example shine,
And ineffectual prove ;
Like his my spirit, Lord, incline
Mine enemies to love.
- 6 Good for their evil to repay,
Still be it my concern,
Till all their malice melt away,
And they shall kindness learn.

HYMN 190. P M.

- W**E own the grace divine
Which all unites to join,
And praise and seek their God to-day.
We would with willing feet,
Lord, in thy temple meet,
United homage glad to pay.
- 3 *Thrice* happy is the place
Where God unveils his face,

- The purest pleasures there are found.
 His servants there appear
 To pray, and praise, and hear
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 There God hath fix'd his throne,
 There makes his pleasure known,
 Reveals his grace and justice there.
 He bids the saints rejoice,
 While sinners hear his voice,
 And learn his holy name to fear.
- 4 May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait,
 To bless the soul of ev'ry guest.
 The man that seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 A thousand blessings on him rest !
- 5 My soul shall pray again,
 Peace with this house remain,
 For there my friends and brethren dwell ;
 And since my Father there
 Draws to his children near,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

HYMN 191. S. M.

- O** BLESS the Lord, my soul !
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless his name,
 Whose favours are divine.
- 2 **O** bless the Lord, my soul !
 Nor let his mercies lie
 Sunk in a long forgetfulness,
 And without praises die.

- 3** 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
 'Tis he relieves thy pain ;
 'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
 And makes thee young again.
- 4** He crowns thy life with love,
 When ransom'd from the grave ;
 He that redeems our souls from death,
 From ev'ry ill can save.
- 5** He fills the poor with good :
 He gives the suff'ers rest ;
 His justice shall oppressors find,
 His mercy the oppress'd.
- 6** By Moses he of old,
 One nation taught his name ;
 But truth and grace to all the world,
 He sent when Jesus came.

HYMN 192. C. M.

- O** For a shout of sacred joy
 To God the sov'reign king !
 Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
 And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2** In Isr'el stood his ancient throne ,
 He lov'd that chosen race ;
 But now he calls the world his own,
 And heathens taste his grace.
- 3** While angels form new songs of praise,
Let mortals learn their strains :
And all the earth new honours raise,
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound ;
Let knowledge lead the song ;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound,
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

~~5 America is thine, O Lord,
Here Abraham's God is known ;
Let us be grateful for his word,
And bow before his throne.~~

HYMN 193. P. M.

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
Rending rocks the words attesting,
Shaking earth, and vailed sky ;
" IT IS FINISH'D,"
Was the Saviour's dying cry.

2 That which prophets long predicted—
That which legal sacrifice
Only shadow'd, not effected—
That which justice satisfies,
Now IS FINISH'D !
So the dying Saviour cries.

3 Now redemption is completed,
Sin aton'd, the curse remov'd,
Satan, death, and hell defeated,
As his rising fully prov'd ;
ALL IS FINISH'D !
Here our hopes do rest unmov'd.

4 O the life, the peace, the pleasure
Which these charming words afford !

Heav'nly blessings without measure
Flow to us through Christ the Lord :
" IT IS FINISH'D !"
Let our joyful songs record.

- 5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Sound aloud Immanuel's fame ;
All creation, swell the chorus ;
Dwell upon this pleasing theme,
" IT IS FINISH'D !"
Glory to the worthy lamb !

HYMN 194. P. M.

THUS saith the church's head,
Judge of the quick and dead,
Quickly I come :
Let my redeemed pray,
O Lord ! make no delay ;
Hasten that happy day :
Lord, quickly come.

- 2 Let us with one accord,
Shout our returning Lord ;
Welcome him near :
Soon shall he come again ;
Soon shall begin his reign ;
Soon shall his foes be slain ;
Soon he'll appear.

- 3 Jesus who died for sins,
Now in his glory shines,
Claiming his own :
" Father I will (saith he)
Those thou hast giv'n to me,
Should all my glory see,
Sharing my throne."

- 4 Well may the ransom'd throng
 Make sov'reign grace their song,
 Mercy adore :
 For all the work was done
 By the dear Lamb alone ;
 Praise him who fills the throne,
 For ever more.

HYMN 195. P. M.

- O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze,
 All the promises do travel
 On a glorious day of grace,
 Blessed jub'lee, &c.
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
 Let the rude barbarian see,
 That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtain'd on Calvary ;
 Let the gospel, &c.
 Word resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Let them have the glorious light,
 And from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night,
 And redemption, &c.
 Freely purchas'd win the day.
- 4 May the glorious day approaching,
 From eternal darkness dawn,
 And the everlasting gospel
 Spread abroad thy holy name ;
 All the borders, &c.
 Of the great Immanuel's land.

- 5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease ;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase ;
May thy sceptre, &c.
Sway th' enlight'ned world around.

HYMN 196. P. M.

ON wings of faith, mount up my soul, and rise,
View thine inheritance beyond the skies ;
Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can tell,
What endless pleasures in those mansions dwell:
Here our Redeemer lives all bright & glorious,
O'er sin, & death, & hell, he reigns victorious.

- 2 No gnawing grief, no sad heart-rending pain,
In that blest country can admission gain ;
No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,
For God's own hand shall wipe the falling tear.
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

- 3 Before the throne a chrystal river glides,
Immortal verdure decks its cheerful sides ;
Here the fair tree of life majestic rears
Its blooming head, and sov'reign virtue bears.
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

- 4 No rising sun his needless beams displays,
No sickly moon emits her feeble rays ;
The Godhead here celestial glory sheds,
Th' exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads.
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

- 5 *One distant glimpse my eager passions fires !
Jesus, to thee, my longing soul aspires !*

When shall I at my heavenly home arrive,
When leave this earth, and when begin to live !
For here my Saviour is all bright and glorious,
O'er sin, & death, & hell, he reigns victorious.

HYMN 197. C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

- 2** O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight !
- 3** There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow :
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,
With milk and honey flow.
- 4** All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day :
There God the sun for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5** No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore :
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

HYMN 198. C. M.

THE glorious armies of the sky
To thee, almighty King,
*Triumphant anthems consecrate,
And hallelujahs sing.*

- 2 But still their most exalted flights
Fall vastly short of thee :
How distant then must human praise
From thy perfections be !
- 3 Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
When to my ravish'd sense
Each creature every where around,
Displays thy excellence !
- 4 The active lights that shine above
In their eternal dance,
Reveal their skilful maker's praise
With silent elegance.
- 5 The blushes of the morn confess
That thou art still more fair,
When in the east its beams revive,
To gild the fields of air.
- 6 The fragrant, the refreshing breeze,
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom,
In balmy whispers, own, from thee
Their pleasing odours come.
- 7 The singing birds, the warbling winds
And waters murm'ring fall,
To praise the first almighty cause
With different voices call.
- 8 Thy num'rous works exalt thee thus,
And shall I silent be ?
*No, rather let me cease to breathe,
Than cease from praising thee !*

HYMN 199. C. M.

THOU didst, O mighty God! exist
Ere time began its race ;
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the void of space :

2 Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd ;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd :

3 Ere through the gloom of ancient night
The streaks of light appear'd
Before the high celestial arch
Or starry poles were rear'd :

4 Before the loud melodious spheres
Their tuneful round begun ;
Before the shining roads of heav'n
Were measur'd by the sun :

5 Ere through the empyrean courts
One hallelujah rung ;
Or to their harps the sons of light
Ecstatic anthems sung :

6 Ere men ador'd or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wond'rous name ;
Thy bliss, O sacred spring of life !
Thy glory, was the same.

7 And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck ;

O

- 8 When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th' astonish'd sun roll back,
And all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake ;
- 9 For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,
Unchang'd in everlasting years,
Shall thy existence be.

HYMN 200. P. M.

- THE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy honour'd dome
Thy presence to adore :
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallow'd floor.
- 2 Ev'n now to our transported eyes
Fair Sion's tow'rs in prospect rise ;
Within her gates we stand,
And, lost in wonder and delight,
Behold her happy sons unite
In friendship's firmest band.
- 3 O may'st thou, free from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear
Nor war's wild wastes deplore :
May plenty nigh thee take her stand
And in thy courts with lavish hand,
Distribute all her store.
- 4 *Seat of my friends and brethren, hail !
How can my tongue, O Salem, fail
To bless thy lov'd abode ?*

How cease the zeal that in me glows
Thy good to seek whose walls enclose
The mansion of my God ?

HYMN 201. P. M.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear ;
While all my warring passions are at strife,
Oh let me listen to the words of life !
Raptures deep felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart :

2 Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
Is spread at once upon the sparing board :
Think not when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof the howling tempest hears ;
What further shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe these shiv'ring limbs again.

3 Say, does not life its nourishment exceed ?
And the fair body its investing weed ?
Behold ! and look away your low despair—
See the light tenants of the barren air :
To them nor stores nor granaries belong,
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song.

4 Yet your kind heav'nly father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky,
To him they sing when spring renews the plain,
To him they cry in winter's pinching reign ;
He hears the gay and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

5 Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race ;
They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow !
Yet see how warm they blush ! how bright they glow !
Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say ?
Is he unwise ? or are ye less than they ?

HYMN 202. C. M.

IN life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy continual care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name
Or breathe an infant's pray'r.

2 Tho' reason with my stature grew,
How feeble was its aid,
How little of my God I knew,
How oft from thee I stray'd!

3 Around my path when dangers rose,
And threat'ned ev'ry hour,
What could have sav'd me from my foes
But thine almighty pow'r?

4 Life has hung trembling on a breath,
But thy unfailing love
Preserv'd me from the stroke of death
And bid my fears remove.

5 How many blessings to thy throne,
Have rais'd my thankful eye!
How many pass'd, almost unknown,
Or unregarded, by!

6 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thine exhaustless store;
In vain, great God, my lab'ring thought,
Would count thy mercies o'er.

7 While thus reflection thro' my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace;
*Superior blessings claim my praise,
The blessings of thy grace.*

- 8 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord,
For nobler favours still,
The truths, hopes, precepts, of thy word,
Which teaches all thy will.

HYMN 203. L. M.

GOD of my life, my thanks to thee
Should, like my debts, continual be ;
In constant streams thy bounty flows,
Nor end, nor intermission knows.

- 2 From thee my comforts all arise,
My num'rous wants thy hand supplies ;
Nor can I need, or wish for more
Than thou canst furnish from thy store.
- 3 If what I ask my God denies,
It is because he's good and wise ;
And what for evils I mistake,
He can my greatest blessings make.
- 4 Deep, Lord, upon my thankful breast
Let all thy goodness be impress'd,
That I may never more forget
The whole, or any single debt.
- 5 Dispose me, each revolving day,
For daily gifts my praise to pay ;
And though thy gifts withdrawn should be,
In all things to give thanks to thee.

HYMN 204. S. M.

THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne ;
" Mercy and Justice are the names
By which I will be known.

- 2 " Ye dying souls that sit
In darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit
To my recov'ring grace."
- 3 Sinners shall hear the sound ;
Their thankful tongues shall own.
Our righteousness and strength is found
' In thee, the Lord alone.'
- 4 In thee shall Isr'el trust,
And see their guilt forgiv'n ;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the just to heav'n.

HYMN 205. S. M.

- H**OW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill !
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.
- 2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
" Zion behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."
 - 3 How happy are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light ;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight !
 - 4 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
*Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !*

- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And sweetest notes employ :
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

HYMN 206. C. M.

- P**RAISE in thy churches waits for thee ;
There shall our vows be paid :
Thou, Lord, wilt hear when mortals pray,
And all shall seek thine aid.
- 2 Lord, though iniquities prevail,
Yet pard'ning grace is thine ;
And thou wilt grant us pow'r and skill,
To conquer ev'ry sin.
- 3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose,
To bring them near thy face ;
Give them a dwelling in thine house,
And satisfy with grace.
- 4 In answ'ring what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine ;
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.
- 5 Thus shall the wond'ring nations see
The Lord is good and just ;
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.
- 6 They dread thy glitt'ring tokens, Lord,
When signs in heav'n appear ;
But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

HYMN 207. P. M.

AS far as Adam's curse took place,
So far abound the truth and grace,
Which my dear Lord did bring ;
And as the Spirit doth make known,
To us the things by Jesus done,
We wonder, love, and sing.

2 In my dear Saviour crucified,
My grief's redrest, my wants supplied,
And all my sin forgiven ;
Sav'd by his all-atoning blood,
I've everlasting peace with God,
Eternal life, and heaven.

3 The legal mind may toil and care,
Some lofty *Babel* to prepare,
And dread a storm to fall ;
Serene and calm my soul shall rest,
It's deep within my heart imprest
That Jesus answer'd all.

4 When Jesus died to atone,
As one in spirit, flesh, and bone,
I died, and all my shame ;
And when he left the shades of death,
In him I drew eternal breath,
A life that knows no blame.

5 As far as *Adam's* curse took place,
So far abound the truth and grace,
Which my dear Lord brought in ;
Yes, farther by ten thousand times,
His grace surpasses all our crimes,
And more abounds than sin.

HYMN 208. L. M.

AWAKE my soul in heavenly lays,
Lift up the voice of peace and praise,
Jesus thy prophet, priest, and king,
In sweet melodious sonnets sing.

- 2 True marks of love he show'd to me,
When crucified on Calvary.
In shame, in grief, in death and gore,
He hung, 'till all my curse he bore.
- 3 O heavenly love! O heavenly grace!
For me, for Adam's fallen race,
Our Saviour by his streaming blood,
Has reconciled us to God.
- 4 He in our nature, name, and stead,
Enter'd the regions of the dead,
By dying, vanquish'd all our foes,
And then to life eternal rose.
- 5 Ascended to the God of love,
He fills the highest throne above;
And heavenly mansions he'll provide,
For us, for whom he freely died.
- 6 He bears me in his faithful breast,
Then why should I forget my Priest?
My pardon firm for ever stands
In Jesu's side, and feet, and hands.
- 7 With Jesus I'm for ever one,
Joined in spirit, flesh, and bone;
My life and sonship, in him lie,
My Jesus lives, and so shall I.

- 8 In this salvation I'll rejoice,
And often lift a thankful voice,
Until my Prophet, Priest, and King,
Calls me above to praise and sing.

HYMN 209. L. M.

AWAKE my powers, to sing of him
That did my helpless soul redeem,
Shout with the happy choirs above,
The Saviour's beauties, grace, and love.

- 2 For I should fail, should I begin
To tell the dismal depths of sin,
But less enabled I'm to trace,
The more abounding heights of grace.
- 3 Far more deficient still, to tell
What beauties in my Jesus dwell,
Yet, though unequal for the thing,
Grace, love, and beauty, call to sing.
- 4 When I lay plung'd in Satan's sea,
'Twas love that mov'd his look to me,
'Twas love that brought him from the sky,
And love that made him bleed and die.
- 5 Reign, Jesus, monarch of my heart,
For full of grace and truth thou art,
And shall for ever be the same,
Victorious, loving, gracious Lamb.
- 6 Thy presence is divinely fair,
Far fairer than all others are,
There charms to fill my soul reside,
Yes, and ten thousand charms beside.

- 7 Jesus, thy grace my sin confounds,
Thy love, dear Saviour, knows no bounds ;
Thy beaming beauties join'd to this,
Make one eternal sea of bliss.

HYMN 210. L. M.

ADAM our Father and our Head,
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us dead,
The fiery law speaks all despair,
There's no reprieve, nor pardon there.

- 2 But O ! unutterable grace,
The Son of God takes Adam's place,
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Lays down his life, he bleeds and dies.
- 3 Justice was pleas'd to bruise the Lord,
And pay its wrongs with heav'nly blood ;
What unknown racks, and pangs he bore,
Then rose ; the law could ask no more.
- 4 Amazing work ! look, from the skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes,
Ye heav'nly throng, stoop from above,
And bow to this mysterious love.
- 5 Lo, they adore th' incarnate Son,
And sing the glories he hath won ;
Sing how he broke our iron chains,
How deep he sunk, how high he reigns.
- 6 Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all the heav'nly host ador'd ;
*And Oh, dear Conqu'ror, Oh, how long
Ere we shall rise and join their song.*

HYMN 211. L. M.

AWAKE my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free.

- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great.
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O how strong.
- 4 When trouble like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good.
- 5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail,
Then may my last expiring breath.
His loving kindness sing in death.
- 6 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.
- 7 Then with the heavenly host I'll join,
And with their praises mingle mine ;
There through eternity record,
The loving kindness of the Lord.

HYMN 212. L. M.

AND am I blest with Jesu's love?
And shall I dwell with him above?
And will the joyful period come
When I shall call the heav'ns my own?

- 2 Think, O my soul, what must it be,
A world of glorious minds to see
Drink at the fountain-head of peace,
And bathe in everlasting bliss!
- 3 To hear them all at once proclaim
Eternal glories to the Lamb;
And join with joyful heart and tongue,
That new, that never-ending song!
- 4 And does the happy hour draw near,
When Christ will in the clouds appear?
And I, without a veil, shall see
The Man, the God, that bled for me?
- 5 If in my soul such joy abounds,
While weeping faith explores his wounds;
How glorious will those scars appear,
When perfect bliss forbids a tear?
- 6 Think, O my soul, if 'tis so sweet
On earth to sit at Jesu's feet;
What must it be to wear a crown,
And sit with Jesus on his throne!

HYMN 213. C. M.

BE still my soul, my friends be still,
From legal warfare cease;
Jesus has done the Father's will,
And made eternal peace.

- 2 In vain is all our strife and care,
'Tis only Jesu's blood
Can represent us just and fair,
Before the face of God.
- 3 He now on our behalf and part
Before the Father stands,
The law is graven on his heart,
Our pardon on his hands.
- 4 The Father looks upon the face
Of Jesus with delight,
And there beholds our ransom'd race
All comely in his sight.
- 5 We're members of the darling Son,
And in his beauties shine ;
Joined in spirit, flesh and bone,
Nor shall we e'er untwine.
- 6 In his condition, life, and name,
We evermore are blest :
Whilst Jesus wears the human frame,
His brethren we're confest.
- 7 Cease doubts, and fears, and cares, and strife
With all the faithless train ;
In Jesus we've eternal life,
And with him we shall reign.

HYMN 214. S. M.

BEFORE the world began,
The Father fixt his love,
On Jesus the obedient man,
That he his grace should prove.

- 2 He chose him for the rock,
To build his grace upon,
Nor can a ruder opposer's shock,
E'er shake the darling Son.
- 3 Steadfast in truth and might
He did the Father's will,
Tho' humbl'd low 'twas his delight
God's pleasure to fulfil.
- 4 The Father views the Son,
And smiles upon his face,
Because he all his will has done,
Both servitude and grace.
- 5 Exalted far above
The reach of toil and pains ;
In God the Father's power and love
Eternally he reigns.
- 6 And O ! our great High Priest,
And everlasting Friend,
Bears us upon his faithful breast,
With love that knows no end.
- 7 O ! what amazing bliss,
The Man upon the throne,
Our Saviour, and our brother is,
And wears our flesh and bone,
- 8 In him we ever dwell,
Made free from sin and wo,
Conquerors over death and hell,
And every spiteful foe.

HYMN 215. S. M.

- B**LESS'D are the eyes ~~that~~ see ;
The ears are bless'd that hear
The trumpet of the Jubilee,
The great sabbatic year.
- 2 We plough, nor sow no more,
Nor toil for living bread ;
For we've a never-failing store,
A table plent'ous spread.
- 3 The servant now is free ;
The hateful, heavy yoke
(That all might taste true liberty)
From ev'ry neck is broke.
- 4 Th' inheritance, once sold,
Which the poor bankrupt mourns,
To the true owner, without gold,
Or price, it now returns.
- 5 O Jesus ! ever blest,
Thou art our Jubilee :
Our Restoration, and our Rest,
Is all, dear Lamb, in thee.
- 6 Thy name, O bleeding King,
Shall dwell on all our tongues ;
And ev'ry heart, inspir'd, shall sing
Thy praise in all their songs.
- 7 Worthy the honour'd name
Of Jesus Christ, our Lord ;
He's God Almighty, and the Lamb,
Eternally ador'd.

HYMN 216. L. M.

BROUGHT safely by his hand thus far,
Wilt thou, desponding Christian, fear ?
How canst thou want, if God provide,
Or lose thy way, with such a guide ?

- 2 When first, before the mercy seat,
Thou didst to him thy all commit ;
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and pow'r.
- 3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And God refuse to hear thy call ?
And hath he not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last ?
- 4 He, who has help'd thee hitherto,
Will help thee all thy journey through ;
And give thee daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.

HYMN 217. C. M.

BEYOND the glitt'ring starry globes,
Far as th' eternal hills,
There, in the boundless worlds of light,
Our great Redeemer dwells.

- 2 Legions of angels, strong and fair,
In countless armies shine
At his right hand, with golden harps,
To offer songs divine.
- 3 " Hail, Prince !" (they cry) " for ever hail !
" Whose unexampled love
" Mov'd thee to quit these glorious realms,
" And royalties above."

- 4 Whilst he did condescend, on earth,
To suffer rude disdain ;
They threw their honours at his feet,
And waited in his train.
- 5 Thro' all his travels here below,
They did his steps attend :
Oft gaz'd ; and wondered where, at last,
This scene of love would end !
- 6 They saw his heart transfix'd with wounds,
His crimson sweat and gore ;
They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before.
- 7 They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne ;
Clapt their triumphant wings, and cry'd,
" The glorious work is done !"

HYMN 218. L. M.

BLEST angels aid us with your song,
To whom sublimer notes belong ;
Your golden harps, and voices join,
To sing Immanuel's love divine.

- 2 Lo, he who on the cross was slain,
Enthron'd in glory lives again !
At once he bursts Death's fatal bands,
In vain the power of hell withstands.
- 3 With songs of joy address his name,
His vict'ries, and his love proclaim ;
Sing how he conquer'd when he fell,
And vanquish'd sin, and death, and hell.

- 4 We in his vict'ries shall partake ;
He gain'd those triumphs for our sake !
Immortal praises to the Lamb,
Who Death, by his own death, o'ercame.
- 5 Saints, shout with joy your risen Lord ;
And spread his boundless love abroad :
Let ev'ry heart the Saviour bless ;
And ev'ry tongue his name confess.

HYMN 219. L. M.

- COULD** I of all perfection boast,
As pure as that which Adam lost,
I'd sacrifice it to thy blood,
My Christ, my All, my only Good.
- 2 Were I as Abra'm, strong in faith,
And boldly steadfast unto death ;
I'd bid my faithfulness adieu,
And Jesus only faithful view.
 - 3 If I more meek than Moses were,
Quite free from anger, strife, or fear ;
Yet this I gladly would despise,
And Jesu's meekness only prize.
 - 4 Was I as Job submissive, still
Patient, resign'd in ev'ry ill,
Yet all should fade before his cross,
Compar'd with him, it is but dross.
 - 5 If I was wise as Solomon,
Like him with zeal and ardour shone ;
Like him I'd vain and foolish see
My wisdom, zeal, yea all but thee.

- 6 Had I an angel's purity ;
Yea, even this I would deny ;
Nor good confess in name or thing.
But Christ my Lord, my Life, my King.

HYMN 220. C. M.

- COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known :
The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
With glories all divine ;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright those glories shine.
- 3 Infinite power, and boundless grace,
In him unite their rays :
You, that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise ?
- 4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 5 And shall we long and wish in vain ?
Lord, teach our songs to rise !
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.
- 6 Oh, happy period ! glorious day !
When heaven and earth shall raise,
*With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.*

HYMN 221. L. M.

COME see on bloody Calvary,
Suspended on th' accursed tree,
A harmless suff'rer cover'd o'er
With shame, and welt'ring in his gore.

- 2 Is this the Saviour long foretold
To usher in the age of gold?
To make the reign of sorrow cease,
And bind the jarring world in peace?
- 3 'Tis he, 'tis he!—he kindly shrouds
His glories in a night of clouds,
That souls might from their ruin rise,
And heir th' unperishable skies.
- 4 See, to their refuge and their rest,
From all the bonds of guilt releas'd,
Transgressors to his cross repair,
And find a full redemption there.
- 5 Jesus, what millions of our race
Have been the triumphs of thy grace!
And millions more to thee shall fly,
And on thy sacrifice rely.
- 6 That tree, that curse-empoison'd tree,
Which prov'd a bloody rack to thee,
Shall in the noblest blessings shoot,
And fill the nations with its fruit.
- 7 The sorrow, shame, and death were thine,
And all the stores of wrath divine!
Ours are the glory, life, and bliss;
What love can be compar'd to this!

HYMN 222. L. M.

DEAR Shepherd, see thy flock here met,
Before thy pierced feet to bow ;
To praise thy wounds, thy blood and sweat,
Thro' which eternal love did flow.

- 2 Thou art with us where'er we meet ;
Nor wilt thou leave us, holy Lamb :
We find a calm, a bless'd retreat,
Beneath the cov'ring of thy name.
- 3 Great mercies thou to us hast shown,
Since first we knew that we were thine ;
Since first thou mark'd us for thy own,
With grace and righteousness divine.
- 4 Seal'd for thine own we surely are ;
Thy spirit, Lord, our witness is :
Nor can we fall from Jesus far,
For he is love and tenderness.
- 5 There's none can pluck us from his hand,
Inclus'd by grace on ev'ry side ;
His oath, his promise firmly stands,
We ever shall with him abide !
- 6 He never will himself deny ;
Nor could he die for man in vain ;
How then shall God in wrath destroy,
The souls for whom the Lamb was slain.
- 7 The countless price he paid for us,
Exempts us from the iron rod ;
His life, his death, his blood and cross,
Hath reconcil'd us all to God.

HYMN 223. L. M.

DEEP in the dust, before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own :
Great God, we own the sinner's name,
Whence sprung our nature and our shame.

- 2 Adam the sinner, at his fall,
Death, like a conq'ror, seiz'd us all ;
All babes, as well as men, are dead,
By fatal union to their head.
- 3 But whilst our spirits, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the honours of thy grace,
Sent down to save our ruin'd race.
- 4 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own ?
Adam the second, from the dust,
Raises the ruins of the first.
- 5 By the rebellion of one man,
Thro' all his seed the mischief ran ;
And by one Man's obedience now,
Are all his seed made righteous too.
- 6 Where sin did reign, and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life ; there glorious grace,
Reigns thro' the Lord our Righteousness.

HYMN 224. C. M.

EVERY attempt of man to gain,
An everlasting life,
Is legal pride, a fancy vain,
And antichristian strife.

- 2 Where gospel grace inspires the breast,
No legal strife is there,
But joy, and peace, and love, and rest,
And heavenly praise and prayer.
- 3 The soul that knows the gospel's sound,
Believes the work is done,
On Jesu's toil his rest is found,
As sav'd by that alone.
- 4 We're just, and free from all demand.
By Jesu's streaming blood ;
And in his life, we ever stand
Acceptable to God.
- 5 Thousands may make self-righteousness
Their justifying plea,
Jesus I solemnly confess
Shall ever plead for me.
- 6 Had I a thousand souls, I'd cast
Them all on Christ my King,
And had I twice ten thousand tongues,
They all his praise should sing.
- 7 Cease, O my soul, for ever cease,
From legal care and strife,
Jesus for ever is thy peace,
And way, and truth, and life.

HYMN 225. L. M.

EXPAND, my soul, arise and sing
*The matchless grace of Zion's King,
Whose love, as ancient as his name,
Let all thy pow'rs aloud proclaim.*

- 2 'Twas Christ, eternal ages past,
Form'd the great plan from first to last;
And what his arm would e'er fulfil,
Stood ever present to his will.
- 3 He saw, with one capacious glance,
World upon world to life advance;
And fix'd the end, ere time began,
Of seraph, reptile, and of man.
- 4 Of man, chief work of all below,
What wonders are we led to know!
Wonders surpassing angels' ken,
Are, by our God, reveal'd to men.
- 5 Grace, deep as the eternal mind,
Unutterable bliss design'd
For man, ere worlds or sin was born,
Or angels sang creation's morn.
- 6 Chosen of old, of old approv'd,
In Christ the eternal Son Belov'd;
Adopted too, and children made,
Ere sin its baneful poison spread.
- 7 Though sin and guilt infest them here,
In Christ they all complete appear:
For all that justice e'er demands,
Receiv'd full payment from his hands.
- 8 In him the Father never saw
The least transgression of his law:
Perfection then in him we view;
We all in him are perfect too.

- 9 Then let our souls, in humble praise,
To Jesus lasting anthems raise ;
And love eternal be our song,
As endless ages roll along.

HYMN 226. L. M.

- F**ORGIVENESS ! 'tis a joyful sound
To malefactors doom'd to die :
Publish the bliss the world around ;
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky !
- 2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine ;
'Tis full, out-meas'ring ev'ry crime ;
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.
- 3 O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sov'reign grace expand,
The seas of sov'reign grace arise.
- 4 Great God ! what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine !
Words are but air, and tongues but clay ;
But thy forgiveness is divine.
- 5 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heav'n our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

HYMN 227. L. M.

- H**ERE shall no trouble or dismay
Reach us, nor want, nor sin, nor shame ;
For Christ to-day and yesterday,
And to eternity's the same.

- 2 Here consummate in joy and peace,
We hail that wounded, bleeding heart,
Where, sav'd from sin, we'll never cease
To praise the Lamb, our better part.
- 3 Now all things in one period turn;
Sin dare no more to show its head;
No more we want, nor sigh, nor mourn;
On ev'ry foe we conqu'ring tread.
- 4 The end is come, God hath appear'd,
Assum'd our flesh, and blood, and bone;
The body, in his love, prepar'd,
Is that where Christ and we are one.
- 5 O Death! where's now thy sting and curse?
Where's now thy boasted pow'r and might?
We feel no more the dread remorse,
Nor can thy terrors us affright.
- 6 Glory to our incarnate God!
We're sav'd in him, the work is done;
He leads us, by the Saviour's blood,
Up to the glories of his throne.

HYMN 228. C. M.

HOW pow'rful is the glorious word!
The unctious word of God,
Which preaches Jesus Christ, our Lord,
His suff'rings, death, and blood.

- 2 How it reveals his mystery
Who did our souls redeem?
*Explains the sacred unity,
And shouts us sav'd in him.*

- 3 It shows us ev'ry law command,
 Dear Lamb, fulfill'd in thee ;
 And bids us fast and fearless stand
 Where thou hast made us free.
- 4 Dear, glorious Lamb, we thee adore ;
 We praise thee for thy word :
 But for thyself we praise thee more,
 O ! holy, holy Lord.

HYMN 229. C. M.

- H**IGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
 And join th' angelic throng ;
 For angels no such love have known
 T' awake a cheerful song.
- 2 Good will to guilty men is shown,
 And peace on earth is giv'n ;
 For lo ! th' incarnate Saviour comes,
 With messages from heav'n.
- 3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
 His rising beams adorn :
 Let heav'n and earth in concert join :
 The promis'd child is born.
- 4 Glory to God in highest strains,
 In highest worlds be paid ;
 His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
 And by our lives display'd.
- 5 When shall we see those blissful realms,
 Where Christ exalted reigns ;
 And learn of the celestial choir,
 Their own immortal strains ?

HYMN 230. C. M.

JESUS is all our righteousness,
 'Tho many it disown,
But O ! for ever I'll confess
 I'm sav'd by him alone.

2 When on the cross his hands were spread ;
 He then our curse was made,
And when he bow'd his lifeless head,
 Our debt he fully paid.

3 From sin and hell our Saviour dear
 Has freed us by his blood ;
Away with unbelief and fear,
 We are redeem'd to God.

4 Without our work, or care, it's done,
 Repentance, prayer, or faith ;
Salvation is complete alone
 By Jesu's life and death.

5 When Jesus yielded to the tomb,
 Sin, death, and hell, were slain,
And bury'd in eternal gloom,
 When he arose again.

6 His rising from the shades of night,
 Proves all our sins forgiv'n,
His triumph to the realms of light,
 Speaks we are heirs of heav'n.

7 With Jesus (the eternal Son)
 We humbly oneness claim,
In sonship, spirit, flesh, and bone,
 Condition, life, and name.

- 8 He ever lives in life divine,
Before the Father's face ;
In him complete we ever shine,
In holiness and grace.

HYMN 231. L. M.

JESUS the Man divine we sing,
He is our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Our elder Brother, Lord, and Head,
In whom to sin and hell we're dead.

- 2 In him all blessings we possess,
And shine in his own righteousness,
As members of his flesh and bone,
His everlasting life's our own,
- 3 Fairest of all the hosts above,
We shine in Jesu's grace and love ;
Angelic pow'rs ne'er knew the grace
That's given to the human race.
- 4 Jesus, to save our soul, was slain,
And rose by heavenly pow'r again ;
His death speaks all our sin forgiv'n,
His life expands the gates of heav'n,
- 5 Hail Lamb of God ! in whom we're blest
With everlasting peace and rest,
Redemption by thy sacrifice,
Be sung through seas, and earth, and skies
- 6 Hail Jesus ! universal King,
*Hasten the time when all shall sing
Thy life, and death, and love so great,
And fall and worship at thy feet.*

HYMN 232. P. M.

- I**'VE cast my legal armour by,
And fight no more for victory
In unbelief and pride ;
Undoubted all my work is done,
My foes are slain, the vict'ry won
By Jesus crucify'd.
- 2** No war from Sinai's top I hear,
No legal thunders strike my ear,
From an offended God ;
An heav'nly voice from Calv'ry hill,
Bids all my inward pow'rs be still,
And sing redeeming blood.
- 3** While here I stay I'll gladly sing
Salvation to my Priest and King,
He fought and bled for me ;
And when I join the choirs above,
I'll sing his battles and his love,
Through all eternity.
- 4** Jesus resigned up his breath,
Pursu'd into the shades of death,
All my tyrannic foes ;
There, in the never dawning cell,
He buried all my sin and hell,
And gloriously arose.
- 5** An heav'nly peace he now maintains,
For ever and for ever reigns,
Upon a throne of grace ;
His life and victory are mine,
In him complete I ever shine
Before the Father's face.

- 6 My sin, and death, and hell are slain,
Nor can they ever rise again,
Adieu all legal fear;
Hence I shall sweetly spend my days
In heav'nly peace, in heav'nly praise,
And walk with Jesus here.

✓ HYMN 233 S. M.

- J**ESUS, the grace reveal'd,
The great salvation shown,
The sum of love's decrees unseal'd,
The plant of great renown.
- 2 Rais'd by the Father's grace,
The plant of his right hand.
To represent before his face
The souls from ev'ry land.
- 3 Plant of the Father's care,
On whom his love did shine,
The branches in him hidden were,
Till he grew to a vine.
- 4 Th' eternal Husbandman,
To make the branches pure,
In wisdom infinite began,
Our barrenness to cure.
- 5 He then this vine would dress,
Whilst love his hand did urge,
That ev'ry branch in righteousness,
He in one vine might purge.
- 6 *From each superfl'ous shoot,
The buds of man's offence;
This to destroy he purg'd the root,
And in it ev'ry branch.*

- 7 With bruises was he drest,
 And nail'd up to a tree ;
 The pruning hook his soul opprest,
 That he might fruitful be.
- 8 He was not purg'd in vain,
 But did his strength recruit ;
 And when was finish'd all his pain,
 There then appear'd his fruit.
- 9 Distill'd from all his smart,
 The holy unction ran ;
 This is the wine that cheers the heart,
 The heart of God and man.
- 10 With us he doth abound,
 As branches he the stem ;
 From him our fruitfulness is found,
 And shall remain in him.
- 11 Hence shall our joys arise,
 And ev'ry hour improve,
 Whilst in his smoking sacrifice,
 God hears our songs above.

HYMN 234. C. M.

- I'LL sing his dear, his sacred name,
 That triumph'd when he rose ;
 Angels assist me to proclaim
 His conquest o'er his foes.
- 2 I'll sing the glories of his grace,
 And his dear name adore ;
 But when I see him face to face,
 I'll praise him more and more.

- 3 Heav'nly thoughts create my song,
And set my soul on fire ;
They sweetly glide my thoughts along,
To join the heav'nly choir.
- 4 To sit beneath the throne, and view
His dying marks appear
Afresh, in all their glories new,
To raise my praises there.
- 5 He bears the print of ev'ry wound,
He bore upon the tree ;
The spring from whence the joys abound,
Of life and love to me.

HYMN 235. S. M.

MY fellow sinners hear
The words of truth and grace,
The joyful sound the gospel brings
To all the human race.

- 2 This gospel is to be
To all mankind good news,
It will extend to all our race ;
Gentiles as well as Jews.
- 3 The apostles of our Lord
Proclaim'd in language bold,
The Saviour of the world is come,
By prophets long foretold.
- 4 He's come to live and die,
To bear our curse and pain :
His efficacious, precious blood
Could never flow in vain.

5 Not only for our sins
Did Jesus deign to die ;
'Twas for the sins of all the world
He laid his glory by.

6 So far as sin and death,
Its baneful poison spread :
So far the blood of Christ extends,
To raise us from the dead.

7 The effect of Adam's fall
Through all his seed has run,
And none but Jesus could atone,
For he is God and Man.

8 High let our praises raise,
Up to the courts above,
And join the anthems in the skies
Of universal love.

HYMN 236. L. M.

NOW let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above ;
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wond'rous love.

2 While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
Oh, may we feel the sacred flame ;
And every heart, and every tongue,
Adore the Saviour's glorious name.

3 Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expir'd ;
Who died for rebels — yes, 'tis he !
How bright ! how lovely ! how admir'd !

- 4 Jesus, who died that we might live,—
Died in the wretched traitor's place ;—
Oh, what return can mortals give,
For such immeasurable grace!
- 5 Were universal nature ours,
And art, with all her boasted store ;
Nature and art, with all their powers,
Would still confess the offerer poor !
- 6 Yet, tho' for bounty so divine,
We ne'er can equal honours raise ;
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise

HYMN 237. L. M.

O HOW transporting is the sight
Of Jesus, cloth'd with heavenly might,
Standing obedient in our room,
And suffering all our nature's doom !

- 2 Freely our Saviour took the fate
Of all our nature's fallen state ;
Marry'd our spirit, flesh and bone,
And made us, and our state his own.
- 3 Found in our nature and our name,
The law fix'd on him all our blame ;
God let its curses on him pour,
Thus, in our head our curse was bore.
- 4 As Saviour of the human race,
He wrought the rich designs of grace,
Accomplish'd the redeeming plan,
And vanquish'd all the foes of man.

- 5 Himself he offer'd up for us,
Nail'd our uncleanness to his cross,
By blood exhausted all our stains,
There's not one sinful spot remains.
- 6 In Jesus we were crucify'd,
In him to all our sins we died,
In him from death arose again,
And ever in him shall remain.
- 7 Thus free from sin, and death, and hell,
To all eternity we dwell
In Christ the living Head of all,
In whom we never more can fall.
- 8 Hail! high exalted Son of God,
Who bought our pardon with thy blood,
On whom our living souls depend,
Hail! everlasting faithful friend.

HYMN 238. P. M.

O FOR a sweet enlight'ning beam
To sing of him that did redeem
Transgressors by his blood;
Wake all my powers, and take delight,
To set in most exalted height
The suffering Lamb of God.

- 2 Extended on the cross, how sweet
The Lamb appears from head to feet,
What grief! what love abounds!
With open arms he seems to call,
Sinners, behold I love you all,
Witness my bleeding wounds.

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- 3 When he for us resign'd his breath,
 Then off he shook the chains of death,
 And spoil'd him of his sting ;
 And soon the everlasting gates,
 As the prophetic word relates,
 Admit the glorious King.
- 4 The sun in his meridian height.
 Pours out a sea of golden light,
 A bliss for all design'd :
 So Jesus from a throne of grace,
 A sea of life and peace displays,
 Surrounding all mankind.
- 5 Time flies, and I shall soon be there;
 To see the Lamb all sweet and fair,
 Whilst endless ages roll ;
 Harmonious love, the heavenly flame,
 Caught from the presence of the Lamb,
 Shall ever fill my soul.
- 6 Thus whilst the endless ages roll,
 I on the Lamb shall feast my soul,
 With sweets that never cloy ;
 And through the wide extended place,
 That glitters with the Saviour's face,
 Pour out my songs of joy.

HYMN 239. C. M.

O GRACE! what mortal tongue can st
 Thy beauties, or display,
 How far surpassing nature's smile,
 Tho' in the month of May?

- Thy canopy's a boundless space
Of God's eternal love,
Fixt upon Christ, the lasting base,
That never can remove.
- 3 Springs of salvation bless the plan
That love eternal laid,
The spirit's breezes softly fan
The beauties of the shade.
- 4 No lightnings spread the fiery wing,
Nor awful thunders roll,
But music's daughters ever sing
Salvation to the soul.
- 5 Here every sweet, and every grace,
In fair perfection shine;
Here peace and righteousness embrace,
And truth and mercy twine.
- 6 O, heavenly scene where pleasure flows!
In thee there never fails,
The beauty of the Sharon's rose,
And lilly of the vales.
- 7 Thy cooling shade be my retreat,
Thy beauties round me play,
'Till I my dear Redeemer meet,
In everlasting day.

HYMN 240. C. M.

OF Jesus and his precious blood,
Awake my voice and sing:
Brethren join the blest employ,
And help to praise my King.

- 2 'Tis through his blood my Father smiles,
And views me with delight ;
'Tis through his blood my soul is pure,
And spotless in his sight.
- 3 'Tis through his blood my pray'rs ascend,
And reach th' eternal throne ;
Through it my God accepts, and smiles,
And show'rs his blessings down.
- 4 When legions of infernal foes
Beset my feeble soul,
Faith in his efficacious blood
Will shield me from them all.
- 5 Through it my soul shall overcome,
And more than conqu'ror prove ;
And all through Christ's atoning blood
And his redeeming love.
- 6 Then, while a pulse to beat is mine,
I'll sing in cheerful strains,
Salvation, through the crimson stream,
From death to azure plains.
- 7 Ye blood-bought trophies, join th' employ,
Join with the saints on high ;
And let the mighty boundless theme
Through earth and heaven fly.
- 8 Strive for the sweetest, highest notes,
With yon seraphic pow'rs,
Till glory elevate your strains,
And they shall join in yours

HYMN 241. S. M.

O HOW divinely fair,
Upon a throne on high,
Does our atoning Lord appear,
In God the Father's eye.

- 2 The Father views his face,
And sees his will complete,
'Tis there his justice and his grace
In truth and friendship meet.
- 3 The Father loves the Son,
As having pleas'd him well,
With him eternally as one,
He's pleased for to dwell.
- 4 His presence, (all divine)
And attributes, and grace,
In all their strength and beauty shine,
In Jesu's heavenly face.
- 5 O, the amazing height,
And depth of heavenly bliss!
The Prince of yonder world of light,
Our elder brother is.
- 6 In him we victory prove,
O'er sin, and death, and hell,
In him, in God the Father's love;
Eternally we dwell.

HYMN 242. P. M.

PLUNG'D in the sable state of sin,
Unfit for heaven, because unclean,

Nor could I break the snare ;
But Jesus by atoning blood,
Has reconciled me to God,
And made me heavenly fair.

2 I triumph in my Saviour's grace,
And robe me in his righteousness,
Away my rags I cast ;
I'll trust unto his faithful word,
And cleave to my redeeming Lord,
So long as life shall last.

3 O! what a splendid palace waits
For me, within yon pearly gates,
There lives my Nazarene ;
And all the splendour of the place,
Is by the smiling of his face,
The glory of his mein.

4 All that a herald can proclaim,
Of Jesu's beauty, grace, and fame,
Scarce can our bosom move ;
Soon shall the Saviour's face appear,
And all the bursting glories there,
Pour out a sea of love.

5 Plung'd in the fathomless abyss,
Of God, of ecstasy and bliss,
There with an holy flame
Of love, our joys, our shouts shall rise,
With music fill the heavenly skies,
To God and to the Lamb.

HYMN 243. P. M.
SONS of God, triumphant rise,
hout th' accomplish'd sacrifice ;

Shout your sins in Christ forgiv'n,
Sons of God, and heirs of heav'n.

- 2 Ye that round our altars throng,
List'ning angels, join the song ;
Sing with us, ye heav'nly pow'rs,
Pardon, grace, and glory ours
- 3 Love's mysterious work is done,
Greet we now th' atoning Son ;
Heal'd and quicken'd by his blood,
Join'd to Christ and one with God.
- 4 Christ, of all our hopes the seal,
Peace divine in him we feel ;
Everlasting life is won,
Glory is on earth begun.
- 5 Christ to laud in songs divine,
Angels and arch-angels join ;
We with them our voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal praise.
- 6 " Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
" Live, by heav'n and earth ador'd ;"
Full of thee, they ever cry,
" Glory be to God on high."

HYMN 244. C. M.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song !
O may his love (immortal flame !)
Tune every heart and tongue.

- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach
 What mortal tongue display !
 Imagination's utmost stretch,
 In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,
 Left the bright realms of bliss,
 And came to earth to bleed and die !—
 Was ever love like this ?
- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
 Our humble thanks to thee ;
 May every heart with rapture say,
 " The Saviour died for me."

HYMN 245. L. M.
WE sing to day his matchless fame,
 That made this wondrous earthy frame,
 That condescends for fallen man
 To execute a nobler plan.

- 2 He was before the hosts above
 Embosom'd in the Father's love,
 Jehovah's Heir, the Word, the Son,
 From everlasting with him one.
- 3 O love ! how great the swelling wave,
 He then determin'd man to save,
 Resolv'd to lay his glory by,
 Be poor on earth, obey and die.
- 4 Not the harmonious harping throng,
 Nor angels, nor the cherubs' song,
 Could keep him there, he left them all,
 To ransom mortals from the fall.

- 5 Why didst thou leave thy bliss of old?
Or what in fallen man behold
To bear contempt from earth and hell?
Tell me, thou mighty Hero, tell.
- 6 Thou art the promis'd seed, and Lord,
By whom we were to be restor'd;
Then will I sing, for well I know,
The serpent's head receiv'd the blow.

HYMN 246. C. M.

- SEE Aaron, God's anointed priest,
Within the vale appear,
In robes of mystic meaning drest,
Presenting Israel's prayer.
- 2 The plate of gold which crowns his brows,
His holiness describes;
His breast displays in shining rows,
The names of all the tribes.
 - 3 With the atoning blood he stands,
Before the mercy-seat,
And clouds of incense from his hands
Arise with odour sweet.
 - 4 Urim and Thummim near his heart,
In rich engravings worn,
The sacred light of truth impart,
To teach and to adorn.
 - 5 Through him, the eye of faith describes
A greater Priest than he:
Thus Jesus pleads above the skies,
For you, my friends, and me.

- 6 He bears the names of all his saints,
 Deep on his heart engrav'd.
 Attentive to the state and wants
 Of all his love has sav'd.
- 7 In him a holiness complete,
 Light and perfections shine,
 And wisdom, grace, and glory meet :
 A Saviour all divine.
- 8 The blood, which as a priest, he bears
 For sinners is his own ;
 The incense of his pray'rs and tears
 Perfume the holy throne.
- 9 In him my weary soul has rest,
 Though I am weak and vile ;
 I read my name upon his breast,
 And see the Father smile.

HYMN 247. C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
 In a believer's ear !
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
 And drives away his fear.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast ;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding place ;
 My never failing treas'ry fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.

- 4 By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,
 Although with sin defil'd ;
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 And I am own'd a child.
- 5 JESUS ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought ;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 7 'Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With ev'ry fleeting breath ;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 248. L. M.

- MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
 My praise shall climb to his abode
 Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
 The great Supreme, the mighty God.
- 2 Without beginning or decline,
 Object of faith, and not of sense ;
 Eternal ages saw him shine,
 He shines, eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much, when in the manger laid,
 Almighty ruler of the sky ;
 As when the six days work he made,
 Fill'd all the morning-stars with joy.

- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim ;
That gracious sound well-pleas'd he hears
And owns Emmanuel for his name.
- 5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see :
My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal
To worship him who died for me.
- 6 As man, he pities my complaint,
His pow'r and truth are all divine ;
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

HYMN 249. L. M.

- T**HE Saviour calls his people sheep,
And bids them on his love rely ;
For he alone their souls can keep,
And he alone their wants supply.
- 2 The bull can fight, the hare can flee,
The ant, in summer, food prepare ;
But helpless sheep and such are we,
Depend upon the Shepherd's care.
 - 3 Jehovah is our Shepherd's name,
Then what have we, tho' weak, to fear
Our sin and folly we proclaim,
If we despond while he is near.
 - 4 When Satan threatens to devour ;
When troubles press on ev'ry side ;
Think of our Shepherd's care and pow'r
He can defend, he will provide.

- 5 See the rich pastures of his grace,
Where, in full streams, salvation flows !
There he appoints our resting place,
And we may feed, secure from foes.
- 6 There, 'midst the flock, the Shepherd dwells,
The sheep around in safety lie ;
The wolf in vain, with malice swells,
For he protects them with his eye.
- 7 Dear Lord, as I am one of thine,
From anxious thoughts I would be free ;
To trust, and love, and praise, is mine,
The care of all belongs to thee.

HYMN 250. P. M.

- L**ET us *love*, and *sing*, and *wonder*,
Let us *praise* the Saviour's name !
He has hush'd the Law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame :
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.
- 2 Let us *love* the Lord who bought us,
Pity'd us when enemies ;
Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes :
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He presents our souls to God:
 - 3 Let us *sing*, tho' fierce temptations
Threaten hard to bear us down !
For the Lord our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conqueror's crown :

He who wash'd us with his blood,
Soon will bring us home to God.

- 4 Let us *wonder*, grace and justice
Join and point to mercy's store ;
When thro' grace in Christ our trust is,
Justice smiles and asks no more.

He who wash'd us with his blood,
Has secur'd our way to God.

- 5 Let us *praise*, and join the chorus
Of the saints, enthron'd on high,
Here they trusted him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky :
"Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God !"

- 6 Hark ! the name of Jesus sounded
Loud, from golden harps above !
Lord, we blush, and are confounded,
Faint our praises, cold our love !
Wash our souls and songs with blood,
And by thee we come to God.

HYMN 251. C. M.

FATHER, to thee my soul I lift,
My soul on thee depends,
Convinc'd, that ev'ry perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And pow'r and wisdom too ;
Without the Spirit of thy Son,
We nothing good can do.

- 3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our LORD,
Thyself the blessing give.
- 4 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine,
The praise, of ev'ry virtuous thought
And righteous work, is thine.
- 5 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
Power on thee to call;
In thee we are, and move, and live,
Our God is All in All!
- 6 'Tis not of him that wills or runs,
That labours, or desires:
In answer to my Saviour's groans,
Thy love my breast inspires.
- 7 The meritorious cause I see,
That precious blood divine;
And I, since JESUS died for me,
Shall live for ever thine.

HYMN 252. C. M.

- FATHER, I sing thy wond'rous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 His deep distress has rais'd us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.

- 3 Through his obedience so complete,
Peace is to sinners giv'n ;
Mercy and truth together met,
When he came down from heav'n.
- 4 This shall thy humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest ;
They, by his death, draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest.
- 5 Grief, like a garment, cloth'd him round,
And sackcloth was his dress,
While he wrought out for naked souls
A robe of righteousness.
- 6 May our incarnate God and King
Our sweetest thoughts employ !
And we his endless praises sing
In palaces of joy !

HYMN 253. C. M.

MY never-ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the LORD ;
And all succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

- 2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heav'n endure ;
And, if he speaks a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.
- 3 How long the race of David held
The Israelitish throne !
*But there's a nobler covenant seal'd
To David's greater Son.*

- 4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies ;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.
- 5 His promise he will ne'er revoke,
But keep his grace in mind ;
And what Eternal Love hath spoke,
Eternal Truth shall bind.
- 6 Great God of hosts, thy wond'rous ways
Are sung by saints above :
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thy unchanging love.

HYMN 254. C. M.

MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace ?

- 2 Thou art my everlasting Trust,
Thy goodness I adore :
And, since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march, with courage, in thy strength,
To see my Father God.
- 4 When I am brought into distress
By humbling views of sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And only mention thine.

- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My soul, redeemed from death and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.
- 6 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs;
With this delightful song,
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

HYMN 255. L. M.

- H**APPY the man who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The Wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by Love.
- 2 Happy beyond description he,
Who knows, *the Saviour died for me*,
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heav'nly understanding gains.
 - 3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of Wisdom's costly merchandize!
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross, compar'd with her.
 - 4 He finds, who Wisdom apprehends,
A life begun, that never ends;
The tree of life divine she is,
Set in the midst of Paradise.
 - 5 Happy the man who Wisdom gains,
In whose obedient heart she reigns:
He owns, and will for ever own,
Wisdom, and CHRIST, and Heav'n, are One.

HYMN 256. L. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
He lives, and on the earth shall stand ;
And, though to worms my flesh he gives,
My dust lies number'd in his hand.

- 2** In this re-animated clay,
I surely shall behold him near ;
Shall see him at the latter day
In all his majesty appear.
- 3** I feel what then shall raise me up,
Th' eternal SPIRIT lives in me ;
This is my confidence of hope,
That GOD I face to face shall see.
- 4** Mine own, and not another's eyes,
The King shall in his beauty view ;
I shall from him receive the prize,
The crown, to *his* obedience due.
- 5** Ev'n now I taste that bliss divine,
The glorious joys of angels prove ;
A whole eternity is mine,
A whole eternity of love !

HYMN 257. L. M.

LORD, when my thoughts, delighted, rove
Amid the wonders of thy Love ;
The sight revives my drooping heart,
And bids invading fears depart.

- 2** Guilty and weak. to Thee I fly,
On thy atoning Blood rely,
And on thy Righteousness depend ;
My LORD, my Saviour, and my Friend.

- 3 Be all my heart, be all my days,
Devoted to thy single Praise !
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

HYMN 258. L. M.

- 'TIS finish'd!—The Messiah dies ;
Cut off for sins, but not his own !
Accomplish'd is the Sacrifice,
The great Redeeming Work is DONE :
- 2 Finish'd the first transgression is,
And purg'd the guilt of actual sin ;
And everlasting Righteousness
Is brought, for all his people, in.
- 3 'Tis finish'd, all my guilt and pain ;
I want no Sacrifice beside :
For *me*, for *me*, the LAMB is slain,
And I'm for ever justified.
- 4 Sin, death, and hell, are now subdu'd ;
All grace is now to sinners giv'n :
And, lo, I plead th' atoning Blood,
For pardon, holiness, and heav'n.

HYMN 259. C. M.

- THE sinner, who, by precious faith,
Has felt his sins forgiv'n,
Is, from that moment, past from death,
And seal'd an heir of heav'n.
- 2 Though thousand snares enclose his feet,
Not one shall hold him fast :
Whatever dangers he may meet,
He SHALL get safe at last.

- 3 Not as the world, the SAVIOUR gives ;
 He is no fickle friend :
 Whom once He loves, He never leaves,
 But loves him to the end.
- 4 Unnumber'd savage beasts of prey
 Around the forest roam :
 But *Judah's* Lion guards the way,
 And guides his children home.
- 5 Thy faithful SPIRIT, ever near,
 My sure defence will be :
 And I, O LORD, must persevere,
 Because preserv'd by Thee.

HYMN 260. C. M.

- C**HARG'D with the complicated load
 Of all his people's debt,
 By faith I see the LAMB of GOD
 Expire beneath its weight.
- 2 My guilt, transfer'd from me to Him,
 Shall never more be found ;
 Lost in his blood's atoning stream,
 And in that fountain drown'd.
- 3 My mighty sins to Thee are known ;
 But mightier still is He,
 Who laid his life a ransom down,
 And pleads his death for me.

HYMN 261. C. M.

- I**MMOVEABLE thy promise stands,
 My LORD, my Hope, my Trust :
 As I am found in JESUS' hands,
 My soul can ne'er be lost.

- 2 His honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep :
All that his heav'nly FATHER gave,
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His sheep-fold from his breast :
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.
- 4 God hath laid up in heav'n, for me,
A crown which cannot fade :
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.
- 6 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone ;
But all who love, and long to see,
Th' appearing of his Son.
- 6 JESUS the LORD shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill design ;
And to his heav'nly kingdom keep
This helpless soul of mine.
- 7 Why do I then indulge my fears,
Suspensions, and complaints ?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints ?
- 8 Can a kind mother e'er forget
The fav'rite of her heart ?
And, 'midst a thousand tender thoughts,
Her infant have no part ?

9 Yet, saith the LORD, should nature change,
And mothers monsters prove ;
Sion still dwells upon the heart
Of everlasting Love.

HYMN 262. C. M.

LORD, when our raptur'd thought surveys,
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid our souls adore.

3 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine ;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

3 The living tribes of countless forms,
In earth, in sea, and air ;
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty pow'r declare.

4 Thy wisdom, pow'r, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear ;
And O ! let man thy praise record,
Man, thy distinguish'd care !

5 From thee the breath of life he drew ;
That breath thy pow'r maintains ;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

6 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possess'd ;
By revelation's brightest rays
Still more divinely bless'd.

- 7 Thy providence, his constant guard
When threat'ning woes impend,
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.
- 8 On us that Providence has shone
With gentle smiling rays ;
O may our lips and lives make known
Thy goodness and thy praise !

HYMN 263. L. M.

- L**ORD, what is man ? extremes how wide,
In this mysterious nature join !
The flesh, to worms and dust allied,
The soul, immortal and divine.
- 2 Divine at first, a holy flame
Kindled by Heav'n's inspiring breath ;
Till sin, with pow'r prevailing, came ;
Then follow'd darkness, shame and death.
- 3 But Jesus, O amazing grace !
Assum'd our nature as his own,
Obey'd and suffer'd in our place,
Then took it withhim to his throne.
- 4 Now what is man, when grace reveals
The virtue of a Saviour's blood ?
Again a life divine he feels,
Despises earth, and walks with God.
- 5 And what, in yonder realms above,
Is ransom'd man ordain'd to be ?
With honour, holiness and love,
No seraph more adorn'd than he.

HNMN 264. C. M.

HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

- 2 His hands the wheels of nature guide
With sure unerring skill ;
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey his sov'reign will.
- 3 While harps unnumber'd sound his praise,
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.
- 4 His righteousness, to faith reveal'd,
Wrought out for guilty worms,
Affords a hiding-place and shield
From enemies and storms.
- 5 This land, through which his pilgrims go,
Is desolate and dry ;
But streams of grace from him o'erflow,
Their thirst to satisfy.
- 6 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this high Rock for rest they run,
And find a pleasing shade.
- 7 How glorious he ! how happy they
In such a glorious Friend !
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

HYMN 265. C. M.

BEHOLD my servant ! see him rise
Exalted in my might !
Him have I chosen, and in him
I place supreme delight.

- 2 On him, in rich effusion pour'd,
My spirit shall descend ;
My truths and judgments he shall show
To earth's remotest end.
- 3 Gentle and still shall be his voice,
No threats from him proceed !
The smould'ring flax he shall not quench,
Nor break the bruised reed.
- 4 The feeble spark to flames he'll raise,
The weak will not despise ;
Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,
And make the fallen rise.
- 5 The progress of his zeal and pow'r
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine.

HYMN 266. C. M.

HE comes ! the Saviour full of grace,
By ancient prophets sung ;
The smile of mercy in his face,
And truth upon his tongue.

- 2 In him the world no beauty sees ;
" No form nor comeliness,"
Rejected and despis'd he is,
And plung'd in deep distress.

- 3 But, there's a people taught by grace,
To know his matchless worth ;
They own him tho' accounted base,
And sound his praises forth.
- 4 They own him as the Lord of all,
Their Saviour, and *their* God :
Before his feet they prostrate fall :
The purchase of his blood !
- 5 'Tis thus the Saviour is receiv'd ;
The world accounts him vile ;
While sinners by his grace reliev'd
f Can live but by his smile.
- 6 To him who bore the sinner's shame,
Be endless glory giv'n,
Immortal honours crown his name,
The Lord of earth and heav'n !

HYMN 267. C. M.

- B**LEST morning, whose first dawning ray
Beheld the Son of God
Arise triumphant from the grave,
And leave his dark abode.
- 2 Wrapt in the silence of the tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave combin'd their force
To hold our Lord in vain ;
Sudden the conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

- 4 To thy great name, almighty Lord !
 We sacred honours pay,
 And loud hosannas shall proclaim
 The triumphs of the day.
- 5 Salvation and immortal praise
 To our victorious King !
 Let heav'n and earth, and rocks, and seas,
 With glad hosannas ring.

HYMN 268. C. M.

REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
 Who makes your cause his own ;
 The hope that's built upon his word
 Can ne'er be overthrown.

- 2 Tho' many foes beset your road,
 And feeble is your arm :
 Your life is hid with Christ in God,
 Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
 Or fainting, shall not die !
 Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
 Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Tho' now unseen by outward sense,
 Faith sees him always near,
 A guide, a glory, a defence ;
 Then what have you to fear ?
- 5 As surely as he overcame,
 And triumph'd once for you ;
 So surely you that love his name
 Shall triumph in him too.

HYMN 269. L. M.
WHEN we the sacred grave survey
In which our Saviour deign'd to lie,
We see fulfill'd what prophets say,
And all the pow'r of death defy.

- 2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquer'd death ;
Sure pledge that all who trust his name,
Shall rise, and draw immortal breath.
- 3 Our Surety freed declares us free,
For whose offences he was seiz'd :
In his release our own we see,
And joy to view Jehovah pleas'd.
- 4 Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more ;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.
- 5 Then, tho' in dust we lay our head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
Our flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

HYMN 270. C. M.
HOW wretched was our former state,
When slaves to Satan's sway,
With hearts disorder'd and impure,
O'erwhelm'd in sin we lay !

- 2 But O, my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turn'd thee from the fatal patha
Of folly, sin and shame.

- 3 Vain and presumptuous is the trust,
Which in our works we place,
Salvation from a higher source
Flows to the human race.
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin ;
His mercy sav'd our souls from death,
And wash'd our souls from sin.
- 5 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
His sacred fire imparts,
Refines our dross, and love divine
Rekindles in our hearts.
- 6 Thence, rais'd from death, we live anew,
And justified by grace,
We hope in glory to appear,
And see our Father's face.
- 7 Let all who hold this faith and hope
In holy deeds abound ;
Thus faith approves itself sincere
By active virtue crown'd.

HYMN 271. C. M.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above ;
Let ev'ry heart and voice accord
To sing that " God is love."

- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove,
Jesus, the Gift of gifts, appears,
To show that " God is Love."

- 3 Behold his patience, bearing long
With those who from him rove ;
Till mighty grace their hearts subdue
To teach them—" God is Love."
- 4 The work begun is carried on
By pow'r from heav'n above,
And ev'ry step from first to last,
Proclaims that " God is Love."
- 5 O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove ;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that " God is Love."

HYMN 272. L. M.

THE countless multitude on high,
Who tune their songs to Jesus' name,
All merit of their own deny,
And Jesus' worth alone proclaim.

- 2 Firm on the ground of sov'reign grace
They stand before Jehovah's throne ;
The only song in that bless'd place
Is—" Thou art worthy, Thou alone !"
- 3 With spotless robes of purest white,
And branches of triumphal palm,
They shout, with transports of delight,
Heav'n's ceaseless, universal psalm :—
- 4 " Salvation's glory all be paid
To him who sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb whose blood was shed ;
Thou, thou art worthy, Thou alone !

- 5 For thou wast slain : and in thy blood
 These robes were wash'd so spotless pure :
 Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God ;—
 For ever let thy praise endure !”
- 6 While thus the ransom'd myriads shout,
 “ Amen !” the holy angels cry—
 Amen ! Amen ! resounds throughout
 The boundless regions of the sky.
- 7 Let us with joy adopt the strain :
 We hope to sing for ever there ;
 “ Worthy's the Lamb, for sinners slain,
 Worthy alone the crown to bear !”
- 8 Without one thought that's good to plead,
 O what could shield us from despair ?—
 But this—though we are vile indeed,
 “ The Righteousness of God” is there !*

HYMN 273. P. M.

KING of kings and Lord of lords !”
 These are great and awful words.
 'Tis to Jesus they belong :
 Let his people raise their song.

- 2 Hark how Angels sound his praise !
 Fill'd with transport while they gaze,
 “ Glory, honour, praise and pow'r
 “ These are thine for evermore.”
- 3 Crown *him* then whom angels sing !
 Crown him everlasting King !
Jesus fills the throne above ;
Jesus is the God of love.

* 2 Cor. v. 21.

- 4 Holy, holy, holy, LORD !
Heav'n and earth thy name record.
Pow'r and Praise to thee belong :
Lord, accept our feeble song.
- 5 Rich in glory thou didst stoop,
This is now thy people's hope,
Thou wast poor that they might be
Rich in glory, Lord, with thee.
- 6 When we think of love like this,
Joy and shame our hearts possess :
Joy that thou could'st pity thus ;
Shame for such returns from us.
- 7 Yet we hope the day to see,
When we shall from earth be free ;
Borne aloft to heav'n be brought,
There to praise thee as we ought.
- 8 While we still continue here,
Let this hope our spirits cheer ;
Till in heav'n thy face we see,
Teach us Lord to live to thee.

HYMN 274. C. M.

THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess ;
Thy goodness we adore ;
A spring whose blessings never fail—
A sea without a shore.

- 2 Sun, moon and stars, thy love attest
In every golden ray,
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

- 3 Thy bounty ev'ry season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields ;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strength'ning grain the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen ;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.
- 5 Pardon, acceptance, peace and joy,
Thro' Jesu's name are giv'n,
HE on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heav'n.

HYMN 275. L. M.

- T**O us a child is born from heaven ;
To us the Son of God is giv'n ;
[So Judah's ancient prophet sings,
And Gentiles hail the news he brings.
- 2 Gentiles in Jesu's name shall trust,
And of his glories make their boast ;]
*The Government of worlds he made
Upon his shoulders shall be laid.*
 - 3 *His name the Wonderful* shall be ;
His wonders heaven and earth shall see :
The Counsellor of truth and grace,
Who leads in paths of righteousness.
 - 4 *The mighty God,* that glorious name,
His works and word join to proclaim :
The everlasting Father, He—
And the whole church his family.

5 *The Prince of Peace*, on David's throne,
And nations yet unborn shall own
His sov'reign and his gracious sway;
Glad of the honour to obey.

6 *Justice and Judgment* he'll maintain;
To *everlasting ages* reign;
And his blest empire shall increase,
Till time with all its movements cease.

[7 Our faith in grateful triumph boasts
These wonders of the *Lord of Hosts* :
And trusts the zeal that form'd the plan
To perfect what that zeal began.]

HYMN 276. L. M.

SEE, on the mount of Calvary,
Upon a cross suspended high,
A harmless suff'rer cover'd o'er
With shame, and welt'ring in his gore.

2 Is this the Son, the Sent of God,
To rule the nations with his rod?
This the predicted Sun that brings
Life and salvation on his wings?]

3 Is this the Saviour long foretold,
To usher in the age of gold?
To make the reign of sorrow cease,
And bind the jarring world in peace?

4 'Tis he, 'tis he!—he kindly shrouds
His glories in a night of clouds,
That souls might from their ruin rise,
And gain th' unperishable skies.

- 5 See, to their refuge and their rest,
From all the bonds of guilt releas'd
Transgressors to his cross repair,
And find a full redemption there.
- 6 Jesus, what millions of our race
Have been the trophies of thy grace!
And millions more to thee shall fly,
And on thy sacrifice rely!
- 7 That tree, that curs'd and poison'd tree,
Which prov'd a bloody rack to thee,
Shall in the noblest blessings shoot,
And fill the nation with its fruit.
- 8 The sorrow, shame, and death were thine,
And all the stores of wrath divine!
Ours are the glory, life, and bliss;
What love can be compar'd to this!

HYMN 277. C. M.

YONDER, amazing sight! I see
Th' incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And welt'ring in his blood.

- 2 Behold the purple torrents run
Down from his hands and head!
The crimson tide puts out the sun;
His groans awake the dead.
- 3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And with th' amaz'd centurion cry,
"This is the Son of God!"

- 4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive ;
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure must live. .

HYMN 278. L. M.

- Y**E mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Dismiss your gloomy, groundless fears,
And let your hearts with this revive,
That Jesus Christ is yet alive.
- 2 His saints he loves, and never leaves ;
The chief of sinners he receives ;
Let then your hearts with this revive,
The sinner's friend is yet alive.
- 3 He'll guard your souls from ev'ry ill ;
His largest promises fulfil ;
Then let your hearts with this revive,
That Jesus Christ is yet alive.
- [4 What though you fear to launch away,
And quit this tenement of clay ;
O let your hearts with this revive,
That Jesus Christ is yet alive.]
- 5 Abundant grace he will afford,
Till you are present with the Lord ;
And prove what you have heard before,
That Jesus lives for evermore.

HYMN 279. L. M.

IN Christ, I've all my soul's desire ;
His spirit does my heart inspire
With boundless wishes large and high,
And Christ will all my wants supply.

- 2 Christ is my hope, my strength and guide ;
For me he bled and groan'd and died :
He is my sun to give me light,
He is my soul's supreme delight.
- 3 Christ is the source of all my bliss,
My wisdom, and my righteousness—
My Saviour, Brother, and my Friend ;
On him alone I now depend.
- 4 Christ is my King to rule and bless,
And all my troubles to redress ;
He's my salvation and my all,
Whate'er on earth shall me befall.
- 5 Christ is my strength and portion too,
My soul in him can all things do ;
Through him I'll triumph o'er the grave,
And death and hell my soul outbrave.

HYMN 280. C. M.

CHRIST, as our great Physician, heals
Our maladies within ;
Relieves the pangs the conscience feels,
From recollected sin.

- 2 He sees our many pressing wants
With a propitious eye ;
And from his own abundance grants
A free and rich supply.
- 3 He sympathizes with our grief ;
He lends a gracious ear
To all our groans ; and gives relief,
Whate'er we feel or fear.

- 4 He manages our mean affairs,
From his high throne above ;
And soothes our sorrows and our cares
With his endearing love.]
- 5 My soul, with sacred rapture, saith,
When Jesus is in view,
This is the object of my faith,
And this its author too.
- 6 Angels his name with joy confess,
And low before him fall ;
Then what can sinners here do less,
Than own him all in all ?

HYMN 281. L. M.

- JESUS**, the heavenly Bridegroom, gave
His life my wretched soul to save :
Resolv'd to make his mercy known,
He kindly claims me for his own.
- 2 Rebellious I against him strove
Till melted and constrain'd by love ;
With sin and self I freely part,
The heavenly Bridegroom wins my heart.
 - 3 My guilt, my wretchedness he knows,
Yet takes and owns me for his spouse ;
My debts he pays and sets me free,
And makes his riches o'er to me.
 - 4 My filthy rags are laid aside ;
He clothes me as becomes his bride ;
Himself bestows my wedding dress,
The robe of perfect righteousness.

- 5 Lost in astonishment I see,
Jesus, thy boundless love to me ;
With angels I thy grace adore,
And long to love and praise thee more.
- 6 Since thou wilt take me for thy bride,
O keep me, Saviour, near thy side !
I fain would give thee all my heart,
Nor ever from my Lord depart.

HYMN 282. L. M.

LAID by Jehovah's mighty hands,
Zion's foundation firmly stands ;
Rais'd up on Christ, the corner stone,
Secure as God's eternal throne.

- 2 See how the glorious fabric grows,
Fram'd of materials that he chose !
Each stone prepar'd and fitly set,
The royal structure to complete.
- 3 Still shall this edifice arise,
Till all shall reach the lofty skies ;
And joyful hosts shall praise above,
Jehovah's grace and Jesu's love.

HYMN 283. L. M.

HE lives, the great Redeemer lives ;
What joy the blest assurance gives !
And now before his father God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, arm'd with frowns, appears ;
But in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

- 3 Hence, then ye black despairing thoughts!
Above our fears, above our faults ;
His pow'rful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In ev'ry dark, distressful hour,
When sin and satan join their pow'r ;
Let this déar hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend !
On him our humble hopes depend !
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

HYMN 284. L. M.

WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes—
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord ?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fix'd on thy everlasting word—
That word which built the earth and sky ?
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure ;
His word a firm foundation gives ;
Here let me build, and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell ;
Immoveable the promise stands ;
Nor all the pow'rs of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

- 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Nor death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

HYMN 285. C. M.

THOU dear Redeemer—dying Lamb!

I love to hear of thee ;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

Hal.

- 2 O may I ever hear thy voice

In mercy to me speak ;
And in my priest will I rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

- 3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,

While on this earth I stay ;
I'll sing my Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay.

- 4 When I appear in yonder cloud,

With all his favour'd throng :
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

Hal.

HYMN 286. L. M.

JESUS, engrave it on my heart,
That thou the one thing needful art !
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from thee !

- 2 *Needful art thou to make me live ;*

*Needful art thou all grace to give ;
Needful to guide me lest I stray ;
Needful to help me ev'ry day.*

- 3 Needful is thy most precious blood ;
 Needful is thy correcting rod ;
 Needful is thy indulgent care ;
 Needful thy all prevailing pray'r.
- 4 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,
 True peace and comfort to afford ;
 Needful thy promise to impart
 Fresh life and vigour to my heart ;
- 5 Needful art thou to be my stay
 Through all life's dark and thorny way ;
 Nor less in death thou'lt needful be,
 When I yield up my soul to thee.
- 6 Needful art thou, to raise my dust
 In shining glory with the just ;
 Needful when I in heaven appear,
 To crown, and to present me there.
- [7 Needful art thou, my Lord, my love,
 To tune my golden harp above ;
 Needful art thou, my God, my King,
 While to eternity I sing.]
- 8 Then shall my soul, with joy supreme,
 Dwell on the dear delightful theme,
 Glory and praise be ever his,
 The one thing needful Jesus is !

HYMN 287. C. M.

MY soul, arise ! shake off thy fears,
 And wipe thy sorrows dry :
 Jesus in heav'n thy witness bears,
 Thy record is on high.

- 2 Above this world of sins and pains,
Beyond the glitt'ring sky,
My witness still in heav'n remains—
My record is on high.
- 3 Cheerful I'll bow to all his will,
And at his footstool lie ;
My witness lives in heaven, and still
My record is on high.
- 4 Behold, my soul, whate'er betides,
Thou shalt not, canst not die ;
My witness still in heaven abides—
My record is on high.
- 5 Thus while I sing of Christ my Lord,
And angels' harps outvie,
My witness still in heaven ador'd—
My record is on high.

HYMN 288. C. M.

HOW vast the benefits divine,
Which we in Christ possess ;
We're sav'd from guilt and ev'ry sin,
And call'd to holiness.

- 2 'Tis not for works which we have done,
Or shall hereafter do,
But he of his abounding love
Salvation does bestow.
- 3 The glory, Lord, from first to last,
Is due to thee alone :
Aught to ourselves we dare not take,
Or rob thee of thy crown.

4 Our glorious Surety undertook
Redemption's wond'rous plan ;
And grace was given us in him
Before the world began.

[5 Safe in the arms of sov'reign love
We ever shall remain ;
Nor shall the rage of earth or hell
Make thy dear counsels vain.]

HYMN 289. L. M.

GREAT God, to thee my ev'ning song
With humble gratitude I raise ;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 Mercy, that rich, unbounded store,
Does my unnumber'd wants relieve ;
Among thy daily craving poor
On thy all-bounteous hand I live.

3 My days unclouded as they pass,
And ev'ry gentle rolling hour,
Are monuments of wond'rous grace,
And witness too thy love and pow'r.

4 Thy love and pow'r, celestial Guard,
Preserve me from surrounding harm :
Can danger reach me while the Lord
Extends his kind, protecting arm ?

- 5 Let this blest hope my eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

HYMN 290. P. M.

- O** COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine ;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne :
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face :
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend
Triumphant in his grace.

• HYMN 291. C. M.

SING to the Lord, ye heirs of faith,
Of Abrah'm's chosen seed,
The law that sentenc'd you to death,
Is now through Jesus dead.

2 Our Surety by his cross has broke
The law's condemning pow'r,
For on himself our sins he took,
And the hand writing tore.

3 He bore our sins, and set us free ;
No charge on us can lie :
His blood's an all-sufficient plea,
Our souls to justify.

4 By legal works no more we strive
To be discharg'd from guilt :
Dead to the law, to Christ we live,
Whose blood for us was spilt.

5 Adore the Father's sovereign love,
Who gave his only Son
Our curse and mis'ry to remove,
And make his mercy known.

HYMN 292. L. M.

YE saints, exult in Jesu's name,
Make Jesu's love your darling theme ;
Sing on—you're in the heavenly road,
Your life is hid with Christ in God.

2 'Tis hid from ev'ry carnal eye,
'Tis hid secure with God on high ;
Beyond the reach of earth or hell,
'Tis hid with our Immanuel.

- 3 Satan may rage, the world annoy,
But neither can this life destroy ;
That's safely lodg'd in Jesu's breast,
The sinner's refuge, christian's rest.
- 4 The seeds of grace your Lord bestows,
From him the oil of grace still flows ;
Till you are rais'd to his abode,
Your life is hid with Christ in God.

HYMN 293. C. M.

WHEN to his father's fond embrace
The Prodigal return'd,
The tears bedew'd his aged face ;
With love his bosom burn'd.

- 2 He kiss'd him with a father's love,
Tho' he such crimes had done ;
Reprov'd the sin that made him rove,
Yet own'd him for his son.
- 3 For him the fatted calf they slew,
The father's grace to prove :
While on the rebel's hand we view
The tokens of his love.
- 4 With a bright robe my son array,
For 'tis my royal will ;
Make no excuse—without delay,
For he's a fav'rite still.
- 5 His shame, his folly, and his sin,
The father saw no more ;
His thoughts, his ways, his acts unclean,
This garment cover'd o'er.

- 6 Thus shall Jehovah's sovereign grace,
Thro' Jesu's blood alone,
Bring all the apostate, ransom'd race,
With weeping to his throne.

HYMN 294. C. M.

How shall I come before the Lord,
Or bow before his throne?
Or how procure his kind regard!
Or for my guilt atone?

- 2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And spicy fumes ascend?
Will these my earnest wish succeed,
And make my God my friend?
- 3 Should thousand rams in flames expire,
Would these his favour buy?
Or oil, that should, for holy fire,
Ten thousand streams supply?
- 4 With trembling hands, and bleeding heart,
Should I my offspring slay;
Would this a cheerful hope impart,
Or purge my guilt away?
- 5 Ah! no, my soul, 'twere fruitless all;
Such victims bleed in vain;
No fatlings, from the field or stall,
Such favour can obtain!
- 6 None, but a dying Saviour's blood,
Can all thy guilt remove;
This plead, my soul, before thy God,
And sing redeeming love.

HYMN 295. C. M.

LET avarice from shore to shore
Her fav'rite god pursue ;
Thy word, O *Lord*, we value more
Than India or Peru.

- 2 Here mines of knowledge, love and joy,
Are open'd to our sight :
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.
- 3 The counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold :
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptur'd eyes behold.
- 4 Here light descending from above
Directs our doubtful feet ;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.
- 5 Our num'rous griefs are here redrest,
And all our wants supplied :
Nought we can ask to make us blest,
Is in this book denied.
- 6 For these inestimable gains
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assur'd that we shall find !

HYMN 296. S. M.

DEAR Saviour, we are thine,
By everlasting bonds :
Our names, our hearts we would resign
Our souls are in thy hands.

- 2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever growing zeal ;
If millions tempt us *Christ* to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.
- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee our head ;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.
- 4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay ;
But love shall keep us near thy side
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since *Christ* and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear ?
If he in heaven hath fix'd his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

HYMN 297. L. M.

- A**FFLICTED saint, to *Christ* draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear :
His faithful word declares to thee,
'That as thy days thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
" How shall I stand the trying day ?"
He has engaged by firm decree,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.
 - 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong :
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy *Lord* will make the tempter flee ;
For as thy days thy strength shall be.

- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore afflictions, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue :
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days thy strength shall be.

HYMN 298. C. M.

MY *God*, how cheerful is the sound !

How pleasant to repeat !

Well may that heart with pleasure bound,
Where God hath fix'd his seat.

- 2 What want shall not our *God* supply
From his redundant stores ?
What streams of mercy from on high
An arm almighty pours !
- 3 From *Christ*, the ever-living spring,
These ample blessings flow :
Prepare, my lips, his name to sing,
Whose heart has lov'd us so.
- 4 Now to our Father and our *God*,
Be endless glory giv'n,
Through all the realms of man's abode,
And thro' the highest heav'n.

HYMM 299. S. M.

WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supplied.

- 2 To ever-fragrant meads
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads
And guards my sweet repose.
- 3 Along the lovely scene
Cool waters gently roll,
Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.
- 4 Here let my spirit rest ;
How sweet a lot is mine !
With pleasure, food and safety blest ;
Beneficence divine !
- 5 Dear shepherd, if I stray,
My wand'ring feet restore ;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.
- 5 Unworthy as I am,
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy glorious name,
For all my hopes are there.

HYMN 300. L. M.

GREAT *God*, amid the darksome night,
Thy glories dart upon my sight,
While, wrapt in wonder I behold
The silver moon and stars of gold.

- 2 But when I see the sun arise,
And pour his glories o'er the skies,
In more stupendous forms I view
Thy greatness and thy goodness too.
- 3 Thou Sun of suns, whose dazzling light
Tries and confounds an angel's sight,
How shall I glance mine eye at thee,
In all thy vast immensity?
- 4 Yet I may be allow'd to trace
The distant shadow of thy face,
As in the pale and sickly moon
We trace the image of the sun.
- 5 In ev'ry work thy hands have made
Thy power and wisdom are display'd:
But O! what glories all divine
In my incarnate *Saviour* shine!
- 6 He is my Sun, beneath his wings
My soul securely sits and sings;
And there enjoys like those above,
The balmy influence of thy love.
- 7 O may the vital strength and heat
His cheering beams communicate,
Enable me my course to run
With the same vigour as the sun!

HYMN 301. P. M.

THE Bible is justly esteem'd
The glory supreme of the land,
Which shows how a sinner's redeem'd,
And brought to **JEHOVAH's** right hand.

With pleasure we freely confess
The Bible all books does outshine,
But *Jesus* his person and grace,
Affords it that lustre divine.

2 In every *prophetical book*
Where *God* his decrees hath unseal'd,
With joy we behold as we look,
The wonderful Saviour reveal'd :
His glories project to the eye,
And prove it was not his design,
Those glories concealed should lie,
But there in full majesty shine.

3 The *first gracious promise* to man,
A blessed prediction appears,
His work is the soul of the plan,
And gives it the glory it wears.
How cheering the truth must have been,
That *Jesus* the promised seed,
Should triumph o'er satan and sin,
And hell in captivity lead!

4 The *ancient Levitical Law*
Was prophecy after its kind,
In types there the faithful foresaw
The Saviour that ransom'd mankind.
The Altars, the Lamb, and the Priest,
The blood that was sprinkled of old,
Had life when the people could taste
The blessings those shadows foretold.

5 Review each *prophetical song*,
Which shines in prediction's rich train,
The sweetest to *Jesus* belong
And point out his sufferings and reign;

Sure David his harp never strung
With more of true sacred delight,
Than when of the Saviour he sung,
And he was reveal'd to his sight.

- 6 May *Jesus*, more precious become—
His word be a lamp to our feet,
While we in this wilderness roam,
'Till brought in his presence to meet !
Then, then will we gaze on thy face,
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King ;
Recount all thy wonders of grace,
Thy praises eternally sing.

HYMN 302. L. M.

THE righteous *Lord*, supremely great,
Maintains his universal state ;
O'er all the earth his power extends,
All heaven before his footstool bends.

- 2 Yet justice still with power presides,
And mercy all his empire guides ;
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And saints are lovely in his sight.
- 3 No more, ye wise, your wisdom boast,
No more, ye strong, your valour trust ;
No more, ye rich, survey your store,
Elate with heaps of shining ore.
- 4 Glory, ye saints in this alone,
That *God*, your *God* to you is known :
That you have own'd his sovereign sway,
That you have felt his cheering ray.

5 Our wisdom, wealth, and power we find,
In one Jehovah all combin'd ;
On him we fix our roving eyes,
And all our souls in raptures rise.

6 All else, which we our treasures call
May in one fatal moment fall :
But what their happiness can move,
Whom *God* the blessed deigns to love ?

HYMN 303. C. M.

ALoud we sing the wond'rous grace,
Christ to his murderers bare ;
Which make the torturing cross its throne,
And hung its trophies there.

2 " Father, forgive," his mercy cried,
With his expiring breath,
And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.

3 *Jesus*, this wondrous love we sing,
And whilst we sing admire ;
Breathe on our souls and kindle there,
The same celestial fire.

4 Sway'd by thy dear example, we
For enemies will pray ;
While love, their hatred, and their curse
With blessings will repay.

HYMN 304. C. M.

AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say, " My Father, *God* !"
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

- 2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise :
Let ev'ry anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom
And bid me wait serene ;
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.
- 4 " My father"—O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

HYMN 305. L. M.

THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought ;
Should we attempt the long detail,
Our speech would faint, our numbers fail.

- 2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt ;
But thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient sacrifice,
- 3 Lo ! thy beloved Son appears,
To thy designs he bows his ears ;
Assumes a body well prepar'd,
And well performs a work so hard.
- 4 " Behold, I come," the Saviour cries,
With love and mercy in his eyes,
" I come to bear the heavy load
Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

- 5 " 'Tis written in thy great decrea,
 'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
 I must fulfil the Saviour's part,
 And lo! thy law is in my heart.
- 6 " I'll magnify thy holy law,
 And men from Satan's thralldom draw,
 When on my cross I'm lifted high,
 Or to my crown above the sky.
- 7 " The Spirit shall descend, and shew
 What thou hast done, and what I do;
 And wond'ring worlds shall know thy grace,
 Thy wisdom, and thy righteousness."

HYMN 306. S. M.

- T**HY name, Almighty Lord,
 Shall sound thro' distant lands,
 Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
 Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honour spread,
 And long thy praise endure,
 Till morning light, and ev'ning shade
 Shall be exchang'd no more.

HYMN 307. L. M.

- E**RE the wide heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
 From everlasting was the Word;
 With God he was, the word was God,
 And must divinely be ador'd.
- 2 By his own power were all things made;
 By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at his command.

- 3 But lo ! he takes a servant's form,
The word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Cloth'd in such feeble flesh as they.
- 4 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' Almighty Father's only Son ;
How full of truth ! how full of grace !
When in him all the Godhead shone !
- 5 Blest angels leave their high abode,
To learn his wise designs, and tell
The love of our incarnate God,
The glories of Immanuel.

HYMN 308. L. M.

- 'TIS finish'd, our *Immanuel* cry'd,
He bow'd his head, and then he died,
No room is left for worthless man
To help God in his saving plan.
- 2 Transgression's finish'd.—Grandly, lo !
The peace is made. It must be so ;
For God's own Son in blood expir'd,
And answer'd all that God requir'd.
 - 3 Redemption-work is surely done ;
For Jesus sits on heav'n's high throne :
The Father rais'd him from the dead,
O'er all his works made him the Head.
 - 4 Let all such inquiries then cease,
"What shall we do to make our peace ?"
The peace is made—the blood is shed,
The Son of God has left the dead.

- 5 For this grand work of divine love,
Let us our gratitude still prove,
By following Christ's righteousness,
And walking in the paths of peace.

HYMN 309. C. M.

- LET** Christian faith and hope dispel
The fears of guilt and wo ;
The Lord Almighty is our friend,
And who can prove a foe ?
- 2 He who his Son, most dear and lov'd,
Gave up for us to die,
Shall he not all things freely give,
That goodness can supply ?
- 3 Behold the best, the greatest gift,
Of everlasting love !
Behold the pledge of peace below,
And perfect bliss above !
- 4 Where is the judge, who can condemn,
Since God hath justified ?
Who shall charge those with guilt or crime,
For whom the Saviour died ?
- 5 The Saviour died, but rose again
Triumphant from the grave ;
And pleads our cause at God's right hand,
Omnipotent to save.
- 6 Who, then, can e'er divide us more
From Jesus and his love ?
Or break the pow'rful chain that binds
The earth to heav'n above ?

- 7 Let troubles rise, and terrors frown,
 And days of darkness fall;
 Through him all dangers we'll defy,
 And more than conquer all.
- 8 Nor death, nor life, nor earth, nor hell,
 Nor time's destroying sway,
 Can e'er efface us from his heart,
 Or make his love decay.

HYMN 310. C. M.

THERE is an house not made with hand
 Eternal, and on high,
 And here my spirit waiting stands,
 Till God shall bid it fly.

- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
 Must be dissolv'd and fall;
 Then, O my soul, with joy obey
 Thy heav'nly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
 That forms thee fit for heav'n;
 And as an earnest of that bliss,
 Hath his own Spirit giv'n.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
 Faith lives upon his word;
 But while the body is our home,
 We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
 We long and pant to see;
 We would be absent from the flesh,
 And present, Lord, with thee.

HYMN 311. C. M.

- I'**M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2** Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust ;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3** Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4** Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN 312. C. M.

- N**OT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke,
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke :
- 2** But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad,
- 3** Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light !
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight !

- 4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n !
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.
- 5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make ;
All join in Christ their living Head,
And of his grace partake.
- 6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest,
The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be for ever blest.

HYMN 313. P. M.

GLORY to God on high !
Let earth and skies reply ;
Praise ye his name :
Jesus our Lord adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
Sing aloud evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

- 2 Those who surround the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name :
To him their songs they bring,
Hail him, their Lord and King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb.

- 3 You who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,

Praise ye his name :
Tell what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won;
This be your boast alone,
Worthy the Lamb.

4 Let earth and heav'n above
Dwell on his matchless love,
Sounding his fame :
To him ascribed be
Honour and majesty,
'Through all eternity ;
Worthy the Lamb.

HYMN 314. L. M.

HE who surveys the heart of man,
Who testifies 'tis only ill,
Would ne'er have form'd his saving plan,
On aught depending on man's will.

- 2 God, *in his mercy*, purpos'd hath,
(And God's salvation standeth sure)
To bless all nations, and Christ's death
Hath made their blessedness secure.
- 3 Away with that redemption lame,
Which with salvation is not crown'd ;
I scorn the narrow-bounded scheme ;
My soul abhors th' insipid sound.
- 4 How vain that universal grace,
Which doth no certain bliss bestow ;
Which leaves the whole of Adam's race
Expos'd to universal woe

- 5 The grace of God in Jesus shown,
Most sure salvation brings along ;
Salvation to our God alone,
Of ev'ry tribe shall be the song.
- 6 Who can by merit God prevent ?
Let him stand forth for recompense :
But, Lord, for ever, ever grant
Preventing grace be my defence.
- 7 Be that redemption mine for ay,
Which from the dreadful curse doth free ;
That, with the whole redeem'd, I may
The praise of all ascribe to thee.

HYMN 315. P. M.

- QUIET, Lord, my froward heart ;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child :
From distrust and envy free,
Pleas'd with all that pleases thee.
- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave :
'Tis enough that thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear ?
- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own ;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone ;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, guard, and guide.

- 4 Thus preserv'd from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promis'd hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

HYMN 316. L. M.

PEACE, peace, my soul, thou need'st not fear,
Thy great Provider still is near;
Who fed till now, will feed thee still;
Be calm, resign'd unto his will.

- 2 The Lord, who built the earth and sky,
Has past his word, nor can he lie,
Water and bread he'll give for food,
With all things else which he sees good.
- 3 He feeds the ravens when they cry,
And shall his children lack supply?
He clothes the grass, and can his saints
Suppose him deaf to their complaints?
- 4 He built our frame, with life endow'd;
Gifts greater these than clothes and food:
Our very hairs which are so small,
With minute care he numbers all.
- 5 Then why our anxious carking care,
What we shall eat, or drink, or wear?
Our heav'nly Father will us feed,
He knows that all these things we need.
- 6 Our chief concern be to possess
God's kingdom and his righteousness;
*What else we need we shall receive,
With Christ he'll all things freely give.*

- 7 Thus, trusting to his care, we'll find
His peace shall keep our hearts and mind
He who on God doth truly rest,
Must be content, serene, and blest.

HYMN 317. C. M.

- T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints in glory reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 Delightful land ! could our weak eyes,
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more !
- 3 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no place obtains ;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns !
- 4 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair !
For sin, the source of ev'ry wo,
Can never enter there.
- 5 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
But glory from the sacred throne,
Spreads everlasting day.

HYMN 318. L. M.

- W**E search thy glorious word, O God,
'Tis for our light and guidance giv'n ;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heav'n

- 2 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers ;
It sets our wand'ring footsteps right,
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.
- 3 Its promises rejoice the heart,
Its doctrines are divinely true ;
Knowledge and pleasure-it imparts,
It comforts and instructs us too.
- 4 Ye saints, who feel its saving power,
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
And his distinguish'd grace adore,
That makes you know and love his word.

HYMN 319. C. M.

- K**IND are the words that Jesus speaks
To cheer the drooping saint ;
" My grace sufficient is for thee,
Though thou art weak and faint.
- 2 " My grace its riches shall display,
And make thy griefs remove ;
Thy weakness shall the triumphs tell
Of boundless power and love."
 - 3 What though my griefs are not remov'd,
Yet why should I despair ?
While my kind Saviour's arms support,
I can the burden bear.
 - 4 Jesus, my Saviour, and my Lord,
'Tis good to trust thy name :
Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love,
Will ever be the same.

- 5 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace,
I all things can perform ;
And smiling, triumph in thy name,
Amid the raging storm.

HYMN 320. C. M.

MY God, how cheering is the sound !
How pleasant to repeat !
Well may that heart with pleasure bound
Where God hath fix'd his seat !

- 2 What wants shall not our God supply
From his redundant stores ?
What streams of mercy from on high
An arm almighty pours !
- 3 From Christ, the ever-living spring,
These ample blessings flow :
Prepare, my lips, his name to sing,
Whose heart has lov'd us so.
- 4 Now to our Father and our God,
Be endless glory given,
Through all the realms of man's abode,
And through the highest heaven.

HYMN 321. C. M.

SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
How sweet thy gracious name !
With joy that errand we review,
On which Messiah came.

- 2 While all thy own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charm'd with the honour to obey
Their great eternal King ;

- 3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laidst that glory by ;
First in our mortal flesh to serve,
Then in that flesh to die.
- 4 Bought with thy service and thy blood,
We doubly, Lord, are thine ;
To thee our lives we would devote,
To thee our all resign.

HYMN 322. L. M.

- N**OW let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above :
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wondrous love.
- 2 While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
O may we feel the sacred flame ;
And ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
Adore the Saviour's glorious name !
 - 3 Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expir'd ,
Who died for rebels—yes, 'tis he !
How bright ! how lovely ! how admir'd
 - 4 Jesus, who died that we might live,
Died in the wretched traitor's place ;—
O what returns can mortals give,
For such immeasurable grace ?
 - 5 Were universal nature ours,
And art with all her boasted store ;
Nature and art with all their powers,
Would still confess the offering poor !

- 6 Yet though for bounty so divine !
We ne'er can equal honours raise,
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise !

HYMN 323. P. M.

- O**N earth the song begins,
In heav'n more sweet and loud,
To him that drowns our sins
In his atoning blood :
To him they cry in rapt'rous strain,
" Be honour, praise, and pow'r—Amen."
- 2 Ye saints on earth repeat
What heav'n with rapture owns,
And while before his feet
The elders cast their crowns,
Go imitate the choirs above,
And tell the world your Saviour's love.
- 3 Sing as ye pass along,
With joy and wonder sing,
Till others learn the song,
And own your Lord their King :
Till converts join you as ye go,
And make a growing heav'n below.
- 4 Inform the list'ning world
How Jesus, when he fell,
The pow'rs of darkness hurl'd
Down to the depths of hell :
And, rising, bore the rescu'd prize,
His church, in triumph through the skies.

5 Alone he took the field,
 Alone the battle fought ;
 With his own sword and shield
 The mighty work he wrought.
The mighty work was all his own,
And let him ever wear the crown.

6 Our feeble minds are lost
 Beneath the lofty strain ;
 But Jordan's billows crost,
 We'll catch the sound again :
In praise assist the heav'nly choir,
Nor ever stop, nor ever tire.

HYMN 324. C. M.

THRI**CE** happy souls, who born from heav'n,
 While yet they sojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God,
 And spend them in his fear.

2 So may our eyes with holy zeal
 Prevent the dawning day ;
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
 And praise thy name and pray !

3 Midst hourly cares may love present
 Its incense to thy throne ;
And, while the world our hands employs,
 Our hearts be thine alone ;

4 As sanctified to noblest ends,
 Be each refreshment sought ;
And by each various providence
 Some wise instruction brought !

- 5 When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations trièd,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings;
And in thy strength confide.
- 6 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee, amidst the social band,
In solitude with thee.
- 7 At night we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breast ;
And safely folded in thine arms,
Resign our powers to rest.
- 8 In solid pure delights, like these,
Let all my days be past ;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear the last.

HYMN 325. L. M.

GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there :
Convulsions shake this solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide

- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy, still flowing through,
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Zion enjoys her Sovereign's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour ;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with power.

HYMN 326. L. M.

O LOVE! beyond conception great,
That form'd the vast stupendous plan,
Where all divine perfections meet,
To reconcile rebellious man.

- 2 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
And justice all her right maintains ;
Astonish'd angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.
- 3 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too,
In Christ they both harmonious meet ;
He paid to justice all its due,
And now he fills the mercy-seat.
- 4 Such are the wonders of our God,
And the amazing depths of grace :
To save from wrath's vindictive rod,
The chosen sons of Adam's race.

HYMN 327. L. M.

GREAT source of all the eternal grace,
That saints shall know, or seraphs trace;
Thee we'll attempt in songs to praise,
For acts of grace in ancient days.

- 2 Long ere the day that Adam fell,
The covenant stood in all things well;
Grace had secur'd in Jesus then,
Millions untold of chosen men.
- 3 By grace their names were all enroll'd,
As chosen sheep within its fold:
'Tis grace secures their standing there,
In lines of love divinely fair.
- 4 By grace their crimes were all remov'd,
When Jesus bled for those he lov'd;
That awful, black, infernal score,
Sunk in the deep, to rise no more.
- 5 'Twas all of grace, from first to last,
The deed was done, the pardon past;
Secure in Christ were all its heirs,
The curse was his, the pardon theirs.

HYMN 328. P. M.

OH! love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my wandering heart
All taken up in thee?
O may I daily live to prove
The sweetness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

- 2 God only knows the love of God ;
O may it now be shed abroad,
To cheer my fainting heart :
I want to feel that love divine ;
This heavenly portion, Lord, be mine ;
Be mine this better part.
- 3 O that I could for ever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice :
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 4 O that I might with happy John
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast !
From care, and fear, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

HYMN 329. P. M.

A FULNESS resides
In Jesus our head,
And ever abides
To answer our need :
The Father's good pleasure
Has laid up in store
A plentiful treasure
To give to the poor.

- 2 Whate'er be our wants,
We need not to fear,
Our num'rous complaints
He always doth hear :

His fulness shall yield us
Abundant supplies,
His power shall shield us
When dangers arise.

- 3 The fountain o'erflows
Our woes to redress ;
Still more he bestows,
And grace upon grace :
His gifts in abundance
We daily receive ;
He has a redundancy
For all who believe.

- 4 Whatever distress
Awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace
Will Jesus bestow,
As still shall support us,
And silence our fear ;
For nothing can hurt us,
He always is near.

- 5 When troubles attend,
Or danger or strife,
His love will defend
And guard us through life :
And when we are fainting
And ready to die,
Whatever is wanting
His hand will supply.

HYMN 330. C. M.

- G**O search the Scriptures," saith our Lord,
" They testify of me ;
'Tis truth's eternal great record,
From every error free.
- 2 " There my eternal God-head shines
With bright refulgent rays ;
There beams Jehovah's great designs
From everlasting days.
- 3 " There the great gospel scheme behold,
Chief of the works of God,
Replete with grace, and love untold,
And pardon in my blood.
- 4 " There's armour for the trying day,
Both shield and helmet too ;
And grace, the fainting soul to stay,
And always something new."
- 5 O may the Spirit's influence sweet,
Shine on the glorious whole ;
Its precepts guide my roving feet,
And promise feast my soul.
- 6 Let Revelation's glory shine,
And spread from sea to sea :
Till reason stoops to faith divine,
And owns her sovereign sway.

HYMN 331. L. M.

THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my Almighty Friend,
*And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?*

- 2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go?
 A wretched wanderer from my Lord;
 Can this dark world of sin and wo
 One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart,
 On these my fainting spirit lives;
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
 Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
 As thou art near, in vain they call;
 One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
 My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
 Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
 Depart from thee—'tis death—'tis more,
 'Tis endless ruin, deep despair!
- 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
 Still safety dwells, and peace divine;
 Here I would live beneath thine eye,
 For life, eternal life is thine.

HYMN 332. C. M.

'TILL God the sinner's mind illumine,
 'Tis dark as night within;
 Like Lazarus in the dreary tomb,
 Bound hand and foot by sin.

- 2 In tenfold shades of night they dwell,
 Without a lucid ray,
 Yet boast of power to leave their cell,
 The precept to obey.

- 3 But they shall hear the joyful sound,
When God designs it so ;
Grace shall beyond their sins abound,
“ Loose him, and let him go.”
- 4 He stands accepted in his name,
Whose blood for him did flow ;
The holy law proclaims the same ;
“ Loose him, and let him go.”
- 5 Thus gospel, law, and justice too,
Conspire to set him free :
Reflect, my soul, admire and view
What God hath done for thee.

HYMN 333. L. M.

- J**ESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He that I place my hopes upon ;
His track I see—and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief my burthen long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.
 - 3 The more I strove against its power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more :
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
“ Come hither, soul, for I'm the way.”
 - 4 Lo, glad I come ; and thou, dear Lamb,
Wilt take me to thee as I am :
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love do I receive.

- 5 I'll tell to all poor sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, " Behold the way to God."

HYMN 334. C. M.

THE glorious Gospel of our God
Is joyful news from heaven ;
Salvation free, in Jesu's blood,
And life eternal given.

- 2 'Tis not the Gospel's joyful sound
That legal men declare,
When Sinai's terrors they confound
With Zion's beauties fair.
- 3 He needs no creature power, or skill,
His finish'd work to mend ;
But works his own eternal will
As wisdom did intend.
- 4 If 'tis of works, and not of grace,
No crown shall mortals have ;
For all the good of Adam's race,
A single soul can't save.
- 5 To God the Father's love divine,
The Spirit, and the Son,
May everlasting honours shine,
While years eternal run.

HYMN 335. L. M.

JESUS " is precious," says the word ;
What comfort does this truth afford !
And those who in his name believe,
With joy this precious truth receive.

- 2 Not health, nor wealth, nor sounding fame,
Nor earth's deceitful, empty name,
With all its pomp, and all its glare,
Can with a precious Christ compare.
- 3 In every office he sustains,
In every victory he gains,
In every counsel of his will,
He's precious to his people still.
- 4 In every trial by the way,
In every dark and stormy day,
In all their sorrows and complaints,
He's precious still to all his saints.
- 5 As they draw near their journey's end,
How precious is their heavenly friend!
And when in death they bow their head,
He's precious on a dying bed.
- 6 This sleeping dust shall one day rise
All-glorious to their wondering eyes;
At his right hand they shall appear,
A precious Christ shall bless them there.
- 7 Among them, Lord, may I be found,
And with thy precious mercy crown'd;
Join the sweet song, and there adore
A precious Christ for evermore.

HYMN 336. L. M.

ON Zion's glorious summit stood
A numerous host, redeem'd by blood;
They prais'd their King in strains divine;
I heard the song, and strove to join.

- 2 Here all who suffer'd sword or flame,
For truth, or Jesu's lovely name,
Shout victory now, and hail the Lamb,
And bow before the great I AM.
- 3 While everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast their soul,
And scenes of bliss for ever new,
Rise in succession to their view.
- 4 Here Mary and Manasseh view,
The dying thief, and Abraham too;
With equal love their spirits flame,
The same their joy, their song the same.
- 5 O sweet employ ! to sing and trace
The amazing heights and depths of grace :
Enjoy, from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful, vast eternity.
- 6 O what a sweet exalted song,
When every tribe, and every tongue,
Redeem'd by blood, with Christ appear,
And join in one full chorus there.
- 7 My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, a palm to bear,
And bow, the chief of sinners there.

HYMN 337. L. M.

I COME," the great Redeemer cries,
" A year of freedom to declare,
From debts and bondage to discharge,
And Jews and Greeks the grace shall show

- 2 A day of vengeance I proclaim,
But not on man the storm shall fall;
On me its thunder shall descend,
My strength, my love sustain them all."
- 3 Stupendous favour ! matchless grace !
Jesus has died that we might live :
Not worlds below, nor worlds above,
Could so divine a ransom give.
- 4 To him, who lov'd our ruin'd race,
And for our lives laid down his own,
Let songs of joyful praises rise,
Sublime eternal as his throne.

HYMN 338. P. M.

WHEN elements and time will fade,
(What wisest architects have made)
Mould'ring to whence it came ;
God's building ever shall endure,
In all things order'd well and sure,
Christ always is the same.

- 2 When we the inside work survey,
What grandeur does the whole display !
How glorious ev'ry part !
Earth's beauties all are far too mean,
To point out what's in Jesus seen,
When he attracts the heart.
- 3 Foundation, Christ, and head stone too,
The Alpha and Omega thou,
Of this the house of God :

A lively stone, on thee I'm built;
And wash'd from all my dreadful guilt,
In thine atoning blood.

HYMN 339. P. M.
WONDERFUL thy name we call,
And wonderful thou art!
We in spirit, prostrate fall,
And hail thy wounded heart!
Thou hast us redeem'd to God,
From ev'ry nation, kindred, tongue;
Thou hast wash'd us in thy blood;
And taught us the new song.

2 Jesus only is the Lord,
He only holy is;
Jesus is by us ador'd,
He is our perfect bliss;
We in him, and he in us,
Thro' all his wounds, and death, and blo
In one body on the cross
Were perfected to God.

3 Thou, O Christ, in Zion prais'd,
Whom we our Saviour call,
In the Godhead's glory rais'd
Above the heavens all:
Thee we hail, thou Prince of heav'n!
'Tis thee we hail, thou faithful heart!
Thou thyself to us hast giv'n!
All hail our better part!

4 Worthy is the holy Lamb,
Pre-eminence is giv'n!
Greatly glorious is his name,
Above the highest heav'n!

Yet he names on us his name,
And boldly owns the brotherhood ;
Calls us brethren without shame,
And us presents to God.

HYMN 340. L. M.

NO more, dear Saviour, will I boast
Of beauty, wealth, or loud applause :
The world hath all its glories lost,
Amid the triumphs of thy cross.

- 2 In ev'ry feature of thy face,
Beauty her fairest charms displays ;
Truth, wisdom, majesty and grace
Shine thence in sweetly mingled rays.
- 3 Thy wealth, the pow'r of thought transcends
'Tis vast, immense and all divine :
Thine empire, Lord, o'er worlds extends ;
The sun, the moon, the stars are thine.
- 4 Yet, (O how marvellous the sight !)
I see thee on a cross expire ;
Thy Godhead veil'd in sable night ;
And angels from the scene retire.
- 5 But, why from these sad scenes retreat ?
Why with your wings your faces hide ?
He ne'er appear'd so good, so great,
As when he bow'd his head and died.
- 6 The indignation of a God
On him avenging justice hurl'd :
Beneath the weight he firmly stood.
And nobly sav'd a falling world.

- 7 These triumphs of stupendous grace
Surprise, rejoice and melt my heart ;
Lord, at thy cross I stand and gaze,
Nor would I ever thence depart !

HYMN 341. L. M.

- W**E now arise, the light is come,
The glory of the Lord appears ;
No more in darkness may we roam,
Expos'd to guilt and many fears.
- 2 The day spring, glorious from on high,
Beams forth in brightness all divine ;
Our nightly fears and troubles die,
Whilst we in perfect beauty shine.
- 3 The Godhead's glory rising bright
On us, in Christ, the heav'nly man,
Declares us perfect in his sight,
Whilst we admire the gracious plan.
- 4 Whate'er we lost, we here regain ;
The end of all our toil is come ;
Nor sin, nor curse, doth here remain ;
We rest in God our native home.
- 5 There in our nature greatly bless'd,
And purg'd from ev'ry ill through blood,
Our conscience finds eternal rest,
And answers peacefully to God.

HYMN 342. L. M.

- 'T**IS finish'd, cry'd the Lamb of God ;
Then died to set his children free ;
Salvation's finish'd, cries his blood ;
O ! that dear Lamb who died for me.

- 2 Down through the shades of death he goes,
His enemies all conquer'd flee ;
Triumphant over all his foes ;
O ! that dear Lamb did all for me.
- 3 With warrior's scars, deep wounds and blood,
Rais'd from the dead, again I see.
My everlasting Lord and God,
That dearest Lamb, who died for me.
- 4 O ! worthy Lamb, I'll thee adore !
Let Adam's offspring all agree
To praise the Lamb, who dies no more,
But lives to bless both them and me.

HYMN 343. L. M.

- A**S we advance in wisdom's ways
Thy love demands new songs of praise ;
Our pleasures, joys, and hopes increase,
And all within is settled peace.
- 2 Our foes with weaker pow'r assail ;
With strength increasing we prevail !
Above our ev'ry tempter rise,
And press with zeal towards the skies.
- 3 Look we at death ? 'tis with delight ;
A gentle sleep, and short the night ;
Angels support the feeble head,
Our souls have nothing here to dread.
- 4 Think we of judgment ? happy day !
Joyful the summons we obey ;
It is to meet the God we love,
And take our glorious crowns above.

- 5 Transporting thought ! celestial state !
For this we live, for this we wait ;
And while we take the happy road,
Our songs of praise ascend to God.

HYMN 344. C. M.

- B**EFORE the rosy dawn of day,
To thee, my God, I'll sing ;
Awake my soft and tuneful lyre,
Awake each charming string.
- 2 Awake, and let thy flowing strains
Glide through the midnight air,
While high amidst the silent orbs
The silver moon rolls clear :
- 3 While all the glitt'ring, starry lamps
Are lighted in the sky ;
And set their Maker's greatness forth
To thy admiring eye ;
- 4 Awake, my soft and tuneful lyre,
Awake each charming string ;
Before the rosy dawn of day,
To thee, my God, I'll sing.
- 5 Thou, round the heav'nly arch dost draw
A vast and sable veil ;
Which all the beauties of the world
From mortal eyes conceal.
- 6 Again the sky with golden beams,
Thy skilful hands adorn ;
And paint, with cheerful splendour gay,
The fair ascending morn.

7 And as the gloomy night returns,
Or smiling day renews ;
Thy constant goodness still my soul
With benefit pursues.

8 For this, I'll midnight vows to thee
With early incense bring :
And ere the rosy dawn of day,
Thy lofty praises sing.

HYMN 345. L. M.

AND is this heav'n ! and am I there !
How short the road ! how swift the flight !
I am all life, all eye, all ear ;
Jesus is here—my soul's delight.

2 Is this the heav'nly Friend who hung
In blood and anguish on the tree,
Whom Paul proclaim'd, whom David sung,
Who died for them, who died for me ?

3 How fair, thou Offspring of my God !
Thou first-born Image of his face !
Thy death procur'd this bless'd abode,
Thy vital beams adorn the place.

4 Lo ! he presents me at the throne
All spotless ; there the Godhead reigns
Sublime and peaceful through the Son :
Awake, my voice, in heavenly strains.

HYMN 346. L. M.

AS all men once in Adam fell
From life, from heav'n, to death and hell :
E'en so are all men now restor'd
To life, to heav'n, in Christ their Lord.

- 2 As Adam comprehended all,
In his obedience, and his fall :
So, in himself, his toil and pain,
Christ comprehended all again.
- 3 In Adam doom'd to punishment
For sin which had not our consent :
So Christ, without our choice or aid,
Annul'd our crimes, our debts all paid.
- 4 The method of redeeming grace,
Highest in dignity and place,
First claims our wonder, love, and praise,
And joy in Jesus all our days.
- 5 'Tis free, we neither ran nor fought ;
'Tis free, it cost us not a thought :
'Tis free, the gift is from above,
And worthy of the God of love.
- 6 Nor is the gift of God confin'd ;
'Tis freely giv'n to all mankind :
As true to who have not believ'd,
As such who have the gift receiv'd.
- 7 In Christ, where grace and peace abound,
The balm is equal to the wound :
In Christ, salvation's wrought for all,
Who were involv'd in Adam's fall.

HYMN 347. P. M. .

MY life's a shade, my days
Apace to death decline ;
My Lord is life, he'll raise
My dust again, e'en mine :
Sweet truth to me, I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

- 2 My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones till that sweet day
I wake from my long sleep,
And leave my bed of clay.
Sweet truth, &c.
- 3 My Lord his angels shall
Their golden trumpets sound;
At whose most welcome call
My grave shall be unbound.
Sweet truth, &c.
- 4 I said some time with tears,
"Ah me, I'm loath to die!"
Lord, silence thou those fears,
My life's with thee on high.
Sweet truth, &c.
- 5 What means my trembling heart,
To be thus shy of death?
My life and I shan't part,
Though I resign my breath.
Sweet truth, &c.
- 6 Then welcome, harmless death;
By thee to heav'n I'll go;
My Lord his death shall save
Me from the shades below.
Sweet truth, &c.

HYMN 348. L.M.

SEE mercy, mercy from on high,
Descends to rebels doom'd to die:
'Tis mercy free which knows no bound:
How grand, how gladsome is the sound!

- 2 Soon as the reign of sin began,
The light of mercy dawn'd on man,
When God announc'd the early news,
"The woman's seed thy head shall bruise
- 3 Brightly it beam'd on men forlorn,
When Christ, the holy Child, was born ;
And in its fullest splendour shone,
When Jesus dying, cried, "'Tis done."
- 4 It triumph'd when from death he rose
And broke the power of all his foes ;
And since he took his seat on high,
Now mercy reigns eternally.
- 5 Till we shall join the happy throng,
This mercy shall be still our song ;
And ev'ry scheme shall God confound,
Of such as strive its course to bound !

HYMN 349. C. M.

- O** HAPPY they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell !
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm supports them well.
- 2 To them in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near ;
And, when they plead his love and pow'r,
He stands engag'd to hear.
 - 3 He help'd his saints in ancient days,
Who trusted in his name ;
And we can witness, to his praise,
His love is still the same.

- 1 Wand'ring in sin, our souls he found,
And bade us seek his face ;
Gave us to hear the gospel-sound,
And taste the gospel-grace.
- 5 Oft in his house his glory shines
Before our wond'ring eyes ;
We wish not then for golden mines,
Or aught beneath the skies.
- 6 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light :
A word from him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.
- 7 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine :
But give us still to find thee near,
And own us still for thine.
- 8 Let us enjoy, and highly prize
These tokens of thy love,
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,
To worship thee above.

HYMN 350. C. M.

- L**IFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspir'd ;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardour fir'd !
- 2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose tender care sustains
Our feeble frame, encompass'd round
With death's unnumber'd pains.

- 3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads ev'ry minute as it flies,
With benefits unsought !
- 4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows ;
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes !
- 5 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
That lights through darkest shades of death
To realms of endless day.

HYMN 351. C. M.

- O**NE glance of thine, eternal Lord,
Pierces all nature through ;
Not heav'n, nor earth, nor hell afford
A shelter from thy view.
- 2 The mighty whole, each smaller part,
At once before thee lies ;
And ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart
Is open to thine eyes.
 - 3 Though greatly from myself conceal'd,
Thou seest my inward frame ;
To thee I always stand reveal'd
Exactly as I am.
 - 4 Since therefore I can hardly bear
What in myself I see,
How vile and black must I appear,
Most holy God, to thee.

- 5 But since my Saviour stands between
 In garments dy'd in blood,
 'Tis he, the righteous One, is seen,
 When I approach to God.
- 6 Thus, though a sinner, I am safe :
 He pleads before the throne
 His life and death in my behalf,
 And calls my sins his own.
- 7 What wond'rous love, what matchless grace,
 In this appointment shine !
 My breaches of the law are his,
 And his obedience mine.

HYMN 352. L. M.

- AS when the weary trav'ller gains
 The height of some o'erlooking hill,
 His heart revives, if cross the plains
 He eyes his home, though distant still.
- 2 While he surveys the much lov'd spot,
 He slights the space that lies between ;
 His past fatigues are now forgot,
 Because his journey's end is seen.
- 3 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views
 By faith his mansion in the skies,
 The sight his fainting strength renews,
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 4 The thought of home his spirit cheers,
 No more he grieves for troubles past ;
 Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day,
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away.

6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends
To lead us on to thine abode ;
Assur'd our hope will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

HYMN 353. S. M.

PEACE, all the sorrows of the heart,
And all my tears be dry :
That Christian ne'er can be forlorn,
Who views his Saviour nigh.

2 " Let not your bosoms throb, (he says)
" Nor be your souls afraid !
" Trust ye in God's almighty name,
" And trust your Saviour's aid.

8 " Fair mansions in my Father's house
" For all his children wait ;
" And I, your elder brother, go
" To open wide the gate.

4 " And if I thither go before,
" A dwelling to prepare,
" I surely will return again,
" That I may fix you there.

5 " United in eternal love,
" My chosen shall remain,
" And with rejoicing hearts shall share
" The honours of my reign."

- 6 Yes, Lord, thy gracious words we hear,
And cordial joys they bring ;
Frail nature may extort a groan,
But faith shall learn to sing.

HYMN 354. C. M.

- SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great deliverer sing,
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.,
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath rais'd,
How holy and how plain !
Nor shall the simplest trav'lers err,
Nor ask the track in vain.
- 3 No rav'ning lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound :
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your faithful God.

HYMN 355. C. M.

- FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares ;
Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,
And softens all my cares :
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heav'nly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

- 3** The wounded conscience knows its pow'r
The healing balm to give :
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
- 4** Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign ;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain :
- 5** Shows me the precious promise, seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood ;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.
- 6** There, there unshaken would I rest,
Till this vile body dies ;
And then on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise.

HYMN 356. C. M.

- ZEAL** is that pure and heav'nly flame
The fire of love supplies ;
But that which often bears the name,
Is self in a disguise.
- 2** True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear :
The false is headstrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.
- 3** While zeal for truth the christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace ;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.

- 4 Zeal has attain'd its highest aim,
 Its wish is satisfied,
 If sinners love the Saviour's name,
 Nor seeks it aught beside.
- 5 But self, however well employ'd,
 Has its own ends in view :
 And says, as boasting Jehu cried,
 " Come see what I can do !"
- 6 Self may its poor reward obtain,
 And be applauded here ;
 But zeal the best applause will gain
 When JESUS shall appear.
- 7 Dear LORD ! the idol self dethrone,
 And from our hearts remove ;
 And let no zeal by us be shown,
 But that which springs from love.

HYMN 357. P. M.

COME, O thou universal good !
 Balm of the wounded conscience, come !
 The hungry, dying spirit's food ;
 The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home ;
 Haven to take the shipwreck'd in,
 My everlasting rest from sin !

- 2 Come, O my comfort and delight !
 My strength, and health, and shield, and sun ;
 My boast, my confidence, and might,
 My joy, my glory, and my crown :
 My gospel-hope, my calling's prize,
 My tree of life, my paradise.

HYMN 358. C. M.

HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That cloth'd himself in clay ;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our IMMANUEL rose ;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies ;
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode :
Sweet be the accents of our songs,
To our incarnate God.
- 5 Bright Angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise ;
Let heav'n, and all created things,
Sound our IMMANUEL's praise.

HYMN 359. L. M.

LET men on earth, and angels bring
Their honours to the Saviour King ;
Let sinners own his sov'reign sway,
And ev'ry land his will obey.

- 2 O'er worlds below and worlds above,
He rules by wisdom, pow'r, and love ;
He curbs his foes, and guards his friends,
His wide dominion never ends.

- 3 In Zion he maintains his throne,
And makes his kingly glory known ;
Nor hell nor death can e'er withstand
The pow'r of his almighty hand.
- 4 The saints shall reign with Christ their head,
When gloomy death himself is dead ;
There shall they shine in bliss complete,
And cast their crowns at Jesu's feet.

HYMN 360. C. M.

- T**O Christ, the Lord, let ev'ry tongue
Its noblest tribute bring ;
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing ?
- 2 Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell ;
Think of the wisdom of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.
- 3 Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon his holy brow :
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 4 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men ;
Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
- 5 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
He fled to my relief ;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

- 6 His hand a thousand blessings pours
 Upon my guilty head ;
 His presence gilds my darkest hours,
 And guards my sleeping bed.
- 7 To him I owe my life and breath,
 And all the joys I have :
 He makes me triumph over death,
 And saves me from the grave.
- 8 To heaven, the place of his abode,
 He brings my weary feet :
 Shows me the glories of my God,
 And makes my joys complete.
- 9 Since from his bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord, they should all be thine.

HYMN 361. L. M.

- AND** is the gospel peace and love !
 Such let our conversation be ;
 The serpent blending with the dove,
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to str
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
 Bright pattern of the christian life !
- 3 O how benevolent and kind !
 How mild ! how ready to forgive !
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And these the rules by which we live.

- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright !
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love !
O, if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.
- 6 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be ;
Make us by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee.

HYMN 362. C. M.

LORD, hast thou made me know thy ways,
Conduct me in thy fear,
And grant me such supplies of grace,
That I may persevere.

- 2 O never let me turn aside,
Nor leave the path divine ;
Let faith, and love, and zeal abide ;
Let patience ne'er decline.
- 3 Supported by a lively hope,
May I the storm endure ;
Let sov'reign mercy hold me up,
And I shall walk secure.
- 4 Should all the pow'rs of darkness strive
My peace to discompose,
Upheld by thee, my soul shall live
Triumphant o'er her foes.

- 5 Their snares shall unsuccessful prove ;
 My purpose firm shall be,
 While bonds of everlasting love
 Unite my heart to thee ;
- 6 Sould persecution's hottest flame
 Be kindled all around,
 And griefs and fears of every name,
 Thro' all the path abound ;
- 7 Let but thine own Almighty arm
 Sustain a feeble worm,
 I shall escape, secure from harm,
 Amidst the dreadful storm.
- 8 Be thou my all-sufficient friend,
 Till all these toils shall cease ;
 Guard me thro' life, and let my end
 Be everlasting peace.

HYMN 363. L. M.

- A**NGELS attend, and join the song,
 To whom immortal notes belong,
 Your golden harps and voices join
 To praise Immanuel's love divine.
- 2 Lo ! he, who on the cross was slain,
 High thron'd in glory lives again ;
 Clad with eternal victory,
 He captive leads captivity.
- 3 With songs-of joy address his name,
 His vict'ries and his love proclaim ;
 Sing how he conquer'd as he fell,
 And vanquish'd all the powers of hell.

- 4 Now in his conquests we partake,
He gain'd those triumphs for our sake ;
Immortal glories to the Lamb,
Who death by his own death o'ercame.
- 5 Saints, shout with joy your risen Lord,
And spread his boundless love abroad,
Let every heart the Saviour bless,
And every tongue his name confess.

HYMN 364. C. M.

- COME, let us all unite to praise,
The Saviour of mankind ;
Our thankful hearts in solemn lays,
Be with our voices join'd.
- 2 But how shall dust his worth declare,
When angels try in vain ;
Their faces veil when they appear
Before the Son of Man.
- 3 Silent, O Lord ! we would not be,
By love we are constrain'd
To offer our best thanks to thee,
Our Saviour and our friend !
- 4 Though feeble are our best essays,
Thy love will not despise
Our grateful songs of humble praise,
Our well-meant sacrifice.
- 5 Let every tongue thy goodness show,
And spread abroad thy fame ;
Let every heart with praise o'erflow,
And bless thy sacred name.

- 6 Worship and honour, thanks and love,
Be to our Jesus given !
By men below—by hosts above,
By all in earth and heaven.

HYMN 365. L. M.

- W**HERE high the heav'nly temple star
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears ;
The guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 He who for men their surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,|
Pursues in heav'n his mighty plan,
The Saviour, and the friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our fellow suff'rer yet retains
A fellow feeling of our pains,
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his agonies and cries.
- 5 In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
The man of sorrows had a part :

HYMN 366. P M.

PARENT of good ! thy works of might
I trace with wonder and delight ;

In them thy glories shine :

There's nought in earth, or sea, or air,

Or heav'n itself that's good or fair,

But what is wholly thine.

2 The riches of thy matchless grace,

Display'd in the Redeemer's face,

Still more attract my mind ;

Here wisdom, love, and mercy meet,

In all their dignity complete,

With truth and justice join'd.

3 Thy glories here immensely rise,

They strike my soul with sweet surprise,

And heav'nly pleasure yield ;

An ocean vast without a bound,

Where ev'ry noble wish is drown'd,

And ev'ry want is fill'd.

4 Thy love is my unfailing store,

Thy light in darkness I implore,

To set my heart at rest :

Were I depriv'd of all below,

And thou thy gracious smile bestow,

I should be richly blest.

5 This all my gloomy path shall cheer,

And banish ev'ry painful fear

That can my soul invade :

Should earth and hell against me join,

The beamings of thy love divine

Would give me sov'reign aid.

- 6 What shall I do to spread thy praise,
My God, through my remaining days,
Or how thy name adore?
To thee I consecrate my breath;
For I am thine in life and death,
And thine for evermore.

HYMN 367. C. M.

CHRIST is the true substantial good,
The spring of heav'nly grace;
The hungry sinner's daily food,
The Lord our righteousness.

- 2 Christ, by the eye of faith we view,
The true believer's joy;
He will the power of hell subdue,
And all our wants supply.
- 3 Christ is the sure foundation-stone,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Sav'd by his sov'reign grace alone,
His grace alone I sing.
- 4 Christ is the sinner's only Way,
And he the Truth, the Life;
He is the Sun that makes the day,
The peace that ends our strife.
- 5 Christ is our Advocate and Guide,
Our Brother, and our Friend;
The Bridegroom of his chosen bride,
Who loves her to the end.
- 6 Christ is the everlasting Lord,
Our strength whene'er we call,
The sum and substance of the word,
The sinner's All in all.

HYMN 368. C. M.

OF all the gifts thine hand bestows,
Thou Giver of all good !
Not heaven itself a richer knows,
'Than my Redeemer's blood.

- 2 Faith too, the blood receiving grace,
From the same hand we gain ;
Else, sweetly as it suits our case,
That gift had been in vain.
- 3 Till thou thy teaching power apply,
Our hearts refuse to see,
And weak, as a distemper'd eye,
Shut out the view of thee.
- 4 Blind to the merits of thy Son,
What mis'ry we endure !
Yet fly that hand, from which alone
We could expect a cure.
- 5 We praise thee, and would praise thee more,
To thee our all we owe :
The precious Saviour, and the pow'r
That makes him precious too.

HYMN 369. L. M.

FOR thy great glory, mighty Lord,
Thou didst create the human race ;
Thy name by all shall be ador'd,
And ev'ry tongue shall give thee praise.

- 2 God for his children doth provide,
All of his goodness must partake ;
Or how can he be glorified,
By those he made for glory's sake ?

HYMN 370. L. M.

BEHOLD! the sun, whose cheering light
Dispels the darkness of the night;
Beams from the east his gentle rays,
And in the west his light displays!

- 2 So, like the sun, did *Christ* appear,
Or like the bright and morning star;
Enlight'ning all the world below,
That ev'ry man the truth may know.
- 3 The glorious *Sun of Righteousness*
Came down the nations all to bless,
To spread the truth from pole to pole,
And bring again the ransom'd soul.
- 4 The lame, the halt, the deaf, and blind,
In *Jesus* shall salvation find;
And in his name shall all confess,
The Lord is God, our Righteousness.

HYMN 371. L. M.

TH' unchangeable *Jehovah* saith,
I, by myself, have truly sworn;
The word's gone forth in righteousness,
Nor shall the sacred word return.

- 2 That ev'ry knee, above, below,
Shall humbly bow before my throne:
And ev'ry soul my truth shall know—
In me they've life and strength alone.
- 3 That ev'ry tongue shall loudly sing
To *Jesus Christ* the living Lord;
And make the highest arches ring,
In praises of the faithful Word.

- 4 Thus shall my name be glorified,
By all in earth and heav'n above ;
In me shall ev'ry soul confide,
And taste the streams of heav'nly love.

HYMN 372. C. M.

- A**S bread recruits our wasting frames,
And well supports our hearts,
So *Christ* to our expiring souls
Celestial life imparts.
- 2 Corn is the food of all mankind,
Where'er their lot is cast,
Jesus alike of *Jews* and *Greeks*
Is the divine repast.
- 3 Though bread is eaten ev'ry day,
'Tis never known to cloy ;
Immanuel's merits are the springs
Of unexhausted joy.
- 4 The grain endures the crushing mill,
Endures the oven's heat,
Ere it a fit provision yields
For human kind to eat ;
- 5 Thus *Christ* through suff'rings most severe,
Through flames of vengeance past,
That souls might be redeem'd from death,
And his salvation taste,
- 6 By eating as our flesh receives
From grain th' expected good,
So souls by faith on *Jesus* live,
And bless the heavenly food.

HYMN 373. L. M.

- W**HILE shepherds watch'd their flocks
 All seated on the ground, [ni
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind ;
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 "To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town this day
 "Is born of David's line,
 "The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
 "And this shall be the sign :
- 4 "The heav'nly babe you there shall find,
 "To human view display'd,
 "All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
 "And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
 Appear'd a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, who thus
 Address'd their joyful song :
- 5 "All glory be to God on high,
 "And to the earth be peace,
 "Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to m
 "Begin and never cease."

HYMN 374. C. M.

HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
 Unconscious of its load !
 The heart unchang'd can never rise
 To happiness and God.

- 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
 In paths of ruin stray :
 Reason debased can never find
 The safe, the narrow way.
- 3 Can aught beneath a power divine
 The stubborn will subdue ?
 'Tis thine, Almighty Saviour, thine
 To form the heart anew.
- 4 'Tis thine the passions to recal,
 And upwards bid them rise ;
 And make the scales of error fall
 From reason's darken'd eyes.
- 5 To chase the shades of death away,
 And bid the sinner live !
 A beam of heav'n, a vital ray,
 'Tis thine alone to give.

HYMN 375. C. M.

- L**ET heav'n arise, let earth appear,
 Said the Almighty Lord :
 The heav'n arose, the earth appear'd,
 At his creating word.
- 2 Thick darkness brooded o'er the deep ;
 God said, " Let there be light :"
 The light shone forth with smiling ray,
 And scatter'd ancient night.
- 3 He bade the clouds ascend on high ;
 The clouds ascend and bear
 A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
And float upon the air.

- 4 The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.
- 5 With herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees,
The new-form'd globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the soil,
Or sun to warm the ground.
- 6 Then high in heav'n's resplendent arch
He plac'd two orbs of light;
He set the sun to rule the day,
The moon to rule the night.
- 7 Next, from the deep, th' almighty King
Did vital beings frame;
Fowls of the air, of ev'ry wing,
And fish of ev'ry name.
- 8 To all the various brutal tribes
He gave their wondrous birth;
At once the lion and the worm
Sprung from the teeming earth.
- 9 Then, chief o'er all his works below,
At last was Adam made;
His Maker's image bless'd his soul,
And glory crown'd his head.
- 10 Fair in th' almighty Maker's eye
The whole creation stood.
He view'd the fabric he had rais'd,
And he pronounc'd them good.

HYMN 376. S. M.

DID our Immanuel die for us,
To save such poor rebellious men?
Did he display his pity thus
That we might come to God again?

- 2 All human language wants a name,
For this unfathom'd wondrous love:
This pure immortal fervent flame,
Sprang only from the God above.
- 3 What can we add? Our speech is faint;
We sink beneath the pond'rous load:
This love no eloquence can paint;
'Tis grand! 'tis worthy of a God!
- 4 O'erwhelm'd with this abyss of love,
We stand astonish'd at the grace
That brought the Saviour from above,
To die for all the fallen race!
- 5 Did our Immanuel die for us?
What more can be by sounds exprest?
For sinners Christ was made a curse;
Eternity must tell the rest.

HYMN 377. P. M.

LAMB of God, we fall before thee,
Humbly trusting in thy cross;
That alone be all our glory,
All things else are dung and dross.
Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
Only source of all that's good;
Ev'ry grace and ev'ry favour.
Come to us thro' Jesu's blood.

- 2 Jesus gives us true repentance,
By his spirit sent from Heav'n;
Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,
"Son, thy sins are all forgiv'n!"
Faith he gives us to believe it:
Grateful hearts his love to prize.
Want we wisdom? he must give it;
Hearing ears and seeing eyes.
- 3 Jesus gives us pure affections;
Wills to do what he requires:
Makes us follow his directions;
And what he commands inspires:
All our pray'rs, and all our praises
Rightly offer'd in his name,
He that dictates them, is Jesus;
He that answers, is the same.
- 4 When we live on Jesu's merit,
Then we worship God aright;
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Then we savingly unite.
Hear the whole conclusion of it;
Great or good whate'er we call,
God, or Christ, or Priest, or Prophet,
Jesus Christ is all in all.

HYMN 378. P. M.

JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;

**Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last !**

**2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me !
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.**

**3 Thou O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find,
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind :
Just and holy is thy name ;
I am all unrighteousness :
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.**

**4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin :
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee ;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.**

HYMN 379. P. M.

HAIL ! thou once despised Jesus,

Hail, thou everlasting King !

Thou didst suffer to redeem us,

Thou didst free salvation bring :

Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,

Bearer of our sin and shame !

By thy merits we find favour,

Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,

All our sins on thee were laid :

By almighty love anointed,

Thou hast full atonement made :

All thy people are forgiven,

Through the virtue of thy blood :

Open'd is the gate of heaven,

Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail ! enthron'd in glory,

There for ever to abide !

All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,

Seated at thy Father's side ;

There for sinners thou art pleading,

There thou dost our place prepare ;

Ever for us interceding,

Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, pow'r and blessing,

Thou art worthy to receive :

Loudest praises, without ceasing,

Meet it is for us to give :

Help, ye bright angelic spirits !

Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;

Help to sing our Saviour's merits,

Help to chaunt Immanuel's praise

HYMN 380. L. M.

AWAY, my unbelieving fear!

Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race;
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren although my soul remain,
And no one bud of grace appear;
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But sin, and only sin is here;
Although my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see:
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he died for me.

4 In hope believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim,
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesu's name;

To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
My soul shall then outstrip the wind
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 381. C. M.

ENRAPTUR'D with our Jesu's name,
That ev'ry other name excels,
I feel a sweet seraphic flame,
That oft to joy ecstatic swells.

- 2 Then wakes my song, her skill to try,
And ev'ry note with Jesus fill ;
But all the sounds in Jesus die,
And his dear name's the music still.
- 3 A name that angels mean to praise,
But yet a name of worth so great,
That all the notes that angels raise,
Lost in the name, are incomplete.
- 4 With mighty themes, of high behest,
The living lyre her concords wakes ;
But then the concords sound the best,
When Jesu's name the music makes.
- 5 Ah ! what avails the pealing choir,
Or where's the charm of heav'nly sound
If Jesu's name does not transpire,
The key is miss'd where charms abound
- 6 The name of Jesus soothes the soul,
And swells it with unbounded joys ;
And all the sounds harmonious roll,
When that the grateful song employs.

- 7 The voice of grief itself is lost,
When Jesu's name the music is ;
And saints in heav'n no joy could boast,
Did not his name create their bliss.

HYMN 382. C. M.
NOW be our hearts inspir'd to sing
The mercies of the Lord :
To him our humble tribute bring
In strains of sweet accord.

- 2 When sinful men, in their first head,
From life and glory fell,
His mercy a provision made,
To rescue them from hell.
- 3 In Jesus Christ, the sinner's friend,
Who died that they might live,
Mercy, with honour, can extend,
And God, though just, forgive.
- 4 This mercy, sovereign, rich, and free,
Abounds, thro' Jesus' blood,
Reaches man's utmost misery,
And brings him nigh to God.
- 5 Mercies of Providence and Grace
Flow from thy bounteous hand :
These claim our songs of loudest praise,
And fervent love demand.
- 6 For ever, Lord, may we adore
Thy mercy, power, and love,
When this vain world shall be no more,
In the bright realms above,

HYMN 383. C. M.

WITH what resplendent beauty shone
That long expected morn,
When **JESUS**, God's incarnate Son,
The Lord of life, was born !

2 Celestial hosts, array'd in light,
With glory mark their way,
As down to earth they bend their flight,
And hail th' auspicious day.

3 "Glory to God," they rapt'rous sing,
Through all the heights of heav'n ;
"Tidings of joy to men we bring,
"And peace on earth is giv'n."

4 "Glory to God," let all our tongues
Re-echo to their lays ;
Such grace demands our loftiest songs,
And all our powers of praise !

5 For guilty man, with pity mov'd,
The **SAVIOUR** leaves the skies ;
And here, to shew how much he lov'd,
A bleeding victim dies :

6 But dies to **SAVE** ; **SALVATION** now
Is our perpetual theme ;
Our veiling souls to Jesus bow,
And triumph in his name.

7 **SALVATION** ! let the joyful news
Through all the nations run ;
Gentiles believe, and stubborn *Jews*
Their great **MESSIAH** own !

8 From world to world, through boundless space,
May the glad tidings fly;
And myriads sound the SAVIOUR's praise
To the remotest sky!

9 Thus shall his dear delightful name
Then dwell on every tongue:
While angels round his throne proclaim
SALVATION in their song.

HYMN 384. C. M.

BELD the man! thus Pilate spake,
Reluctant to comply;
But all in vain, the clam'rous Jews
Demand that Christ shall die.

2 Come then, my soul, behold the man!
The silent suff'rer see;
The pris'ner stands at Pilate's bar,
To give thee liberty.

3 Behold thy Saviour crown'd with thorns,
While cruel men deride;
Behold, they nail him to the tree,
And pierce his sacred side!

4 Amazing love! he bleeds, he dies,
My sins his murderers were;
These were the scourge, the thorns, the nails,
And these the pointed spear.

5 But Jesus died that I might live,
Hence pleasing thoughts arise;
He rose a mansion to prepare,
For me beyond the skies!

- 6 And when I join th' enraptur'd throng,
I shall his beauties trace ;
And sing the wonders of his love,
The riches of his grace !

HYMN 385. C. M.

IN the dear person of his Son,
Himself the Father shows ;
And he who truly knows the one,
The other also knows.

- 2 In him, as in a glass, we see,
Unhurt and undismay'd,
The glories of the Deity,
Unitedly display'd.
- 3 With mingled beams, here truth and love,
Justice and goodness shine ;
Angels and saints with joy behold
An object so divine.
- 4 Here would I fix my ravish'd eyes,
And never move them hence ;
Compar'd with this, what trifling toys
Are the delights of sense.

HYMN 386. S. M.

O CHRIST, what gracious words,
Are ever, ever thine ;
Thy voice is music to the soul,
And life and peace divine.

- 2 Good, everlasting good,
Glad tidings full of joy,
Flow from thy lips, the lips of truth,
And flow without alloy.

3 The broken heart, the poor,
The bruis'd, the deaf, the blind;
The dumb, the dead, the captive wretch,
In thee compassion find.

4 Lord Jesus, speed the day,
The promis'd day of grace,
To all the poor, the dumb, the deaf,
The dead of Adam's race.

5 The song shall then employ
The blessed, blessing whole;
And human nature shout thy name,
The life of ev'ry soul.

HYMN 387. L. M.

ALL hail the ever-glad'ning morn!
To us a holy child is born:
To us, to us a Son is giv'n,
Jesus, the Lord of earth and heav'n.
We will the new-born King adore,
And love, and praise him, evermore.

2 Behold! the government he bears,
See what transporting names he wears;
While all the rays of truth and grace
Shine in the dear Emmanuel's face.
We will the new-born King, &c.

3 His wide dominion shall increase,
And bless the earth with heav'nly peace,
His reign shall over all extend,
Nor shall his glorious kingdom end.
We will the new-born King, &c.

- 4 Sov'reigns to him rich odours bring,
 And infants sweet Hosannas sing;
 The sons of wo, who mourn and weep,
 A joyful jubilee shall keep.
 We will the new-born King, &c.
- 5 The dumb shall sing, shall shout his name,
 The lame shall leap to spread his fame,
 The blind shall his salvation see,
 And sin-bound captives shall go free.
 We will the new-born King, &c.
- 6 Lo! God in our own flesh appears;
 Our sorrows, and our *sins* he bears;
 And all that in his name believe,
 Shall everlasting life receive.
 We will the new-born King, &c.
- 7 All hail! Thou universal Good,
 Thy birth, and thy redeeming blood,
 To joys supreme shall millions raise,
 And fill th' eternal world with praise.
 We will the new-born King adore,
 And love and praise him evermore.

HYMN 388. L. M.

- O HOW transporting, how divine,
 When sweetest sounds in concord join,
 And hearts and harps unite to sing
 The praises of th' incarnate King!
- 2 When his good Spirit tunes the lyre,
 And sheds abroad celestial fire,
 What purer bliss can mortals know,
 Or goodness infinite bestow?

- 3** Might sinners only mourn and sigh
Before the Majesty on high,
And prostrate in his presence plead,
'Twould be a favour rich indeed.
- 4** But, Oh ! stupendous stoop of grace !
Hear and adore, ye fallen race,
For ye may *hymn* th' eternal King,
And of his great salvation *sing*.
- 5** O may this grace our hearts inspire
With love's all animating fire !
While in sweet sounds we spread the fame
Of our adored Saviour's name.
- 6** Adoring praise ! 'tis heaven's employ,
Bright seraphs wish no higher joy ;
Amidst the ever blissful throng,
All, all is love, and sacred song.
- 7** Sav'd from the guilt and pow'r of sin,
May we our heav'n on earth begin,
And join that choir in noblest strains,
Where harmony for ever reigns.

HYMN 389. S. M.

THERE is a sacred name
That soothes the sinner's fears :
Jesus, through ages past the same,
The same to countless years !

- 2** No other name than this,
To earth reveal'd from heav'n,
Can wake the hope of future bliss,
Or sense of sins forgiv'n !

- 3 Thy comforts, O my God !
 'Tis Jesu's name endears ;
 And when abas'd beneath thy rod,
 My fainting spirit cheers.
- 4 This peerless name alone
 Suffices all my need ;
 It wings my praises to thy throne,
 And for my wants shall plead !
- 5 My warmest thoughts rejoice
 To dwell on Jesu's name :
 And when they droop, arise, my voice,
 To fan the languid flame !
- 5 Thus to my latest breath,
 I'll triumph o'er my sins ;
 Depart, ye shades of endless death !
 Eternal life begins.

HYMN 390. L. M.

- H**IGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,
 Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
 Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud
 That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
 As mountains their foundations keep ;
 Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
 Both man and beast thy bounty share ;
 The whole creation is thy charge,
 But saints are thy peculiar care.

- 4 My God! how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life like a fountain rich and free
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see,
The glories promis'd in thy word.

HYMN 391. C. M.

- THUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
Give your burnt-offerings o'er,
In dying goats, and bullocks slain
My soul delights no more."
- 2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,
My God, to do thy will;
What'er thy sacred books declare
Thy servant shall fulfil.
- 3 Thy law is ever in my sight,
I keep it near my heart:
Mine ears are open'd with delight
To what thy lips impart.
- 4 And see, the blest Redeemer comes,
Th' eternal Son appears,
And at th' appointed time assumes,
The body God prepares.

- 5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he show'd,
And preach'd the way of righteousness,
Where great assemblies stood.
- 6 His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
He pity'd sinners' cries,
And to fulfil a Saviour's part
Was made a sacrifice.
- 7 No blood of beasts on altars shed
Could wash the conscience clean,
But the rich sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our sin.
- 8 Then was the great salvation spread,
And satan's kingdom shook ;
Thus by the woman's promis'd seed
The serpent's head was broke.

HYMN 392. L. M.

THE King of heaven, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace !
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

- 2 At his right-hand our eyes behold,
The queen array'd in purest gold :
The world admires her heav'nly dress ;
Her robe of joy and righteousness.
- 3 He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and seats her near his throne ;
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget,
The idols of thy native state.

- 4 So shall the King the more rejoice.
In thee the favourite of his choice ;
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.
- 5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons (a num'rous train)
Each like a Prince in glory reign.
- 6 Let endless honours crown his head ;
Let ev'ry age his praises spread ;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescensions of his love.

HYMN 393. C. M.

- 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal pow'r,
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring :
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heav'n, earth, and air are thine ;
When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,
The author is divine.
- 4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky
Borne by the winds around,
With watry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear ;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

HYMN 394. C. M.

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men ;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.
- 5 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone :
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 6 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.
- 7 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;

They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at th' op'ning day.

- 8 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand,
Pleas'd with the morning light ;
The flow'rs beneath the mowers' hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.
- 9 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

HYMN 395. C. M.

- O** ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a diff'rent tongue ;
In ev'ry language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.
- 2 His mercy reigns thro' ev'ry land ;
Proclaim his grace abroad ;
For ever firm his truth shall stand,
Praise ye the faithful God.

HYMN 396. C. M.

- H**OW is our nature marr'd by sin,
Nor can it ever find
A way to make the conscience clean,
Or heal the wounded mind.
- 2 In vain we seek for peace with God,
By methods of our own ;
Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near thy throne.
- 3 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord ;
'Tis on thy cross we rest ;
For ever be thy love ador'd,
Thy name for ever blest.

HYMN 397. C. M.

BEHOLD the sure foundation Stone
Which God in Zion lays
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name ;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain ;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What tho' the gates of hell withstood ?
Yet must this building rise :
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
And wond'rous in our eyes.

HYMN 398. C. M.

O GOD of Bethel ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led ;

- 2 Our vows, our pray'rs, we now present
Before thy throne of grace :
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

- 4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble pray'rs implore ;
O thou who art our gracious God,
And portion evermore.

HYMN 399. C. M.

- BEHOLD!** the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.
 - 3 The beam that shines from Zion hill
Shall lighten ev'ry land ;
The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs
Shall all the world command.
 - 4 Among the nations he shall judge ;
His judgments truth shall guide ;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.
 - 5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years ;
To plough-shares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks, their spears.

- 6 No longer hosts encount'ring hosts
Shall crowds of slain deplore ;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.
- 7 Come then, O house of Jacob ! come
To worship at his shrine :
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

HYMN 400. C. M.

- T**HE race that long in darkness pin'd
Have seen a glorious light ;
The people dwell in day who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.
- 2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun !
The gath'ring nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.
- 3 For thou our burden hast remov'd,
And quell'd th' oppressor's sway ;
Quick as the slaughter'd squadrons fell
In Midian's evil day.
- 4 To us a child of hope is born ;
To us a Son is giv'n ;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heav'n.
- 5 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore ador'd,
The wonderful, the counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

- 6** His pow'r increasing still shall spread ;
His reign no end shall know ;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

HYMN 401. P. M.

THE gospel's joyful sound

Is music in my ears ;

In Jesus I have found

Relief from all my fears.

Darkness to light does now give place,
And all things wear a different face.

- 2** Since God me reconcil'd,
I fear no dire alarms ;
He owns me for his child,
And clasps me in his arms.

Transported with seraphic joy,
I Father, Abba Father, cry.

- 3** I cannot fear the law ;
Its thunders now may roar,
Since I my Saviour saw,
They can affright no more.

On wings of love I mount, I fly,
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

- 4** Death too has lost his sting,
And wears a smiling face ;
Yes I shall shout and sing,
Ev'n in his cold embrace.

He'll close my eyes and shut my ears,
But cannot rouse my guilty fears,

- 5 When through the flaming sky,
 I see the Judge descend,
 I'll Abba Father, cry,
 And hail him as my friend :
 While standing in the gospel light,
 There's nothing can my soul affright.
- 6 Now let my flowing eyes
 Run down with grateful tears,
 Since free adopting grace
 Has banish'd all my fears ;
 And still my sinful self deny,
 When I express the heaven-born cry.
- 7 No more let me return,
 Beneath the galling yoke ;
 Or e'er embrace those chains,
 Which grace divine has broke.
 Let Abba Father, be my cry,
 In time and in eternity.

HYMN 402. L. M.

FATHER of angels and of men,
 Of nature and of grace, the Lord !
 Be thou in one eternal strain,
 By all thy various works ador'd.

- 2 From heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n,
 Through worlds above and worlds below,
 Thy boundless mercies freely giv'n,
 In tides of bliss for ever flow.
- 3 Sing, O ye heav'ns ! burst into praise,
 Thou earth, and let the anthem roll,
 'Till rocks and tombs shall hear the lays,
 And light, and life, embrace the whole.

HYMN 403. C. M.

JESUS, thou Prince, thou King of peace,
And king of glory too ;
O be thy blessed name ador'd,
By Gentile and by Jew.

- 2 For Isr'el's tribes ; for us, O Lord,
Eternal peace is made,
Our pardon's seal'd, 'tis seal'd with blood,
The blood of Christ, our head :
- 3 Nor ours alone ; the head of man,
Of ev'ry man art thou :
For ev'ry man, 'twas thine to die :
The world to thee shall bow.

HYMN 404. S. M. ✓

WHILST we are marching through
This land with drought accurs'd ;
Rivers of living waters flow
In thee, to quench our thirst.

- 2 This world's a weary land ;
By sin a desert made :
'Tis all around a burning strand ;
Has no refreshing shade.
- 3 But thou'rt our mighty rock ;
Thy shadow very great ;
Where all thy weary pilgrim flock,
Find a divine retreat.
- 4 Though once with sin oppress'd,
From which no part was free ;
Our grievances are now redress'd,
Dear, glorious man, in thee.

- 5 In thee we now have found
 Whate'er we lost, and more ;
We see thy grace much more abound,
 Than sin had done before.
- 6 Thy praise be our employ ;
 Thy glories ever shine :
All our salvation, hope, and joy.
 Art thou, O man, divine.

HYMN 405. C. M.

- JESUS, thou Sun of Righteousness,
 All glorious and divine ;
Thy people with thy presence bless,
 In their assemblies shine.
- 2 Thy healing beams alone can cheer
 Hearts pain'd with inward grief ;
The soul oppress'd with guilt and fear,
 In thee finds sweet relief.
- 3 If thou thy righteousness display,
 And make thy merits known ;
Sinners shall learn thy wondrous grace,
 And saints thy goodness own.
- 4 Our tongues shall thy redeeming love
 With sacred rapture tell ;
And loud resound Immanuel's praise,
 Who saves from death and hell.

HYMN 406. S. M.

- ALL hail, thou great first born,
 The holy head of man !
What floods of Grace roll on to view,
 In mercy's glorious plan !

- 2** Thy fulness mankind are :
The temple, Lord, art thou :
Thy body comprehends the whole
Of Adam's tribes below.
- 3** In thee, presented pure
Before the throne of God,
All nations there are made anew,
Of one life giving blood.
- 4** First born of Heav'n, of earth,
Of ev'ry creature, hail !
Born to redeem from death and hell,
Thy purpose cannot fail.
- 5** The skies may waste in flame ;
All systems melt away ;
The sun himself turn black as night ;
And earth be lost to day ;
- 6** But thou shalt still remain
Th' unchanging Saviour God ;
And as eternal ages roll,
Thy name shall be ador'd.

HYMN 407. L. M.

AWAKE, my tongue, thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee power to sing,
Praise him, who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

- 2** How vast his knowledge ! how profound !
A depth where all our thoughts are drown'd !
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

- 3 Tho' each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold ;
Earth, air, and mighty seas, combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.
- 4 ' But in redemption, O what grace !
Its wonders, O what thought can trace !
Here wisdom shines for ever bright—
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.'

HYMN 408. L. M.

SO fair a face bedew'd with tears !
What beauty e'en in grief appears ?
He wept, he bled, he died for you !
What more, ye saints, could Jesus do ?

- 2 Enthron'd above with equal glow,
His warm affections downward flow ;
In our distress he bears a part,
And feels a sympathetic smart.
- 3 Still his compassions are the same,
He knows the frailty of our frame,
Our heaviest burdens he sustains,
Shares in our sorrows and our pains.

HYMN 409. C. M.

JESU, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our pray'r is heard.

- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke.
A band of love, a three-fold cord,
Which never can be broke.

- 3 Make us into one spirit drink :
 Baptize into thy name :
 And let us always kindly think,
 And sweetly speak the same.
- 4 To thee inseparably join'd,
 Let all our spirits cleave ;
 O may we all the loving mind
 That was in thee receive !
- 5 This is the bond of perfectness,
 Thy spotless charity :
 O let us still, we pray, possess
 The mind that was in thee !

HYMN 410. C. M.
WHAT wisdom, majesty and grace
 Through all the gospel shine !
 'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
 The doctrine most divine.

- 2 Down from his starry throne on high,
 Th' almighty Saviour comes ;
 Lays his bright robes of glory by,
 And feeble flesh assumes.
- 3 The mighty debt that sinners ow'd,
 Upon the cross he pays :
 Then through the clouds ascends to God,
 'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.
- 4 There he our great High Priest appears
 Before his Father's throne ;
 Mingles his merits with our tears,
 And pours salvation down.

- 5 Great God, with rev'rence we adore
Thy justice and thy grace ;
And on thy faithfulness and pow'r
Our firm dependence place.

HYMN 411. C. M.

JESUS, th' eternal Son of God,
Whom Seraphim obey,
The bosom of the Father leaves,
And enters human clay :

- 2 Into our sinful world he comes
The messenger of grace,
And on the bloody tree expires
A victim in our place.
- 3 Transgressors of the deepest stain
In him salvation find :
His blood removes the foulest guilt,
His spirit heals the mind.
- 4 Our Jesus saves from sin and hell,
His words are true and sure,
And on this rock, our faith may rest
Immoveably secure.
- 5 O let these tidings be receiv'd
With universal joy,
And let the high angelic praise
Our tuneful pow'rs employ !
- 6 " Glory to God who gave his Son,
" To bear our shame and pain :
" Hence peace on earth, and grace to men,
" In endless blessings reign."

HYMN 412. L. M.

- Y**E humble saints proclaim abroad
The honours of a faithful God,
How just and true are all his ways,
How much above your highest praise.
- 2** The words his sacred lips declare,
Of his own mind the image bear ;
What should him tempt, from frailty free,
Blest in his self-sufficiency ?
- 3** He will not his great self deny :
A God all truth can never lie :
As well might he his being quit,
As break his oath, or word forget.
- 4** Let frighten'd rivers change their course,
Or backward hasten to their source ;
Swift through the air let rocks be hurl'd,
And mountains like the chaff be whirl'd.
- 5** Let sun and stars forget to rise,
Or quit their stations in the skies ;
Let heav'n and earth both pass away,
Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.
- 6** True to his word, God gave his Son,
To die for crimes which men had done ;
Blest pledge ! He never will revoke
A single promise he has spoke.

HYMN 413. L. M.

THE Father's love to man so free,
Made us the fulness of the Son :
The Son, he wills that we should be
With him, where'er he is, as one.

- 2 In him a new creation made,
No more to fail, but to endure ;
Where we the members, he the head,
One body, we're conceived pure.
- 3 In him, in his mysterious birth,
Born in him as that holy thing,
Whose praise, as God espous'd to earth,
The angel host with joy did sing.
- 4 In him together circumcis'd,
When all our filthiness of flesh,
Which God in holiness despis'd,
Was quite put off in righteousness.
- 5 In him, in all the works he wrought ;
In him together crucified ;
In him, as risen without fault,
And in him fully glorified.
- 6 With him, where'er he was, we were,
In all conditions still the same ;
With him, where'er he is, we are,
And as him pure and free from blame.
- 7 In seeing him, ourselves we see,
And all his glory as our own ;
Our joy is full, the Son is free,
And Jesus wears th' eternal crown.

HYMN 414. L. M.

YE sons of men with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord ;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes, the earth around.

- 2 Let the high heav'ns your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light ;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes array'd,
Its herbs and flow'rs, its fruits and shade ;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.
- 4 View the broad seas, majestic plains,
And think how wide its maker reigns ;
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave, his goodness shines.
- 5 But O ! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love !
God's only Son in flesh array'd,
For man, a bleeding victim made.
- 6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar ;
There in the land of praise adore ;
The theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an everlasting day.

HYMN 415. L. M.

MY heart is full of Christ, and longs
Its glorious matter to declare !
Of him I make my loftier songs,
I cannot from his praise forbear ;
My ready tongue makes haste to sing
The beauties of my heavenly king.

- 2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,
Perfect in comeliness thou art,
Replenish'd are thy lips with grace,
And full of love thy tender heart ;
God ever blest, we bow the knee,
And own all fulness dwells in thee.
- 3 Come and maintain thy righteous cause,
And let thy glorious toil succeed,
Dispread the victory of thy cross,
Ride on and prosper in thy deed :
Through earth triumphantly ride on,
And reign in all our hearts alone.
- 4 Thee, Jesus, King of kings, and Lord
Of lords, I glory to proclaim,
From age to age thy praise record,
That all the world may learn thy name :
And all shall soon thy grace adore,
When time and *sin* shall be no more.

HYMN 416. P. M.

O GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help a sinner to draw near,
With boldness, to the throne of grace :
Help me thy benefits to sing,
And smile, to see me feebly bring
My humble sacrifice of praise.

- 2 I cannot praise thee as I would,
But thou art merciful and good,
I know thou never wilt despise
The day of small and feeble things :
But bear me, till on Angels' wings
To all the heights of love I rise.

- 3 How shall I thank thee for thy grace ;
The trust I have to see thy face,
When sin shall all be purg'd away :
The night of doubt and fear is past,
The morning star appears at last,
And I shall see the perfect day.
- 4 The day of sweet and perfect rest,
With pure enjoyment ever blest,
I shall delight to prove above
The height and depth of love divine :
And in thine image ever shine,
Of glory, light, and heavenly love.

HYMN 417. L. M.

- THE Lord, the God of glory, reigns,
In robes of majesty array'd ;
His rule omnipotence sustains,
And guides the worlds his hands have made.
- 2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,
Or ere the heavens were stretch'd abroad,
Thy awful throne was fix'd above,
From everlasting thou art God.
- 3 The swelling Floods tumultuous rise,
Aloud the angry tempests roar,
Lift their proud Billows to the skies,
And foam and lash the trembling shore.
- 4 The Lord, the mighty God, on high,
Controls the fiercely raging seas ;
He speaks ! and noise and tempest fly,
The waves sink down in gentle peace.

- 5 Thy sovereign laws are ever sure,
Eternal holiness is thine ;
And, Lord, thy people should be pure,
And in thy blest resemblance shine.

HYMN 418. L. M.

- 'T WAS from thy hand, Great God, I call
A work of such a curious frame ;
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine.
- 2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay ;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.
- 3 At length, to show my Maker's name,
God stamp'd his image on my frame ;
And, in some unknown moment, join'd
The finish'd members to the mind.
- 4 There the young seeds of thought began,
And all the passions of the man :
Great God, our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise !
- 5 And, since in our advanced age,
We've acted on Life's busy stage,
Thy Thoughts of Love to us surmount
The Power of numbers to recount.
- 6 We could survey the Ocean o'er,
And count each sand that makes the shore,
Before our swiftest thoughts could trace
The numerous wonders of thy grace.

- 7 Still on our hearts be these impress'd,
Whene'er we give our eyes to rest ;
And when we wake, still may we find
God, and his Love possess the mind.

HYMN 419. P. M.

- M**ARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain,
To heaven from whence it fell,
It turns not back again ;
But waters earth through every pore,
And calls forth all its secret store.
- 2 Array'd in living green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast is fed
By providence divine :
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.
- 3 " So," saith the God of grace,
" My gospel shall descend ;
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend ;
Millions of souls shall feel its pow'r,
And bear it down to millions more.
- 4 " Joy shall begin their march,
And peace protect their ways,
While all the mountains round
Echo melodious praise ;
The vocal groves shall sing **THE GOD**,
And every tree consenting nod."

HYMN 420. L. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord, let praise employ,
In his own courts, your songs of joy ;
The spacious firmament around,
Shall echo back the joyful sound.

2 Recount his works in strains divine,
His wondrous works, how bright they shine
Praise him for his almighty deeds,
Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.

3 Awake the trumpet's piercing sound
To spread your sacred pleasures round ;
While sweeter music tunes the lute,
The warbling harp, and breathing flute.

4 Let the loud Cymbal, sounding high,
To softer, deeper notes reply ;
Harmonious let the Concert rise,
And bear the rapture to the skies.

5 Let all whom life and breath inspire,
Attend and join the blissful choir ;
But chiefly you, who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the Lord.

HYMN 421. L. M.

MAY God his favouring ear incline,
And bid his face on Sion shine ;
That all thy counsels, Lord, may know,
Where earth extends, or oceans flow.

2 To thee, of life th' eternal spring,
Invisible, all potent King,
One Chorus let all nations raise,
One shout of universal praise.

- 3 Exult each tribe, exult each land ;
Heaven's mighty Lord, with equal hand,
The Balance holds, and earth's domain
Shall own to latest age his reign.
- 4 Warm'd by His genial suns, the field
With full Increase its fruits shall yield ;
And God, thy God, O Sion, shed
His choicest blessings on thy head.
- 5 Great God, on us thy blessings shower,
Let man's whole race revere thy power ;
And, thankful, to their wond'ring eyes,
Behold thy wish'd salvation rise.

HYMN 422. C. M.

BEGIN the high celestial strain,
My ravish'd soul, and sing
A solemn hymn of grateful praise
To heaven's almighty King.

- 2 Ye curling fountains, as you roll
Your silver waves along ;
Whisper to all your verdant shores,
The subject of my song.
- 3 Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings,
To distant climes away ;
And round the wide extended world
The lofty theme convey.
- 4 Take the glad burden of his name,
Ye clouds, as you arise,
Whether to deck the golden morn,
Or shade the evening skies.

5 Long let it tremble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky ;
Till Angels, with immortal skill,
Improve the harmony.

6 While we, with sacred rapture fir'd,
The bless'd Creator sing ;
And chant our consecrated lays,
To heaven's eternal king.

HYMN 423. C. M.

LONG had earth's numerous nations sou
Salvation to obtain,
Pardon and peace, and endless life,
And happiness in vain.

2 Israel, through every land dispers'd,
Sprung forth with eager wish,
In their Messiah to embrace
The long expected Bliss.

3 And lo ! He comes, the Saviour comes,
The promis'd seed appears ;
He, in whom centred all the hopes
Of past and future years.

4 He comes, from an abyss of woes,
To raise our ruin'd race ;
He bleeds, he dies, that we might share
The blessings of his grace.

5 Wond'rous event, more wond'rous love
Of our incarnate God !
Should we be mute, sure rocks would wak
To spread his praise abroad.

6 Dear Lord, these wonders of thy grace
Our flinty bosoms fire ;
Our hearts subdu'd, now pant for thee,
With fix'd and pure desire.

7 Here be thy throne for ever fix'd,
And this thy lasting rest,
And be our souls, beneath thy smiles,
Through endless ages blest.

HYMN 424. L. M.

YE worlds of light, that roll so near
The Saviour's throne of shining bliss,
O tell how mean your glories are,
How faint and few, compar'd with his.

2 We sing the bright and morning star,
(Jesus, the spring of light and love !)
See how its rays, diffus'd from far,
Conduct us to the realms above.

3 Its cheering beams, spread wide abroad,
Point out the puzzled Christian's way :
Still as he goes, he finds the road
Enlighten'd with a constant day.

4 (Thus when the eastern Magi brought
Their royal gifts, a star appears,
Directs them to the babe they sought,
And guides their steps, and calms their fears.)

5 When shall we reach the heavenly place,
Where this bright star will brightest shine ;
Leave, far behind, these scenes of night,
And view a lustre so divine !

HYMN 425. L. M.

YE mourning sinners, here disclose
Your deep complaints, your various woes ;
Approach, 'tis Jesus, he can heal
The pains which mourning sinners feel.

- 2 To eyes long clos'd in mental night,
Strangers to all the joys of light,
His word imparts a blissful ray,
Sweet morning of celestial day !
- 3 Ye helpless lame, lift up your eyes,
The Lord, the Saviour bids you rise ;
New life and strength his voice conveys,
And plaintive groans are chang'd for praise.
- 4 Nor shall the Leper hopeless lie
Beneath the great physician's eye ;
Sin's deepest power his word controls,
That fatal Leprosy of souls.
- 5 That hand divine, which can assuage
The burning fever's restless rage ;
That hand, omnipotent and kind,
Can cool the fever of the mind.
- 6 When freezing palsy chills the veins,
And pale, cold death already reigns :
He speaks ; the vital powers revive ;
He speaks, and dying sinners live.
- 7 Dear Lord, we wait thy healing hand ;
Diseases fly at thy command ;
O let thy sovereign touch impart
Life, strength, and health to every heart,

HYMN 426. L. M.

SHALL loyal nations hail the day,
That crowns their king, with loud acclaim ?
And shall not saints their homage pay,
To their beloved Saviour's name ?
Ye saints, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus the King of glory reigns.

2 Jesus, who vanquish'd all your foes,
Who came to save, who reigns to bless ;
From him your every comfort flows,
Life, liberty, and joy, and peace.
Resound, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus the King of glory reigns !

3 Yes, thou art worthy, dearest Lord,
Of universal endless praise ;
With every power to be ador'd,
That men or angels e'er can raise.
Let heaven and earth unite their strains,
Jesus the King of glory reigns !

4 But earth, nor heav'n can e'er proclaim
The boundless glories of their king ;
Yet must our hearts adore his name,
Dear name, whence all our blessings spring.
Resound, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus the King of glory reigns !

5 How mean the tribute mortals pay,
How cold the heart, how faint the tongue !
But, Lord, thy coronation day
Shall tune a more exalted song ;

Resounding in immortal strains,
Jesus the King of glory reigns !

- 6 He comes, he comes with triumph crown'd,
In dazzling robes of light array'd,
Faith views the splendour dawning round,
Earth's fairest lustre sinks in shade.
Resound, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus the King of glory reigns

HYMN 427. C. M.

COME, heavenly love, inspire my song
With thy immortal flame ;
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue
The Saviour's lovely name.

- 2 The Saviour ! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound !
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet Comfort round.
- 3 God's only Son (stupendous grace !)
Forsook His throne above ;
And, swift to save our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.
- 4 Th' almighty former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode ;
While angels view'd with wondering eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.
- 5 O the rich depths of love divine !
Of bliss, a boundless store !
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine ;
I cannot wish for more !

- 6 On thee alone my hope relies ;
Beneath thy cross I fall ;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour and my all !

HYMN 428. C. M.

- J**ESUS, in thy transporting name
What blissful glories rise !
Jesus, the Angel's sweetest theme !
The wonder of the skies !
- 2 Well might the skies with wonder view
A love so strange as thine !
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine !
- 3 Didst thou forsake thy radiant Crown,
And boundless realms of day ;
(Aside thy robes of glory thrown,)
To dwell in feeble clay ?
- 4 Jesus, and didst thou leave the sky
For miseries and woes ?
And didst thou bleed, and groan and die
For vile rebellious foes ?
- 5 Victorious love ! can language tell
The wonders of thy power,
Which conquer'd all the force of hell,
In that tremendous hour ?
- 6 Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine control ?
Descend, O sov'reign love, descend
And melt that stubborn soul.

- 7 O may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway ;
Glad captives of resistless grace,
Thy pleasing rule obey.
- 8 Come, dearest Lord, extend thy reign,
Till rebels rise no more ;
Thy praise all nature then shall join,
And heaven and earth adore.

HYMN 429. C. M.

- Y**ET, saith the Lord, if David's race,
The children of my son,
Should break my laws abuse my grace,
And tempt mine anger :
- 2 Their sins I'll visit with my rod,
And make their folly smart ;
But I'll not cease to be their God,
Nor from my truth depart.
- 3 Once have I sworn, I need no more,
And pledg'd my holiness,
To seal the sacred covenant sure
To David and his race.
- 4 The sun shall see his offspring rise
And spread from sea to sea,
Long as he travels round the skies
To give the nations day.
- 5 Sure as the moon that rules the night,
His kingdom shall endure ;
Till the fix'd laws of shade and light
Shall be observ'd no more.

HYMN 430. P. M.

GRACIOUS Jesus, thee I love,
Thou, my hope, my joy, my rest ;
All thy ways my thoughts approve,
I'm in thee for ever blest.

2 'Tis thy presence, Jesus, thine,
Makes my cheerful powers rejoice ;
Saving mercy, love divine,
Tunes my heart and tunes my voice.

3 'Tis a spark, from thine abode,
Sent and kindled to a flame,
Warms my heart with love to God,
And with love to Jesu's name.

4 Thou, dear Saviour, art my own,
My redeemer, and my God ;
I shall stand before thy throne,
In thy bright and bless'd abode.

HYMN 431. C. M.

DO not I love thee, O my Lord ?
Behold my heart and see ;
And turn each cursed Idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul ?
Then let me nothing love :
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear ?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear ?

- 4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord :
But O ! I long to soar,
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love thee more.

HYMN 432. L. M.

- C**OME, sinners, to the the gospel feast ;
Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest ;
Ye need not one be left behind ;
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call ;
The invitation is to all :
Come all the world : come, sinner thou !
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest ;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
From Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 Come, and partake the gospel feast,
Be sav'd from sin ; in Jesus rest :
O taste the goodness of your God,
And eat his flesh and drink his blood.
- 5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice !
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace !
- 6 This is the time : no more delay !
This is your acceptable day :
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for him who died for all !

HYMN 433. L. M.
C God of our forefathers, hear,
And make thy faithful mercies known ;
To thee, through Jesus, we draw near,
Thy suff'ring, well-beloved Son :
In whom thy smiling face we see :
In whom thou art well pleas'd with me.

- 2** With solemn faith we offer up,
And spread before thy glorious eyes,
That only ground of all our hope,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice,
Which brings thy grace on sinners down,
And perfects all our souls in one.
- 3** Acceptance through his holy name,
Forgiveness in his blood we have :
But more abundant life we claim
Through him who died our souls to save :
To sanctify us by his blood,
And fill with all the life of God.
- 4** Father, behold thy dying Son,
And hear the blood that speaks above !
On us let all thy grace be shown :
Peace, right'ousness, and joy, and love :
Thy kingdom come to ev'ry heart,
And all thou hast, and all thou art !

HYMN 434. L. M.
BY faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heav'n, my journey's end, in view,
Supported by his staff and rod.
My road is safe and pleasant too.

Guarded by his almighty hand.

- 4 The wilderness affords no food,
But God, for my support, prepares ;
Provides me ev'ry needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and car
- 5 With him sweet converse I maintain,
Great as he is, I dare be free ;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.
- 6 Some cordial from his word he brings,
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints ;
At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints

HYMN 435. C. M.
NOW I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,

- 3** Should cares, like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
Yet I shall safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.
- 4** There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 436. L. M.

THE Saviour comes, the Lord is here,
The messenger forbids our fear,
The angels shout at God's command,
He's welcome to a guilty land :

- 2** Ye sons of men your songs prepare,
And sound them through the echoing air ;
His fame resound from pole to pole,
He's welcome to the faithful soul.
- 3** Let Jews and Gentiles all proclaim
The wonders of Immanuel's name ;
The babe who did in Bethlehem lie,
And welcome Jesus from the sky.
- 4** He comes to do his father's will,
The law and prophecies to fill ,
To make the broken hearted whole,
He's welcome to the wounded soul.
- 5** He comes th' enormous debt to pay,
He comes to take our sins away ;
He comes to set the captive free,
He's welcome therefore unto me.

- 6 E'er long he will in pomp appear,
And bid the nations to draw near ;
My Judge my Advocate will be,
O then he's welcome unto me.

HYMN 437. L. M.

ETERNAL beam of light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath, and heaven

- 2 Jesu, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear ;
With steadfast patience arm my breast
With spotless love, and lowly fear.
- 3 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh !
So shall each murmuring thought be
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly
As clouds before the mid-day sun.
- 4 Speak to my warring passions " Peace
Say to my trembling heart " Be still
Thy power my strength and fortress is
For all things serve thy sovereign will
- 5 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevail
With lamb-like patience arm my breast
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.
- 6 So when on Sion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And free from pain thy glories sing

HYMN 438. P. M.

- M**EET and right it is to sing
 Glory to our God and King;
 Meet in ev'ry time and place,
 To rehearse his solemn praise.
- 2 Join, ye saints, the song around,
 Angels help the cheerful sound;
 Publish through the world abroad
 Glory to th' eternal God.
- 3 Praises here to thee we give,
 Gracious thou our thanks receive;
 Holy FATHER, sov'reign LORD,
 Ev'ry where be thou ador'd!
- 4 Though th' injurious world exclaim,
 Sing we still in JESU's name;
 SAVIOUR, thee we ever bless,
 Thee our LORD and God confess.

HYMN 439. P. M.

- J**OIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
 That mortals ever knew,
 That angels ever bore:
 All are too mean
 To speak his worth,
 Too mean to set
 Our Saviour forth.
- 2 But, O what gentle terms:
 What condescending ways,
 Doth our REDEEMER use
 To teach his heav'nly grace!

My soul, with joy
And wonder see
What forms of love
He bears for thee.

3 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues would bless thy name :
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came :
The joyful news
Of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd,
And peace with heav'n.

4 JESUS, our great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died ;
Thou guilty sinner seek
No sacrifice beside :
His pow'rful blood
Did once atone,
And now it pleads
Before the throne.

5 Thou dear almighty LORD,
Our Conqu'ror and our King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing.
Thine is the pow'r ;
O may we sit,
In willing bonds,
Beneath thy feet !

HYMN 440. C. M.
THE Sun of righteousness appears
To set in blood no more :
Adore the scatt'rer of your fears,
Your rising Sun adore !

- 2 The saints, when he resign'd his breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping eyes ;
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead arise !
- 3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod ;
He died and suffer'd as a man :
He rises as a God !
- 4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Forbid an early rise,
To him who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.

HYMN 441. S. M.
RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow :
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When CHRIST was sent with pardons d
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrows cease :
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.
- 6 May we obey the call!
And lay an humble claim
To the salvation he hath brought,
And love, and praise his name.

HYMN 442. L. M.

O. THOU in whom the Gentiles trust,
Thou only holy, only just,
Oh tune our souls to praise thy name,
JESUS ! unchangeable, the same :

- 2 If angels, whilst to thee they sing,
Wrap up their faces in their wing,
How shall we sinful dust draw nigh
The great, the awful DEITY !
- 3 Glory to thee, auspicious LAMB !
Thou holy LORD, thou great I AM !
With all our pow'r thy grace we bless,
Our joy, our peace, our righteousness !
- 4 Live, ever glorious JESUS ! live,
Worthy all blessings to receive !
Worthy on high enthron'd to sit
With every pow'r beneath thy feet !

HYMN 443. C. M.

COME, let our hearts on Mercy muse,
Our tongues of Mercy sing ;
Who will refuse, for Mercy's gifts,
A tribute song to bring ?

- 2 'Twas mercy wak'd our infant eyes
With light's all-glad'ning ray ;
Mercy has fed our countless wants
Returning ev'ry day.
- 3 Mercy from heav'n, with liberal hand,
Pours show'rs of blessings down ;
And when she knits her placid brow,
There's kindness in the frown.
- 4 Each private comfort we possess,
By Mercy is bestow'd,
And all the sweets of social life
From Mercy still have flow'd.
- 5 Pardon, of all our needs the chief,
By Mercy's hand is giv'n,
For Mercy shed the Saviour's blood,
To make us heirs of heav'n.
- 6 Sing to the God of mercy, sing
A song of grateful praise ;
Praise him through life, and, after death,
A nobler anthem raise.

HYMN 444. P. M.

GOD of unexampled grace,
Redeemer of mankind,
Matter of eternal praise,
We in thy passion find ;

Still our choicest strains we bring,
Still the joyful theme pursue,
Thee the friend of sinners sing,
Whose love is ever new.

2 Endless scenes of wonder rise
With that mysterious tree,
Crucified before our eyes,
Where we our Maker see :
Jesus, Lord, what hast thou done !
Publish we the death divine,
Stop, and gaze, and fall, and own,
Never was love like thine !

3 Never love nor sorrow was
Like that our Jesus show'd ;
See him stretch'd on yonder cross,
And crush'd beneath our load !
Now discern the Deity,
Now his heav'nly birth declare !
Faith cries out, 'Tis he, 'tis he,
My God that suffers there !

4 Lord we bless thee for thy grace,
And truth which never fail,
Hast'ning to behold thy face,
Without a dimming veil ?
We shall see our heav'nly king,
All thy glorious love proclaim,
Help the angel-choir to sing
Our dear triumphant Lamb.

HYMN 445. L. M.

TO God my Saviour praise is due ;
A debt I never can discharge ;
For when I bring the sum to view,
I find it infinitely large.

2 “ Goodness and mercy ” have pursu’d
My steps since I have seen the light ;
Favours each day have been renew’d :
My sun has shone benignly bright.

3 But since the Saviour’s name I’ve known,
And seen how bright his glories shine ;
My mercies center all in *one* ;
That I am his and he is mine.

4 With other things I can dispense,
The world and all its joys forego ;
But O ! my loss would be immense,
If I should cease the Lord to know.

5 This is the central point of bliss :
’Tis all I ask, ’tis all I need :
My soul is rich, possess’d of this ;
Without it I am poor indeed.

6 Nor need I grieve because I owe
A debt that may the world amaze ;
Through endless years my praise shall flow,
And what is heav’n but endless praise ?

HYMN 446. C. M.

AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high ;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love,
That shows salvation nigh.

**n all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near ;
Then welcome each declining day !
And each revolving year !**

**Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.**

**Ye wheels of nature, speed your course ;
Ye mortal powers, decay ;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.**

HYMN 447. C. M.

**BEHOLD I come," the Saviour cries,
" On wings of love I fly ;"
So come, dear Lord, my soul replies,
And bring salvation nigh.**

- 2 I'll greet the messengers of death,
By which thou call'st me home ;
But doubtly greet that joyful hour,
When thou thyself shalt come.**
- 3 Come, plead thy father's injur'd cause,
And make thy glory shine ;
Come, rouse thy servant's mouldering dust
And their whole frame refine.**
- 4 O come, amidst th' angelic hosts,
Their humble name to own ;
And lead the full assembly back
To dwell around thy throne.**

- 5 With winged speed, Redeemer dear,
Bring on th' illustrious day ;
Come, lest our spirits droop and faint,
Beneath thy long delay.

HYMN 448. P. M.

- L**O! He cometh, countless trumpets
Blow to raise the sleeping dead ;
Midst ten thousand saints and angels
See their great exalted head.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome Son of God.
- 2 Full of joyful expectation,
All behold the judge appear ;
Truth and justice go before him,
Now the joyful sentence hear.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome judge divine.
- 3 " Come, ye blessed of my father,
" Enter into life and joy ;
" Banish all your fears and sorrows,
" Endless praise be your employ."
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome to the skies.
- 4 Now at once they rise to glory,
Jesus brings them to the King ;
There, with all the host of heaven,
They eternal anthems sing.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Boundless glory to the Lamb.

HYMN 449. C. M.

GIVER of concord, Prince of peace,
Meek, lamb-like Son of God;
Bid our unruly passions cease,
O quench them with thy blood.

- 2 O let thy love our hearts constrain,
Jesus the crucified!
What hast thou done our hearts to gain,
Languish'd, and groan'd, and died!
- 3 Us into closer union draw,
And in our inward parts,
Let kindness sweetly write her law,
Let love command our hearts.
- 4 O let us find the ancient way,
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force a frowning world to say,
"See how these Christians love!"

HYMN 450. L. M.

O GOD, our Father and our King,
Of all we have or hope, the spring:
Send down thy Spirit from above,
And warm our hearts with holy love.

- 2 May we from ev'ry act abstain
That hurts or gives our neighbour pain;
And ev'ry secret wish suppress,
That would abridge his happiness.
- 3 Still may we feel our hearts inclin'd
To be the friends of all mankind;
Still seek their safety, health, and ease,
Virtue, eternal life, and peace.

- 4 With pity let our hearts o'erflow,
When we behold another's wo ;
And bear a sympathizing part
With all who are of heavy heart.
- 5 Let love in all our conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine :
Thus may we Christ's disciples prove,
Who came to manifest thy love.

HYMN 451. L. M.

SHOUT! for the great Redeemer reigns,
Thro' distant lands his triumphs spread ;
And sinners freed from Satan's chains,
Own him their Saviour and their Head.

- 2 His sons and daughters from afar,
Daily at Sion's gate arrive :
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sov'reign grace are made alive.
- 3 O, may his conquest still increase,
And ev'ry foe his power subdue !
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories show !
- 4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above ;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
songs as lasting as his love.

HYMN 452. C. M.

THE Saviour bears a lovely name,
Of sacred pow'rs possess'd ;
*It takes away the sinner's shame,
And gives his conscience rest.*

- 2 No name on earth is half so great,
Howe'er extoll'd by fame ;
Nor can celestial tongues repeat
A more exalted name.
- 3 Tho' music has the pow'r to please,
(And oft I feel its power)
The name of Jesus sweeter is,
And captivates me more.
- 4 However sweet the flow'r that spreads
Its perfume o'er the fields ;
His name a richer fragrance sheds,
And more refreshment yields.
- 5 Sweet name ! the sinner's blest relief,
His med'cine food and joy !
'Tis help in trouble, rest in grief,
'Tis gold without alloy.
- 6 Jesus, thy name is dear to me,
It saves me from my foes :
Arm'd with its pow'r, I need not flee,
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 7 In many painful conflicts past,
Thy name has brought me thro',
Nor wilt thou leave the worm at last,
Whom thou hast sav'd till now.
- 8 No ! in thy heav'n I shall appear,
And cease to know " in part ;"
My strengthen'd faculties will bear,
To " see thee as thou art."
- 9 Then shall my cup of joy o'erflow
With still increasing store ;
My work my bliss, thy name to know,
And praise thee evermore.

HYMN 453. L. M.

- C**OME, ye who know the Saviour's love,
And his indulgent mercies prove ;
In cheerful songs his praise express,
For he'll not leave you comfortless.
- 2** He ever acts the Saviour's part,
With strong compassions in his heart ;
The least and weakest saint he'll bless,
Nor will he leave him comfortless.
- 3** His wisdom, goodness, power, and care,
They largely, sweetly, daily share ;
He will their ev'ry fear suppress,
Nor will he leave them comfortless.
- 4** While they are sojourners below,
And travel thro' this world of wo,
In storms and floods of deep distress,
He will not leave them comfortless.
- 5** So when they pass death's gloomy vale,
And flesh and mortal powers fail,
Their dying lips shall then confess,
He does not leave them comfortless.
- 6** When they at last shall meet above,
In the blest world of joy and love,
Their raptur'd songs will then express,
He has not left them comfortless,

HYMN 454. C. M.

BLEST Jesus, when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost,
In wonder, joy, and love !

- 2 Not softest strains can charm mine ear
Like thy beloved name ;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.
- 3 Where'er I look, my wond'ring eyes
Unnumber'd blessings see ;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compar'd to thee ?
- 4 Hast thou a rival in my breast ?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell ;
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.
- 5 No, thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy ;
For ever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.
- 6 When nature faints, around my bed
Let thy bright glories shine ;
And death shall all his terrors lose,
In raptures so divine.

HYMN 455. L. M.

IN glory bright the Saviour reigns,
And endless grandeur there sustains ;
We view his beams, and from afar
Hail him the bright the Morning-star.

- 2 Blest Star ! where'er his lustre shines,
He all the soul with grace refines ;
And makes each happy saint declare,
He is the bright, the Morning-star.

- 3 Sweet Star! his influence is divine;
Life, peace, and joy attending shine;
Death, hell, and sin, before him flee;
The bright, the Morning-star is he.
- 4 Great Star! in whom salvation dwells,
His beam the thickest cloud dispels;
The grossest darkness flies afar,
Before this bright, this Morning-star.
- 5 Most glorious Star! be thou our guide,
Nor from our souls thy splendour hide;
Let nothing thy sweet beams debar,
Thou only bright and Morning-star.
- 6 Eternal Star! our songs shall rise,
When we shall meet thee in the skies;
And, in eternal anthems, there
Praise thee, the bright, the Morning-star.

HYMN 456. L. M.

ALL hail, thou great Immanuel!
Thy love, thy glory, who can tell?
Angels, and all the heavenly host,
Are in the boundless prospect lost.

- 2 Mortals, with reverential songs,
Take this dear name upon your tongues,
With holy fear attempt his praise,
In solemn, yet triumphant lays.
- 3 Among a thousand forms of love,
In which he shines and smites above,
This with peculiar joy we view,
He's David's root and offspring too.

- 4 There Jesus, in the glorious plan,
Shines, the great God, the wond'rous man
As God, the root of all our bliss,
As man, the branch of righteousness.
- 5 All hail, thou dear redeeming Lord !
All hail, thou co-essential word !
All hail, thou root and branch divine !
All hail, and be the glory thine !

HYMN 457. L. M.

REJOICE, ye Gentile saints, rejoice,
Hymn to the Lord with grateful voice ;
Knowing, thro' Christ, your sins forgiv'n,
With songs pursue him to high heav'n.

- 2 Away with gods of wood and stone,
Almighty is our Lord alone ;
Ye, sheep of his peculiar care,
By grace alone, are what you are.
- 3 Then join his favour'd church below,
Your obligations great to show ;
His praise in earthly courts proclaim,
That strangers may revere his name.
- 4 Such doubly may pronounce him good,
For whom he shed his vital blood ;
Nor shall a single soul be lost,
For whom Christ paid so great a cost.

HYMN 458. P. M.

COME, ye saints, who here below,
Feel the love of Jesus glow,
Raise your down-cast eyes and view,
Crowns of glory kept for you.

- 2 Though your friends are hence remov'd,
They enjoy their best belov'd ;
Feel his power, and see his face,
Basking in his glorious rays.
- 3 Here they lov'd his voice to hear,
Which subdu'd their slavish fear ;
Now they rest in love divine,
And in glory ever shine.
- 4 O, the bliss, when all shall meet,
Round the Saviour's mercy-seat !
Free from sin, and curse, and pain,
Never more to part again.

HYMN 459. L. M.

WHAT matchless glory, and what grace,
We in the work of Jesus trace !
'Tis he the book of life unseals,
And all his father's will reveals.

- 2 The ancient counsels of his throne,
By him are to the saints made known ;
And they with holy wonder view,
God's thoughts of old their bliss pursue.
- 3 Ere angels fell, or time had birth,
Or God to being spake the earth ;
In Christ, as head, the saints were chose ;
One glorious body to compose.
- 4 Eternal as the Father's throne,
Christ and his Church were view'd as one ;
And, from this union, sweetly flows
Infinite grace to worst of foes.

5 If on this base our hopes we rest,
Sure as his throne our souls are blest;
Nor can we fail on such a ground;
In Christ the whole we need is found.

6 He as our head, and husband too,
Paid all to law and justice due;
And now ascended, on his throne,
Our worthless names will surely own.

7 Then let our souls in humble praise,
To Jesus lasting anthems raise;
And love eternal be our song,
While endless ages roll along.

HYMN 460. C. M.

PRAISE, O my soul, the living God;
My soul adore the Lamb,
For he has bought thee with his blood;
Praise thou his glorious name.

2 He has redeem'd my soul from hell,
By his atoning blood;
And causes me by faith to dwell
In mansions near my God.

3 He clothes me with his righteousness,
That robe that's all divine;
And in this glorious God-like dress
I shall for ever shine.

4 Now here ascended upon high,
Before the throne of God;
He pleads for me above the sky
The merits of his blood.

- 5 His love so boundless is to me
I can't declare the same ;
But I desire eternally
To praise his glorious name.

HYMN 461. C. M.

JESUS is all my righteousness ;
Yea, he himself, is mine ;
My wedding robe, my godlike dress,
Where I for ever shine.

- 2 He is my head ; from him doth flow
Supplies of life to me ;
He is the root on which I grow,
Through him I fruitful be.

- 3 He is the centre, where I shall
For evermore abide ;
He is my Jesus, and my all ;
What can I want beside ?

- 4 His love so boundless is to me,
I can't declare the same ;
But, I desire, that I may be
A praise unto his name.

HYMN 462. C. M.

THOUGH o'er me multiplied distress,
And waves of trouble roll,
The Lord is still my righteousness,
The *portion* of my soul !

- 2 The Lord himself to me is given,
What magnitude of bliss !
Rejoice with me, ye heirs of heaven,
The Lord my *portion* is !

- 3 He's mine by gift—by cov'nant mine!
My life, my strength, my bliss!—
All blessings in my Lord combine,
And he my *portion* is!
- 4 The law's no terror now to me,
My righteousness and peace,
In Christ my bleeding Lord I see,
And he my *portion* is.
- 5 Let others boast what they possess,
My only theme be this,
In pleasure or in deep distress,
The Lord my *portion* is!
- 6 He says, "on me cast all your care!"
With such support as this,
My soul the greatest grief can bear,
The Lord my *portion* is.
- 7 When thus he speaks in accents sweet,
And whispers, I am his,
My soul the fiercest foe can meet,
The Lord my *portion* is.
- 8 Though earthly *portions* fade away
And time itself shall cease,
My heritage can ne'er decay,
The Lord my *portion* is!
- 9 When me to Jordan's waves he bring,
(The verge of endless bliss!)
E'en death itself, shall hear me sing,
The Lord my *portion* is!

HYMN 463. P. M.

FROM whence this fear and unbelief?
 Did not the father put to grief
 His spotless Son for me?
 And will the righteous judge of men,
 Condemn me for that debt of sin,
 Which, Lord, was charg'd on thee?

2 Complete atonement thou hast made,
 And to the utmost farthing paid,
 Whate'er thy people ow'd:
 Nor can his wrath on me take place,
 If shelter'd in thy righteousness,
 And ransom'd by thy blood.

3 If thou hast my discharge procur'd,
 And in the sinner's room endur'd
 The whole of wrath divine:
 Payment he cannot *twice* demand,
 First at my bleeding surety's hand,
 And then again at mine.

4 If thou for me hast purchas'd faith,
 By thy obedience unto death,
 He must the grace bestow:
 Would Israel's God a price receive,
 And not the purchas'd blessing give?
 His justice answers, No!

5 Turn then, my soul, unto thy rest;
 The merits of thy great high priest
 Have bought thy liberty:
 Trust to his efficacious blood;
 Nor fear thy banishment from God,
 Since Jesus died for thee.

HYMN 464. C. M.

SINCE my Redeemer's name is love,
Why should I doubt his grace?
He will not let my soul remove,
Or start from his embrace.

2 Girded by him with strength divine,
I gladly urge my way,
And more and more my path shall shine
Unto the perfect day.

3 I cannot from the fold depart,
For Jesus is my guide:
His law is graven on my heart,
Nor shall my footsteps slide.

4 Who gave me to believe in him
Shall still my faith maintain:
The feet of his redeem'd he keeps,
Nor lets them turn again.

5 His righteousness, made freely mine,
I shall for ever wear:
The gifts and calling of my God
Without repentance are.

6 Complete in him, tho' in myself
Polluted and unclean,
I sing the blood that makes my sins
As tho' they ne'er had been.

7 Me to enrich, himself he made
Poor and of no esteem:
The source, the true foundation this
Of all my love to him.

- 8 He loved me not for my desert ;
(I merited his hate)
Nor shall the love a period know,
Which never knew a date.
- 9 By grace a free partaker made
Of an immortal root,
I know my branch shall never fade,
Nor cease from yielding fruit.
- 10 Glory and grace to them he gives,
For whom he gave his Son :
And God must cease from being LOVE,
Ere he can *hate* his own.

HYMN 465. L. M.

- B**LESS'D *jubilee*, how sweet's the sound !
'Tis joyful news to all around ;
It sets the prisoner *free*, and *breaks*
Old Satan's yoke from off their necks.
- 2 Sweet is the sound of sacred rest,
Nor sin, nor death, disturbs my breast ;
The year of *jubilee* proclaim,
I'm safe preserv'd in Jesu's name.
- 3 Hail, *jubilee* ! thou joyful year,
Which brings glad tidings to the ear ;
Of peace unto the troubled breast,
And to the weary captive rest.
- 4 Sweet *Jesu*—*jubilee* of peace,
Haste and the fettered soul release ;
Let those in trouble now fast bound,
Both hear and know the joyful sound.

- 5 Praise him ye tribes of Israel bless'd,
Praise *Jesus*—*jubilee* of rest;
Praise him who sits as Israel's King,
And in his name rejoice and sing.
- 6 Bless'd *jubilee* of constant rest,
In heaven above there all are bless'd;
In *Jesu's* presence each will spend
A *jubilee* that ne'er will end.

HYMN 466. C. M.

- H**ARK, 'tis the voice of wisdom; hear
The sweet melodious sound;
To me, ye thirsty souls, repair;
My table now surround.
- 2 Ho! to the waters all that pant
For the refreshing stream:
My wine and milk, which help the faint,
Most freely flows for them.
 - 3 Here's plenty of forgiving grace
For those who have no worth;
Convinc'd of sin, come take your place;
For you it is set forth.
 - 4 Come without price, and buy my food,
For you a cheap repast:
But purchas'd with my precious blood,
And grace prepares the feast.

HYMN 467. L. M.

HIGH on a throne of glory bright,
Above the glittering worlds of light,
Our Jesus now exalted reigns,
And his unrivall'd state maintains!

- 2 His glory shone unnumber'd years,
Before he tun'd the rolling spheres!
His human glories, and divine,
Shall to eternal ages shine!
- 3 His pow'r the whole creation rules,
And all things for his church controls!
He guides the storm, he rules the flood,
As best shall work for Zion's good!
- 4 Fix'd on the triumphs of his Cross,
His kingdom shall sustain no loss;
Wide shall he make his conquests known,
Till all earth's kingdoms are his own!
- 5 His name, that dear illustrious name,
Once on the cross expos'd to shame,
On earth is for salvation giv'n,
And hymn'd by all the choir of heav'n!
- 6 Exalted Jesus! while we praise
Thy matchless grandeur, pow'r, and grace,
The hope thy glory to behold,
Fills us with joys that can't be told!
- 7 Immortal Saviour! come, we pray,
O'er all the earth thy sceptre sway!
Thy kingdom come; we long to see,
That we may live and reign with thee!

HYMN 468. L. M.

ART thou my Father? Then no more
My sins shall tempt me to despair;
My Father pities and forgives,
And hears a child's repentant prayer.

- 2 Art thou my Father ? Let me strive
With all my powers to learn thy will ;
To make thy service all my care,
And all thy wise commands fulfil.
- 3 Art thou my Father ? Teach my heart
Compassion for another's wo,
And ever to each child of thine
A brother's tenderness to show.
- 4 Art thou my Father ? Then I know
When pain, or want, or griefs oppress,
They come but from a Father's hand,
Which wounds to heal, afflicts to bless.
- 5 Art thou my Father ? Then in doubt
And darkness, when I grope my way,
A light shall shine upon my path,
And make my darkness like the day.
- 6 Art thou my Father ? Then no more
Tremble my soul at death's alarms ;
He comes, a messenger of love,
To bear me to a father's arms.

HYMN 469. P. M.

JESUS the Saviour praise,
Who left his throne above ;
Bring him, ye saints, your choicest lays
For all his love.
For his beloved bride,
That he might make her free,
He hung and bled, and groan'd and died,
On yonder tree.

- 2** Jesus the Saviour praise,
Who rose and left the dead
And lives, through everlasting days,
Our glorious head.
All pow'r to him belongs;
All grace in him abounds;
Praise him in grateful, cheerful songs,
With sweetest sounds.
- 3** Jesus the Saviour praise;
All praises are his due,
Whose love and grace, and righteousness,
Are ever new.
He was, and is the same,
And ever more shall be;
And saints shall sound aloud his fame,
Eternally.
- 4** Jesus the Saviour praise:
He'll ne'er forsake his sheep;
But in his peaceful, pleasant ways,
Their footsteps keep;
He will his lambs defend,
When wolves and lions roar;
And be their faithful, constant friend,
For evermore.

HYMN 470. P. M.

YES, I shall soon be landed
On yonder shores of bliss;
There with my powers expanded,
Shall dwell where Jesus is.

2 Yes, I shall soon be seated,
With Jesus on his throne ;
My foes be all defeated,
And sacred peace made known.

3 With Father, Son, and Spirit,
I shall for ever reign ;
Sweet joy and peace inherit,
And ev'ry good obtain.

4 I soon shall reach the harbour,
To which I speed my way ;
Shall cease from all my labour,
And there for ever stay.

5 Sweet Spirit, guide me over
This life's tempestuous sea
Keep me, O holy lover,
For I confide on thee.

6 O that in Jordan's swelling,
I may be help'd to sing ;
And pass the river telling,
The triumphs of my King,

HYMN 471. S. M.

HAD I ten thousand tongues,
They'd all be far too few
To give my Jesus all the praise
And glory to him due.

2 Had I seraph's voice,
Had I an angel's power,
I'd strain them both, to sing his name ;
Yet would my songs be poor.

-
- 3 His love immense, I see !
Shines through his gaping wound,
And in his bitter, dying groans,
Melodious mercy sounds !
- 4 He left his shining throne,
Embrac'd the gloomy grave,
And lodg'd within the arms of death,
My guilty soul to save.
- 5 By death he death o'ercame ;
Then rose in triumph high ;
He lives in radiant glory now !
He lives ! no more to die ?
- 6 Hail, glorious victor ! hail !
I joy to see thee crown'd !
When I this darksome valley leave,
May I with thee be found.

HYMN 472. L. M.

JESUS, my God, thy name I bless,
And triumph in thy righteousness ;
Thy person is divinely fair,
No mortal can with thee compare.

- 2 Although I know thee but in part,
Thy love has overcome my heart ;
What will it be when I shall rise,
To dwell with thee in paradise ?
- 3 If globes of gold were own'd by me,
I'd sooner part with all than thee ;
For when these perish still thou art,
Nor can thy glories e'er depart.

- 4 O wretch I was that e'er I should,
Oppose a Lord so great and good ;
What could my heart be set upon,
That could compare with God's dear Son
- 5 Yet ever blessed be my Lord,
Although he saw me in my blood ;
He passed by, and bid me live,
And did the choicest blessings give.
- 6 Haste, haste my days, your number fill,
Glide on as swiftly as ye will ;
I long to see the God I love,
And ever dwell with him above.

HYMN 473. L. M.

THANKS, Oh ! my God, for grace divi
Which has restor'd my soul afresh ;
Once more to see thy glories shine
In Christ my head, my righteousness.

- 2 Thine ancient settlements of grace,
Delight my heart, and fire my love ;
While I can see my Lord engage
To bring me to himself above.
- 3 Yes, *he* engag'd, who knew the cost,
And paid it with his precious life ;
Our ancient oneness ne'er was lost,
The Church was given as his *wife*.
- 4 Oh ! sacred act of sovereign love !
My soul, and Christ the Lord are one ;
This marriage knot was tied above,
The Father gave me to his Son.

- 5 Before Creation's beauties rose,
My life was hid with Christ in God ;
Then on him, Oh ! my soul repose,
For thou art safe beneath his blood.
- 6 My Lord, my peace, my righteousness,
Thy glorious Person I adore !
And triumph in that spotless dress,
Which clothes my soul for evermore.

HYMN 474. P. M.

FONT of life and love supreme,
Ev'ry prophet's darling theme,
Adam, offspring of the dust,
Saw him in the promise first.

- 2 Abel's blood did vengeance cry,
But faith to Jesus turns her eye ;
'Twas with him, as we're told,
Enoch walk'd in days of old.
- 3 Moses, in the bush on flame,
Saw him, blessings on his name ;
Good old Jacob did as well
Of our Jesus long foretell.
- 4 In his death Isaiah saw
Honours plac'd upon the law ;
Daniel, ere his weeks pass'd by,
Saw the great Messiah die.
- 5 David did the strain prolong,
And of Jesus was his song ;
All, all the saints in days of old,
Of his coming sweetly told.

- 6 Paul proclaim'd his bleeding cross,
Counted all beside as dross ;
John beheld his glory too,
Sinners ! full of grace for you.

HYMN 475. L. M.

HOW sweet to wait upon the Lord,
How sweet to read his holy word ;
'Tis doubly sweet when I can feed,
And find the promise that I need.

- 2 This warms my soul, demands my praise ;
It makes me to adore his grace,
And say, can such a wretch as I
Approach to spotless purity ?
- 3 Yes, come and welcome, do not doubt,
For Christ declares he'll cast none out ;
Although thy sins resemble sand,
He paid what Justice did demand.
- 4 What room for doubt, what need for fear,
His precious words of grace now hear—
Who is a God like unto me ?
I'll pardon your iniquity.
- 5 My soul, what will not this suffice ?
Far beyond reason thou must rise ;
Believe what God the Father says,
To him alone commit thy ways.
- 6 His arm shall guide thee through this land,
And bring thee to his own right hand ;
His promise you believe while here,
Yet 'tis the substance you'll have there.

HYMN 476. P. M.

JESUS is my great high priest,
Bears my name upon his breast,
And that we may never part
I am seal'd upon his heart.

- 2 Light and love from Jesus flow,
He is my perfection too ;
I upon his shoulders rest,
With his counsel I am blest.
- 3 All my sins were on him thrown,
He for me did once atone ;
He did all my debts discharge,
And has set my soul at large.
- 4 I to him my sins confess,
Carry to him my distress,
And though great my evils are
He preserves me from despair.
- 5 He the vail has rent in twain,
Through his flesh I enter in ;
And with him for ever rest
In the Lord's most holy place.
- 6 Jesus ever, ever lives,
As my advocate he pleads ;
I can never, never die,
While he lives enthron'd on high.
- 7 He has bought me with his blood,
Reconcil'd my soul to God ;
Made me meet for glory too,
And will bring me safely through.

HYMN 477. L. M.

- W**AKE thou my sword! Jehovah said,
It woke, obey'd the high command;
And bath'd in blood on Jesus' head,
Smote down the man of God's right hand.
- 2** Why leap'd the blade from mercy's sheath?
Why wrapt for slaughter gleam'd the sword
That kills, and makes alive from death?
What rous'd the vengeance of the Lord?
- 3** Stern justice drew the weapon forth:
Soft mercy aim'd the mortal blow:
Then judgment past on all the earth:
Now, truth a seal'd release can show.
- 4** All hail! great plan of plans divine!
First counsels of the mighty God!
Before all worlds this one design
Was grav'd on archives, writ in blood.
- 5** The heav'ns may perish; earth decay;
Suns turn to night; and moons wax pale
Th' Almighty love of Calv'ry's day,
The blood of Christ can never fail.
- 6** What he began, ere time begun,
Eternity shall but complete;
Nor hell in arms against the Son,
The triumphs of the cross defeat.

HYMN 478. P. M.

CLAP your hands, ye people all,
Praise the God on whom ye call;
Lift your voice and shout his praise,
Triumph in his sov'reign grace.

- 2 Jesus is gone up on high,
Takes his seat above the sky ;
Shout the angel choirs aloud,
Echoing to the trump of God !
- 3 Sons of men the triumph join,
Praise him with the hosts divine ;
Emulate the heav'nly pow'rs,
Their victorious Lord, is ours.
- 4 Shout the God enthron'd above,
Trumpet fourth his conq'ring love ;
Praises to our Jesus sing,
Praises to our glorious king !
- 5 Pow'r is all to Jesus giv'n,
Pow'r o'er hell, and earth, and heav'n ;
Jesus, power to us impart,
Then we'll praise with all our heart.

HYMN 479. S. M.

THY covenant, O Lord,
In all things order'd sure ;
And founded on a steadfast hope,
For ever shall endure.

- 2 The word is giv'n " I will :"
And who shall let thy hand ?
The purpose of eternal grace,
It must establish'd stand.
- 3 Isr'el shall know the Lord,
The Gentiles trust in thee ;
All people, nations, kindreds, tongues,
The great salvation see.

- 4 Thy grace, thy mercy, truth,
Demand the grateful song;
Let earth begin the blessed theme,
And heav'n the strain prolong.

HYMN 480. C. M.

✓ **A**LL gracious Lord, we sing thy
A love more strong than death :
The testament divine was seal'd
With thy expiring breath.

- 2 Hail, Mediator, Saviour, hail !
We bless the ransom giv'n;
For us, for all was freely paid,
The richest blood of heav'n.
- 3 By thee, O Christ, from death redee
Thy blood must sure prevail ;
Nor death in bondage to the foe
Shall cause our life to fail.
- 4 Wake then a song, the noblest song
Let heav'n and earth rejoice,
The dead shall live ; the graves sha
Salvation, in thy voice.

HYMN 481. C. M.

- ✓ **H**AIL ! high, exalted righteous m
First of the ways of God !
Whose work of love in thee began,
As witness'd by thy blood.
- 2 Before the sons of God declar'd
With shouts their solemn joy ;
Or songs of morning stars were hear
As pure without alloy :

3 Thy early day proclaim'd thee then,
The first born child of grace ;
Great representative of men,
Before the Father's face.

4 The great invisible we see,
In thee, and thee alone :
To men, and angels out of thee,
The Godhead is unknown.

5 God's noble works shine in thy face,
Thou his infinite thought ;
Creation, providence, and grace,
In thee, decreed and wrought.

HYMN 482. C. M.

THE Lord my shepherd, and my guide,
Will all my wants supply ;
In safety I shall still abide
Beneath his watchful eye.

2 Amid the verdant flow'ry meads
He makes my sweet repose ;
When pain'd with thirst, he gently leads
Where living water flows,

3 If from his fold I thoughtless stray,
He leads the wand'rer home ;
And shows my erring feet the way,
Where dangers cannot come.

4 Though hast'ning to the silent tomb,
And death's dark shades appear,
Thy presence, Lord, shall cheer the gloom,
And banish every fear.

5 No evil can my soul dismay,
While I am near my God ;

The strength and comfort of my way
His staff and guiding rod.

- 6 Thy favours compass me around ;
Thou giv'st me peace and food ;
By thee my growing life is crown'd
With ev'ry needful good.
- 7 Thus let thy love, extend'd still
Through all my future days,
Keep me obedient to thy will,
And fervent in thy praise.

HYMN 483. C. M.

MY soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Proclaim thy joys abroad ;
And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by thy God.

- 2 Thro' all the winding maze of life
His hand has been my guide ;
And in that long experienc'd care
My heart shall still confide.
- 3 His grace through all the desert flows
An unexhausted stream ;
That grace on Zion's sacred mount
Shall be my endless theme.
- 4 Beyond the choicest joys of time
Thy courts on earth I love ;
But Oh ! I burn with strong desire
To view thy house above.
- 5 Joining with all the shining band,
My soul would there adore ;
A pillar in thy temple fix'd,
To be remov'd no more.

HYMN 484. L. M.

WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will,
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murm'ring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

- 2** Thick darkness round his throne he draws,
His work performs, conceals the cause;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3** In heav'n and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confest,
That what he does is ever best.
- 4** Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

HYMN 485. C. M.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
The day he calls his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

- 2** To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3** Bless'd be the Lord who comes to men,
With messages of grace,
Who comes, in God Jehovah's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 4** Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;

The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

HYMN 486. L. M.

- I** LOVE the sacred book of God ;
No other can its place supply :
It points me to the saints' abode :
It *gives* me wings, and *bids* me fly.
- 2 Sweet book ! in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord :
From thine instructive page I learn,
The joys his presence will afford.
- 3 In thee I read my title clear
To mansions that will ne'er decay,
My Lord ! O when will he appear
And bear his pris'ner far away !
- 4 Then shall I need thy light no more,
For thine to clearer light will yield ;
When I have reach'd the heav'nly shore,
The LORD himself will stand reveal'd.
- 5 When 'midst the throng celestial plac'd,
The bright original I see,
From which thy sacred page was trac'd,
Sweet book ! I've no more need of thee.

HYMN 487. L. M.

- J**ESUS, thou dearest, sweetest name
The ear can hear or tongue proclaim !
Saviour of Men and Christ of God !
What rich perfume it spreads abroad !
- 2 'Tis balsam to the bleeding heart,
When pain'd by sorrow's keenest dart,
A cordial to the fainting soul ;
It makes the wounded spirit whole.

- 3 It calms our passions, dries our tears,
The mind disconsolate it cheers ;
'Tis strong support, and sure relief,
In hours of greatest guilt and grief.
- 4 And whither should the guilty fly,
Where should their confidence rely,
But on his name, who to obtain
The pardon of their sins, was slain ?
- 5 Or where should saints, in deep distress,
When sorrows rise and dangers press,
Where should they lean but on his breast,
Their faithful and their kind High Priest ?
- 6 His name our pow'rful foes shall quell,
'Twill raise our hopes, our fears dispel ;
From worst of ills 'tis our defence,
And all our blessings flow from thence.
- 7 Sure 'tis the sweetest, dearest name
The heart can know, the tongue proclaim !
Saviour of Men and Christ of God !
What rich perfume it spreads abroad !

HYMN 488. P. M.

HAD I ten thousand gifts beside,
I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,
And build on him alone ;
For no foundation is there giv'n,
On which I'd place my hopes of heav'n,
But Christ the corner-stone.

- 2 Possessing Christ, I all possess,
Wisdom and strength and righteousness,

And sanctity complete ;
Bold in his name I dare draw nigh
Before the Ruler of the sky,
And all his justice meet.

HYMN 489. C. M.

- Y**E humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, supremely good,
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this sure refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms and troubles rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee ;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy unchanging love
What honours shall we raise !
Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

HYMN 490. C. M.

COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humbe strains attend ;

While with our praises and complaints
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 When we thy wond'rous glories hear,
And all thy suff'rings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear !
What rich unbounded grace !

3 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise !
How should our souls, on wings of love
Mount upwards to the skies !

4 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heav'nly flame ;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
'Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heav'n on earth appear.

HYMN 491. C. M.
BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nail'd to the shameful tree ;
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed, and die for me !

2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend ;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul," he cries !

THE TRANSCENDENT LOVE. D. 1720.
O THE transcendent love
A sinless Saviour shows !
For enemies his bowels move,
His heart with pity glows.

2 Jesus invited near
The vilest of our race ;
He bids the greatest sinner hear
The gospel of his grace.

3 Let Pharisees exclaim,
And all this grace despise ;
But we will love the Saviour's name,
'Tis wond'rous in our eyes.

4 Yes, to life's utmost end
Thy sov'reign grace we'll show,
And own thee for the sinner's Friend,
And sin's eternal foe.

HYMN 493. L. M.

YE humble souls, complain no more
Let faith survey your future store :

- 3** In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride :
In vain they boast their little stores ;
Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours.
- 4** A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health, and peace, and joy unite ;
Where undeclining pleasures rise,
And ev'ry wish hath full supplies.
- 5** A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
While time sweeps earthly thrones away :
The state which pow'r and truth sustain,
Unmov'd for ever must remain.
- 6** There shall your eyes with rapture view
The glorious friend that died for you ;
That died to ransom, died to raise,
To crowns of joy and songs of praise.

HYMN 494. C. M.

- AND** did the holy and the just,
The Sov'reign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise ?
- 2** Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
Surprising mercy ! love unknown !
To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3** He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead ;
For man, (O miracle of grace !)
For man the Saviour bled.

- 4 Dear Lord, what heav'nly wonders dw
In thy atoning blood !
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.
- 5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends
To love so full, so free ;
And may I hope *that* love extends
Its sacred pow'r to me ?
- 6 What glad return can I impart
For favours so divine ?
O take my all—this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.

HYMN 495. L. M.

WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God :
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?
Or thrones compose so rich a crown
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 496. L. M.
COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in ev'ry breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.

Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls embrace
The depth and height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

Now to the God whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the church, thro' Christ his Son.

HYMN 497. S. M.
YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid ev'ry string awake.

Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We ev'ry moment come.

His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine,
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the love divine.

Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee !
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

HYMN 498. C. M.

IN all my troubles sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies ;
My anchor-hold is firm in him
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God ;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in my Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name ;
In joy and sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

HYMN 499. C. M.

THE Gospel comes with welcome news
To sinners lost like me :
Their various schemes let others choose ;
Saviour, I come to thee !

2 Of sinners sure I am the chief,
But grace is rich and free,
This lovely truth affords relief
To *sinners*, ev'n to *me*.

3 Of merit now let others speak,
But merit I have none ;
I'm justified for Jesu's sake,
I'm sav'd by grace alone.

4 'Twas grace my stubborn heart first won
'Tis grace that holds me fast :
Grace will complete the work begun,
And save me to the last.

- 5** Then shall my soul with rapture trace,
What God hath done for me ;
And celebrate redeeming grace,
Throughout eternity.

HYMN 500. C. M.

OUR God, how firm his promise stands,
In Jesus shines his face,
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory, and his grace.

- 2** Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one !
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

- 3** Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heav'n possess'd ;
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

HYMN 501. C. M.

JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
The sons of Aaron wore.

- 2** They first their own burnt-off'rings brought
To purge themselves from sin ;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

- 3** Fresh blood. as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt ;
But thy one off'ring takes away
For ever all our guilt.

6 Aaron within the veil appears,
Before the golden throne.

6 But Jesus, with his own shed blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shows his own sacrifice.

7 Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns
On Sion's heav'nly hill;
Looks like a Lamb that has been slain
And wears his priesthood still.

8 He ever lives to intercede,
Before his Father's face;
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

HYMN 502. C. M.

HOW bright these glorious spirits
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats

- 3** Now, with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.
- 4** His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes ev'ry mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosanna's ring.
- 5** Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.
- 6** The Lamb that dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
- 7** 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from ev'ry eye
Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

HYMN 503. C. M.

THE best of wisdom is to know
The Father in the Son;
The best of power is to bow
To what the Lord has done.

- 2** The best of prayer, is to pray
That we may still believe;
The best of patience, is to stay
'Till we a crown receive.

- 3** The best of watching, is to watch
 Against the world and sin :
 The best of preaching, is to preach
 Jesus, and only him.
- 4** Then let my soul enjoy the best,
 For that is best for me ;
 And let me find no lasting rest,
 But when I rest in thee.

HYMN 504. C. M.

- M**Y God, thy service well demands
 The remnant of my days ;
 Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
 But to renew thy praise ?
- 2** Thine arms of everlasting love
 Did this weak frame sustain ;
 When life was hov'ring o'er the grave,
 And nature sunk with pain.
- 3** Thou, when the pains of death were felt,
 Didst chase the fears of hell ;
 And teach my pale and quiv'ring lips
 Thy matchless grace to tell.
- 4** Calmly I bow'd my fainting head
 On thy dear faithful breast ;
 Pleas'd to obey my Father's call
 To his eternal rest.
- 5** Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
 Did I my soul resign :
 In firm dependence on that truth,
 Which made salvation mine.

- 6 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command I come :
Nor will I urge a speedier flight,
To my celestial home.
- 7 Where thou determin'st mine abode,
There would I choose to be ;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

HYMN 505. P. M.

- I**S this my Jesus, this my God,
Whose body, all o'er stain'd with blood,
Hangs on th' accursed tree ?
Who bows his head, opprest with pain ;
But midst it all doth not complain ?
Yes, O my soul, 'tis he !
- 2 Is this my Saviour, this my Lord,
Whose feet and hands with nails are bor'd,
And fasten'd to the tree ;
Whose sacred head with thorns is crown'd,
Whose pierced side receives the wound ?
Yes, O my soul, 'tis he !
- 3 Is this my bleeding sacrifice,
Who bows his head and calmly dies,
High lifted on the tree ;
Unknown by Gentiles, scoff'd by Jews,
Whom almost all mankind refuse ?
Yes, O my soul, 'tis he !
- 4 And shall my soul again forget
His love so free, immensely great ?
- 2 M 2

Oh!—never let it be !
But let me always see the Lamb,
And truly praise his gracious name
To all eternity.

HYMN 506. L. M.

WHILE here on earth I'm call'd to
I'll praise my God from day to day ;
Jesus hath wash'd away my sin,
And made my soul complete in him.

- 2** When I am brought before his throne,
I'll sing the wonders he hath done ;
And join with all the ransom'd race,
To praise the riches of his grace.
- 3** Thro' all eternity I'll view
My Jesus, and admire him too ;
Praise shall attune my warbling tongue
And grace, free grace, be all my song.

HYMN 507. L. M.

JESUS, sweet name—no name so dear
No beauty can with him compare :
Chief of ten thousand is my Lord ;
Thou art the all-creating word :
Thou art alive ; sweet words to tell :
Thou hast the keys of death and hell.

- 2** Soon shall I reach my heavenly home,
Within the New Jerusalem ;
And shout free grace with those above
And view my Jesus whom I love :
There sing and praise, and with him be
To spend a long eternity.

HYMN 508. C. M.
HOW sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word !

- 2** O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part :
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.
- 3** Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes fix above ;
May each his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.
- 4** Let love, in one delightful stream,
Thro' ev'ry bosom flow ;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In ev'ry action glow.
- 5** Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

HYMN 509. L. M.
'TWAS Jesu's last and great command—
“ Go, preach my word in ev'ry land ;
“ To all be my salvation shown,
“ To ev'ry creature make it known.

2 “ While thus employ'd, expect my grace
“ Attending you from place to place ;
“ Where'er you meet, expect me there—
“ In church, or house, or open air.”

may all our souls thy blessing share—
Accept our praise, and hear our pra

HYMN 510. L. M.
NOW let our souls, on wings subl
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

- 2** Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?
- 3** Should aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.
- 4** Welcome, sweet hour of full discha

HYMN 511. S. M.
GREAT God, at thy command
Seasons in order rise :
Thy pow'r and love in concert reign
Through earth, and seas, and skies.

- 2** How balmy is the air,
How warm the solar beams !
And to refresh the ground, the rains
Descend in gentle streams.
- 3** With grateful praise we own
Thy providential hand,
While grass for kine, and herb and corn,
For men, enrich the land.
- 4** But greater still the gift
Of thine incarnate Son :
By him forgiveness, peace and joy,
Thro' endless ages run.

HYMN 512. P. M.
FATHER, through thy Son receive
Our grateful Sacrifice,
All the wants of all that live,
Thine open hand supplies :
Fills the world with plenteous food—
For the riches of thy grace,
Take, thou universal King,
The universal praise.

END OF THE HYMNS.

A TABLE
OF THE
FIRST LINES OF THE HYMNS.



AND let this feeble body fail
Away with our sorrow and fear
Arise and hail the happy day
All glory to our gracious Lord
Awake, our souls, away our fears
Angels roll the rock away
Awake my soul, lift up thine eyes
As showers on meadows newly mown
Again the Lord of life and light
Ah! when shall I awake
All ye that pass by to Jesus draw nigh
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound
Arise, my soul; my joyful powers
Another six days' work is done
As far as Adam's curse took place
Awake my soul in heavenly lays
Awake my powers to sing of him
Adam our Father and our Head
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays
And am I blest with Jesu's love
Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near
Aloud we sing the wond'rous grace
And can my heart aspire so high
A fulness resides
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And is this heaven! and am I there

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"Behold I come," the Saviour cries
Blest Jesus, when my soaring thoughts
Blest jubilee, how sweet's the sound
Behold the Saviour of Mankind

COME, thou fount of every blessing
Come, and let us sweetly join
Come away to the skies

Children of the heavenly King
Come let us join our cheerful songs
Christ the Lord is risen to-day
Come, ye that love the Lord
Come, let us anew

✓ **Could I of all perfection boast**
Come, ye that love the Saviour's name
Come see on bloody Calvary
Charged with the complicated load
Come, ye that know and fear the Lord
Christ as our great physician heals
Come, O thou universa good
Come let us all unite to praise
Christ is the true substantial good
Come, heavenly love, inspire my song
Come sinners to the gospel feast
Come, let our hearts in mercy muse
Come, ye who know the Saviour's love
Come, ye saints who here below
Clap your hands, ye people all
Come thou desire of all thy saints
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell

DEAR Saviour, let my evening song
✓ **Dear Shepherd, see thy flock here met**
Deep in the dust, before thy throne
Dear Saviour, we are thine
Did our Immanuel die for us
Do not I love thee, O my Lord ?

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God moves in a mysterious way
Give to our God immortal praise
Great God, how infinite art thou
Great God of wonders! all thy ways
Glory to God who reigns above
God of my life, and author of my days
Grace! 'tis a charming sound!
God of my life, my thanks to thee
Great God, to thee my evening song
Great God, amid the darksome night
Glory to God on high
God is the refuge of his saints
Great source of all the eternal grace
Go search the scriptures, saith our Lord
Gracious Jesus, thee I love
God of unexampled grace
Giver of concord, Prince of peace
Great God, at thy command

HOW shall I speak the eternal God
He comes! he comes! the Judge revere
Hark, the glad sound! Messiah comes
How happy must it be
How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord
Hail, hail, revived, reviving spring!
Hark, for 'tis God's own son that calls
How long shall death the tyrant reign
How rich the types of future grace
Hark, 'tis the Saviour of mankind
Heavenly Father, here we bless thee
How precious is the book divine
How large the promise! how divine
Hark, the voice of love and mercy
How beauteous are their feet
Here shall no trouble or dismay
How powerful is the glorious word!
High let us swell our tuneful notes

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In the dear person of his Son
In glory bright the Saviour reigns
I love the sacred book of God
In all my troubles sharp and strong
Is this my Jesus, this my God

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Jesus, and shall it ever be
Jesus, thine unexhausted love
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Jehovah ! 'tis a glorious name
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
Jesus, all hail ! thou risen Saviour hail
Just are thy ways and true thy word
Joy to the world ; the Lord is come
Jesus is all our righteousness
Jesus, the man divine, we sing

✓ Jesus the grace revealed
Jesus, the heavenly Bridegroom, gave
Jesus engrave it on my heart
Jesus my all, to heaven is gone
Jesus " is precious," says the word
Jesu, lover of my soul
Jesus, thou Prince, thou King of peace
Jesus, thou sun of righteousness
Jesu, united by thy grace
Jesus, th' eternal Son of God
Jesus, in thy transporting name
Join all the glorious names
Jesus is all my righteousness
Jesus, the Saviour, praise
Jesus, my God, thy name I bless
Jesus is my great high priest
Jesus, thou dearest, sweetest name
Jesus, in thee our eyes behold
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KINDRED in Christ for his dear sake

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My soul, arise, shake off thy fears
My God how cheerful is the sound
My life's a shade, my days
My heart is full of Christ, and longs
Mark the soft-falling snow
May God his favouring ear incline
Meet and right it is to sing
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My God, thy service well demands
NOW begin the heavenly theme
Now shall our souls with pleasure raise
Now let our voices join
Not to an idol-god
Not by our works of righteousness
Now to the Lord, a noble song
Nature with open volume stands
Now let us raise our cheerful strains
Not to the terrors of the Lord
No more, dear Saviour, will I boast
Now be our hearts inspir'd to sing
Now I can read my title clear
Now let our souls on wings sublime
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O for a sweet inspiring ray
O for a firm and lively faith
On God we build our sure defence
© haste the time, thou Prince of peace

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REJOICE, the Lord is king
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings
Rejoice, believer, in the Lord
Raise your triumphant songs
Rejoice, ye Gentile saints, rejoice
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Sing to the great Jehovah's praise
Salvation! what a glorious plan
Sovereign of all the worlds on high
Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands
Since thy mercies oft of old
Sons of men behold him far
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears
Sons of men, triumphant rise
So did the Hebrew prophet raise
So let our lips and lives express
Sons of God, triumphant rise
See Aaron, God's anointed priest
See on the mount of Calvary
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While shepherds watch'd their flocks by ni
 With what resplendent beauty shone
 Whilst we are marching through
 What wisdom, majesty, and grace
 What matchless glory and what grace
 Wake thou my sword ! Jehovah said
 Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will
 When I survey the wond'rous cross
 While here on earth I'm call'd to stay
 YE foll'wers of the prince of peace
 Ye tribes of Adam join
 Ye bless'd inhabitants of heaven
 Yes, the Redeemer rose
 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor
 Yonder, amazing sight ! I see
 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears
 Ye saints exult in Jesu's name
 Ye humble saints proclaim abroad
 Ye sons of men with joy record
 Ye worlds of light, that roll so near
 Ye mourning sinners, here disclose
 Yet, saith the Lord, if David's race
 Yes, I shall soon be landed
 Ye humble souls, approach your God
 Ye humble souls, complain no more
 Your harps, ye trembling saints
 ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame

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